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A NEW HUMANITY

OR

THE EASTER ISLAND.

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A NEW HUMANITY

OR

THE EASTER ISLAND

BY

ADOLF WILBRANDT

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY
DR. A. S. RAPPOPORT

PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
LONDON: MACLAREN AND COMPANY
1905

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

'I TEACH you the over-man. Man is something that shall be surpassed. What have you done to surpass him?—You have made your way from worm to man, and even now much in you is still worm. Once you were apes, and even now man is an ape. What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal; what can be loved in him is that he is a *transition* and a *destruction*.' (Thus spake Zarathustra.)

Friedrich Nietzsche's philosophy has exercised an immense influence upon contemporary literature, especially on the continent. The literatures of the north as of the south have repeated in prose and poetry the gospel preached by Zarathustra. The over-man, the ideal hero, the new Redeemer of mankind, was bound to prove an attractive and even fascinating theme for novelists and dramatists alike. The Nietzschean influence can thus be traced in Ibsen and in Gorky, in Strindberg and in Przybyszewsky, in Sudermann and in D'Annunzio. In Book- and Stageland many altars have been erected to the man of the future, the Man-God, the Zarathustra-mystery, just as they had formerly been elevated for the God-man and the Christ-mystery. The old gods had been abandoned and the new ones took their place. The over-man (Uebermensch) has thus been portrayed and represented in many aspects, and authors have not only clothed him in the garb which their imagination has woven for

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him, but endowed him with those qualities and virtues which particularly appeal to them. Yet it was natural that not only Nietzsche's philosophical theories, but that his personality should become a subject worthy to be worked out artistically. The great life-tragedy of the poet-philosopher who is mirrored in the image of Zarathustra, and who, Samson-like, had seized the pillars of the Philistine temple, had actually pulled it down, but was himself buried under the ruins, could not fail to tempt the creative power of artists of fiction. The strong, self-willed, self-centred thinker who had tried to dam the currents of thought and civilisation extending over twenty centuries, had lost his mental balance, and was swallowed up by the surging waves of insanity. The brilliant, dazzling mind of the man who wished to bring the *new-day* was suddenly clouded by the dark night of oblivion. One of the most prominent works of fiction, where the tragic events of Nietzsche's life have been artistically worked out, is Wilbrandt's *Oster-Insel*, or, *A New Humanity*.

Adolf Wilbrandt was born in 1837 in Rostock, and made his literary *début* with his monograph *Heinrich von Kleist* (1863). His first novel, *Geister und Menschen*, was published in 1864. He then devoted his literary activity mostly to dramatic productions, but the number of his novels is equally large. Wilbrandt not only endeavours to solve psychological problems in his novels, but most of his heroes are well-known contemporary personalities. Thus in the *Oster-Insel*, *Easter-Island* (published in 1894), it is Nietzsche whom he sketches.

Adler, the hero of the present book, has determined to produce a new race, a new humanity, which should take the place of the old one. 'Man is something that should be surpassed.' The ape-man is only a transition to something

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higher and better. In order to bring his idea into practice, Adler wishes to leave with his two or three disciples for a distant island, where, far away from 'mouldy, musty mediocrity,' they will be able to rear the coming race. But Adler, like Nietzsche, falls a prey to the implacable powers, and is crushed by the iron hand of fate. His work, however, is not quite lost. The seed he has sown has fallen upon fertile ground. One at least of his disciples, Karl Schweitzer, vows to carry out the master's ideas — in a different spirit, of course. At the deathbed of Adler, Schweitzer and Malwine, to whom the young doctor is united by the bonds of love, vow to find the Easter Island and to produce the man of the future by making a selection not of the best men but of the best forces in themselves. The Easter Island, where a new humanity will dwell, is to be found in ourselves. Redeemer and Redemption are in ourselves, and it is in the selection of what is best in our nature that the over-man manifests himself.

Whatever may be said against Wilbrandt's novel by opponents or admirers of Nietzsche, who might accuse the author of having failed to give a true picture of the German philosopher, it must be admitted that in the delineation of the other characters, especially of Schweitzer and Malwine, the author has been successful. Where, however, Wilbrandt's artistic excellence becomes manifest is in the fact that he remains entirely objective, and never allows himself to be carried away so far as to express an opinion for or against philosophical ideas which had created such a stir in Germany. In the conflict between Adler and Westenberger, between the 'joy of living' and the spirit of renunciation and craving for annihilation, the author modestly remains behind the scenes. He carefully avoids the didactic tone.

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It has been said of Wilbrandt's novels—by an eminent German critic—that in them 'the over-man capitulates before the over-woman.' And, in fact, not only does Schweitzer find his highest inspirations in the presence of Malwine, but Adler himself, who wishes to bring 'the new day' and 'the new beginning,' stands under the influence of the never-to-be-forgotten charming personality of his departed wife, Annamarie. As he says himself, he had a 'birth night of his ideas.' It was on that memorable night when he was watching the corpse of his dead wife. It was at her deathbed that his boundless love for her led him to the conception of a new humanity; it is the memory of Annamarie, who, for the sorrowing husband, was the incarnation of everything that is at once sound and healthy, noble and sublime in nature, that stimulated him to restless work, which, alas, was to end in a tragic breakdown.

I cannot finish these few prefatory remarks without expressing my thanks to my friends Israel Cohen, B.A., and I. M. Landa, who have kindly read the proofs, and especially to H. Snowman, B.A., for his kind assistance.

A. S. R.

LONDON, 1905.

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A NEW HUMANITY
OR, THE EASTER ISLAND

FIRST BOOK

I

In the old German seaport of R—— beautiful Gothic gables may still be seen here and there in the otherwise prosaic streets; they are more or less artistically formed, but one and all rise up against the sky in bold and slender outline; they are divided by posts and mural pillars into panels, where wide and pointed arches crowned by battlements stretch along, or double apertures richly ornamented are repeated from story to story until they close in one open spire. Two of the most beautiful gables in the town hang together like twin brothers; they are alike in height, proportion, and ornamentation, but one house has a side-panel too many and looks somewhat like an elder brother whose portion of the inheritance had fallen out larger. They enclose a small ascending square, flanked by streets running right and left. The natural colour of the bricks, of which the houses were so artistically constructed, has long been covered by a monotonous coat of paint, though it has lost nothing of its elegant effect. But clumsy, square shop-windows have been cut in the ground-floor of the noble

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building, and equally uncouth doors form the entrances of the houses. Just the right and proper doors and windows for the 'new time,' which entered so broadly, with the arrogant air of an upstart, into the past, smiling superciliously at the 'dark middle ages,' and with its vulgar taste never asking whether a thing was beautiful, but only if it was practical.

In the year 1881 the two houses belonged to the same proprietor, who, in order to obtain a spacious and comfortable abode, had pierced the wall separating the buildings in the ground-floor and joined them by a long passage. In the larger house, many windowed, but prosaically modern, lived his two daughters, one grown up and the other still a child; the smaller building was occupied by his invalid wife. She did not inhabit it for any length of time though, after she had returned from abroad with a feeling of homesickness. In the depressed habitation the air grew more and more hushed until at last it became still as death. On the evening of the seventeenth of November, when in the neighbouring houses many lights had already been extinguished, the windows on the first story under the two gables were suddenly lit up; not for a fête though. Behind the large, arched bow-windows to the right, round the lamp upon the circular table sat the girls and the grandmother almost motionless; to the left in the smaller house six tall wax candles were burning round a state bed, upon which lay under a light cover, in deep and apparently happy repose, she who had just been delivered from long suffering. The bed was placed in the middle of the room, tall, dark green plants were nodding over it. Doctor Helmut Adler had wished it thus; the still beautiful woman, who had been the greatest charm, the poetry, the 'blue flower' of his life, should not lie in a corner, in semi-obscurity; he

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wished to see the full extent of his misfortune in all its heart-rending grandeur.

He sat near the wall, leaning upon the back of his chair, his arms crossed upon his breast; with wide strained eyes he gazed upon the bright picture, so still and so beautiful, like some fairy tale, and yet so horribly, so incomprehensibly solemn and real. Never in his life had he gazed upon her so long; not even on that afternoon when he perceived her for the first time, far away from here, at a forest festival and, surprised at her gracefulness, had watched, half hidden behind a bush, her attitude and manners, and had yielded to his fate. Here now lay the end of his fate: yellowish, wax-like, pale, the hands, wasted by the lingering malady, upon the cover, the bloom of her cheeks withered by the hand of death, but divine peace upon the noble, blissfully solemn face. The delicate woman, still so young, her hair so brown and her forehead so pure, looked as if she was only *resting* a while from her exhausting suffering; as if wise and merciful fate had granted her a respite during which she would recover in deep, deep silence, awake with new strength and ask: 'Helmut, husband, where are you? Give me another trial! Don't yet despair of me!'

A loud involuntary sob escaped his breast. Despond! he thought; I had never desponded; I was great in my hopes. When the others despaired, the women—— Well, they are right now. You will never awake again; never will you ask me anything. The day after to-morrow you will not be pleasant to look at, and the day after you will be out of the world. Life will continue its course as if Annamarie had never existed. Clouds will rain, students will sing *Gaudeamus*, children will rejoice at the idea of Christmas, and preachers

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will extol divine benevolence. Everything will be as beautiful as it had been before. Annamarie! Cursed be my health and my long life! Why live longer than you? Forty-seven, it is more than enough. So many better ones have long ago passed away. If I were lying by your side all would be well . . . all well. . . .

He could not endure it any longer, to sit still so Spartan-like, in philosophic calm, with crossed arms. He rose and walked to and fro; how it happened he could not tell; but he saw himself upon the floor, on his knees, before the deathbed. He could not cry; but a sudden chill seized his body, so that his teeth chattered and his limbs trembled.

'Annamarie!' he stammered. 'My good Annamarie.'

The door, leading into the passage, opened softly and slowly, and a man, not yet old but grey-haired, entered; it was the merchant Lorenz Wiese, the brother of the dead woman. He was wrapped in a fur coat with a dark scarf muffled round his throat, and was holding his hat in his hand. His clean-shaven patrician face gazed carefully round the room, and he shrank back when he noticed his brother-in-law upon the floor.

'Oh, excuse me!' he said in his soft, subdued voice; 'I did not think—— I retire. Only your mother thought——'

Helmut Adler got up; his countenance was calm again; a half-smile was even playing round his lips.

With a slight nod he pointed to a seat.

'Thank you,' said Wiese gently. 'I, of course, did not intend to disturb——'

'You are the brother,' murmured Adler, returning to his seat near the wall.

Wiese heaved a deep sigh, gazing at his sister.

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'This afternoon,' he began after a while,—'you know how I felt this afternoon; crushed by your message, I was more dead than alive; I looked at her but could not conceive it —— I had not really seen her. And so I felt the desire to see her again —— your good mother, too, told me just now: Yes, you are right! For who knows how to-morrow——'

Adler shivered.

'Excuse me,' said Wiese softly. With noiseless step he approached the bed, and contemplated for some time, often nodding his head, the thin, transfigured face. His hat in hand as if he were paying a last visit, he stood there dignified and resigned; but his breath came and went somewhat quicker than usual, and shaking his head he sighed: 'Still so young and so beautiful!'

Adler's agonised face grew softer. 'Take off your fur coat,' he jerked out, his gaze directed upon the floor.

'Oh, thank you, thank you,' the other replied in his suave voice. He sat down but kept on his fur coat and shawl.

'I have purposely—— The room has not been heated, of course. You know how easily I catch cold, especially in the throat. How you can sit here for hours, in your Bavarian jacket, I cannot understand. The emotion, moreover,—— I noticed in any case, how you were shaking when I entered. Even if you are such a giant in health, you will feel this. You were shaking and shivering. Oh yes; I noticed it. You were freezing.'

'It was a different kind of freezing!' Adler murmured almost incoherently, an imperceptible smile passing over his face.

'Of course, of course . . . I quite understand it; I under-

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stand all this. Having lived together as you have . . . I was just saying to your daughter Malwine: "Theirs was the happiest married life I ever knew!" One often hears: They were created for each other. I think it really was so in your case. How Annamarie clung to you. She was a good sister, too, of course; and the best of mothers; but you were her God. This conviction no one can take from you, brother-in-law. Your mother told me you intended to sit up the night here. Is it really so?'

Adler did not reply. His sharply-cut features looked as if a veil had been drawn over them; the luxuriant brown mass of hair, like a mighty wave, combed from left to right and usually overshadowing the forehead had loosened itself and was hanging down to the brow. The burning eyes were again staring at the dead woman. Only after a longer interval he nodded.

'Well, yes, just like you,' said Wiese, with an expression by which he intended to imply: I understand all this; nothing human is alien to me. 'You have always lived for her,' he continued. 'When I think of the last sad years; as soon as the doctors said the south might do her good, off you went with her, breaking up your home and taking the children with you. And all those expenses; you had to spend your fortune——'

'It was there for that purpose,' Adler retorted, contracting his brows.

'Well, not quite . . . But of course you will now think: the merchant. It does not apply to me, however, I am not so mercenary in my thoughts. I can follow your ideas; you know I am, so to say, standing alone among my equals of station. I have always admired you, Helmut; especially

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when six or seven years ago you left the sunny south and came here, for her sake, only because she was homesick and wanted to return to her native place. And then no sacrifice was too great for you to buy this house——'

'Well, the house where she was born!' Adler broke in. 'It was here, in this very room, where she——' 'came into the world,' he was going to say, but he could not utter these words. Now she lay here, in the same room. . . . He set his teeth and pressed his finger-nails into the palms of his hands.

'And you gave up your professorship,' Wiese continued, finishing the sentence.

'I did not lose anything by it!' the other retorted. 'I found no joy in the professorship and longed to get away from this treadmill. I was not yet ready with my own philosophy; and why should I expound to the youths the opinions of others——'

'No matter; I admired you all the same and still do so. But as for your philosophy—as you are mentioning it—am I now right, brother-in-law? My Schopenhauer you used to say did not understand the value of things; his contempt of the world was morbid . . . But when such an awfully sad day like the present comes, where is then your will to live, and the worth of it? Poor Annamarie! say the others, the superficial ones. We poor survivors, say I. And in my grief and sorrow I maintain more than ever Schopenhauer was a profound man. My fur coat is getting too warm. . . . A profound man. The good in this world is very rare and we don't keep it for ever'—(with a feeble sigh and a look at the dead)—'what we do keep for ever, to our very end, are our worries and troubles; and why all that? What have we

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been worrying for? The very first will to live was nothing but a heroic stupidity, a tragic blunder . . . A profound man!'

Adler's stiffened frame, not tall but of muscular strength, youthfully elastic—moved restlessly upon his chair at the wall.

'A morbid man!' he said in a subdued but emphatic voice; there was an expression of anger and contempt on his knitted brow. 'Why do you always come with your Schopenhauer? Are you Germans? Are you a manly people? Don't look so pitifully astonished at me and at Annamarie; yes, the present is not exactly an hour to cling to life; but I have no mind for your weakness and cowardice. If the thirst torments me on my march, if the heat of the sun makes me feel sick and giddy, do I therefore leave the ranks? No, I march on till the evening; it will all come right, because it must come right. For what purpose? For honour. Or because the power is there—and because it is there it should also work; or because—but let's drop it. I am not in a mood to talk about it to-day. I only wish I could tear this thorn in the flesh, this Schopenhauer, from the body of every German; we would become a healthier nation. I wish I could deliver our pampered, effeminate, nervous age of this whining——'

Again he did not finish; with a powerful angry gesture he seemed to throw the age behind him. Then walking up to the gentle sleeper, he gazed at her with a penetrating glance as if to ask her forgiveness for the disturbing of her peace. The wax candles flickered gently; he had disturbed the atmosphere. Light and shadow wavered upon her motionless face; it seemed to move now, and a dreamy awakening seemed to play round her pale, beautiful mouth. He

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trembled; again a cold shiver swept over him. He closed his eyes to shut out the vision.

The other in the fur coat behind him arose now too; for a while they stood looking at each other.

'I am going.' The words came from Wiese's thin, clean-shaven lips. 'She is growing more and more beautiful. . . . You don't like to talk, of course, but you must pardon me if at this aspect my *Weltanschauung* became so vivid in me. . . . Yours is a philosophically trained head; I am only a layman; I am only following my sentiment. Thus my wife lay five years ago; it brought me to Schopenhauer. Before that I had, so to say, lived merrily and carelessly. And now I often think it's as well that Anna is dead; what joy would she have had from her only son? She idolised him. And what is becoming of him? He is not much more than a good-for-nothing: a gambler, a drunkard, a disreputable fellow without any character. I had hoped to make of him a profound thinker; but I have failed. To spend money—my money—that's all he can do. Am I not right in saying it is well that she is gone? And is it not logical then to add: And why should we live at all? Is it worth while? But I don't wish to inveigle you into a discussion; I would stand out very badly against you anyhow. However much knowledge I may have acquired, I am only a layman. . . . Good Annamarie! She had to die, and my Emil is ruining me. And so you are really decided to——?'

'What?'

'Be here the whole night——?'

'You have heard it,' Adler retorted impatiently.

'Yes. I beg your pardon. Don't forget at least to put on some warmer garments——'

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Adler threw his head aside so that the locks that had fallen forward were shaken back, and retorted: 'I am firm.'

'Yes, of course. Incomprehensibly firm. Well, good-night——'

He paused in the midst of the sentence, for the door was suddenly flung open, and in a light overcoat, a soft hat in hand, Emil, whom the father had just been abusing, entered the room. His small, delicate, but well-built frame was sunk in itself, and almost lifeless; over his good-looking face, reminding one very much of the dead woman, a greenish pallor had spread. He closed the door, but stopped at the threshold.

'Good evening, uncle,' said he in a dull voice, and with an air of consternation, shuddering as he looked at the state bed, 'I've been down by the sea, and only just heard what had happened. How terrible, how——'

The young man paused, casting a furtive and hostile glance at his father, as if his presence prevented him from talking. A few quick tears rolled down his cheeks. Wiese silently shrugged his shoulders. He pressed his brother-in-law's hand; it was colder than he had feared; it made him shudder. Slowly he walked towards the door; Emil made way for him. Once more he directed his eyes upon his sister, nodded as if it were by way of bidding her farewell; gently waving his hat, he walked out with sad and gentle dignity.

He had hardly left the room when the son let his hat drop and flung himself on his knees before the dead. He seized one of the dead woman's hands and pressed it to his eyes and to his lips; a loud violent fit of sobbing shook his whole frame.

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'Forgive me!' he stuttered, sobbing violently, 'I loved her so much.'

'Well, she loved you too,' Adler rejoined, touched by this violent outburst of grief. He was again sitting on his chair, his head resting upon his hand.

'Yes, she has been good to me. She still had hopes of me; she defended me. When he——' With a movement over his shoulder he indicated whom he meant, and pressed his full lips together. He kissed again the patient hand. 'Good, dear, sweet Aunt Annamarie! It 's over now. I am too late with all my love. But not too late with my repentance—not with my repentance. I promise you——'

Adler interrupted him, raising his arm. 'Stop this,' he said in his firm, commanding voice. 'Why make promises which one seldom keeps. This woman is too good for this sort of thing. This effeminate revelling in contrition—I know it. To-morrow you will have forgotten it——'

'No, no, no,' Emil sobbed. 'Not this time; not this time! I have this fault, I am honeycombed with faults; I have almost as many as my father attributes to me, and that means a great deal. It is true I have gone to ruin abominably; have worked very little and enjoyed myself very much. . . . But this woman did not despair of me; don't do it either, uncle. She knew there was some good in me. Oh, there are powers in me. . . . Had she been my mother and you my father——'

'It is in ourselves,' Adler interrupted him. 'Don't throw the responsibility upon others. Get up; let her hand be. The good that is in you, it is yours still; bring it out!'

'That 's what I am going to do, Uncle Helmut; that 's what I was just promising; that 's why I seized the hand of

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—this saint. In this solemn moment I promised it to her.' He rose and, with a passionately sincere expression of repentance on his countenance, he looked from the dead to the living. Adler sighed softly; the resemblance between Annamarie and the nephew was too pronounced for his nerves. He turned away and walked to the window. Emil followed him. In a voice, almost hoarse with excitement, he whispered: 'I have always admired you highly, uncle. You comprehend everything that's human; you would not have given me up—as he did. . . . You and she—I lacked you both!' He suddenly bent over Adler's hand, seized and kissed it. 'And now home again!' he continued with a rancorous, ugly laugh. 'Good-night!' He stepped back, took up his hat from the floor and walked out on tip-toe, to prevent his boots from creaking.

II

Helmut Adler remained at the window, looking out into the night. The narrow ascending street in which houses were situated sloped gently from the hill to the seaport; it was a winding street, but from this corner-window he could overlook it as far as the angle and up to the Monk's gate, a remnant of olden times when the town was still a fortress. The night was not dark, and the glimmer of the invisible, veiled moon penetrated through the grey November cloud. Behind the gate the masts towered up; the broad river shone like a pale band overshadowed by the low, distant shore. It was a small part of the world, dull and insignificant; but Annamarie had often stood here, her face pressed to the window-pane, with her skyblue yearning eyes in which shone

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the light of her childish attachment for her home, from her love-strong heart. He felt as if she were looking out of his eyes; her own were now for ever closed.

Still no rest; again the door, leading to the passage, creaked.

'Who is it——?' he asked, moving his shoulder. 'It is I!' replied a timid, gentle voice. Malwine entered with a shy, soft step; she was the elder daughter, twenty years old.

She was tall, almost taller than himself, but slim almost to leanness; her hair was not brown like that of father and mother but fair, her skin delicate as that of fair complexioned people; neither was she so dainty and so finely built as Annamarie, her features were not so delicately chiselled, her figure did not possess the innate, natural grace of Annamarie. There was often something studied and artificial in her movements which made the critical father impatient; he found the fine little nose a trifle too short, and a remarkably capricious irregularity of her features displeased his hypersensitive glance. After whom did she take? he often questioned himself; she resembled neither himself nor her mother. Only the lovely voice reminded him of Annamarie; but at times the voice, too, was somewhat too gentle and soft. . . . At this moment he thought so too; in the awful isolation of his despairing heart, he said: Yes, she says, It is I, but how ego-less this sounds!——'Child, what is it you require?' he asked.

'Nothing, dear father!' she replied timidly. 'Only good-night. . . . I should have liked to stay here longer—for hours; but you prefer to be left alone.'

He pressed his head against the window-pane as Annamarie was wont to do. 'Go to bed,' he muttered.

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'Yes, of course. Little Clare wished you good-night; she is now asleep. She could not endure it any longer to sit so still, so she suddenly grew cheerful, but she became frightened at it herself and began to cry; we consoled her. She insisted that she was not tired, but I put her to bed; she really could not stand for fatigue. Once only she sobbed upon her pillow, but was asleep the next moment.'

Adler moved his strong, sinewy throat and looked at his daughter, but with that fixed and distant gaze which she knew in him. He is looking through me, she thought, and her heart ached doubly. Did he understand a word of what I was just saying to him?——She wanted to know it; and with quick decision she asked: 'Shall I tell Clare anything? She is just going to bed.'

He seemed to reflect for a moment, trying to grasp her words; then he shook his head. He had evidently heard nothing. With an air of resignation she lowered her shoulders but otherwise showed no sign; he should not notice it. 'Do you require anything?' she asked.

'No,' he replied, with an impatient motion of his hand. Alas, she thought, if I were lying here, or Clare or even both of us, he would not feel so unhappy!——O God! he is right too. What are we as compared to this woman? Suffering under her bitter woe she stood here; how she longed to fling herself on her knees, to place the mother's hand upon her head, to open her full heart to her, to whisper to her as to a being of the next world, compassionate and glorified; for thus she lay there. But in the presence of the father, stunned by his misfortune, she did not dare. She clasped her hands as if praying to her mother.

'Good-night!' said Adler, pressing her wrist. He clasped

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it with his mighty fingers so that it hurt her; but she was pleased, nevertheless. 'Good-night!' she whispered tenderly. Her arms lifted themselves a little; she longed to embrace him, to kiss him, to show him her love; but he stood there so rigid and so motionless like a statue, his gaze strange and distant. What am I now to him? she thought. Her heart seemed to grow hard in her suffering, like a huge stone; it spread a heavy pain around. She placed one hand upon it to ease its agony and silently slipped from the room. Adler listened to the sound of the soft retreating steps. He felt relieved when they died away in the passage; he desired nothing now but calm and solitude. He turned towards the wax candles and the dead. For a moment the light blinded him, but suddenly he felt almost frightened: yonder, at the wall, sat the tall, lean figure of his mother, as motionless as the dead woman herself. She had entered softly, without his noticing it. Her much-wrinkled but still soft-cheeked countenance looked so pale and earnest out of its frame of nut-brown hair, interspersed with silver streaks, as if she had long ago given up life. The deep-sunken, grey eyes were staring into the flames. His movement did not escape them, though; as if awaking, they turned their gaze towards him, contemplating him with a mute look of an unceasing, vivid, sleepless love, as only a mother's eyes can look.

'How did you come in?' he asked, collecting himself.

'You did not hear me?' she asked by way of a reply.

'Why don't you go to bed, mother? What do you want here?'

'To sit up with you,' she rejoined. She seemed decided; but her uncertain, scrutinising look tried to read in his face

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whether he would consent. All her calm, motionless frame seemed to say: Look, I am sitting here already!

'Good mother,' he replied, with suppressed agitation, 'there is no sense in it. Don't annoy me. You want your sleep.'

'Not you?'

'No,' was his curt reply. 'All I want is a—— a quiet communion, nothing more. She was my wife; she was not your child. When I am lying here thus, then you may watch through the night, if you care to; leave me alone now.'

'When you —— —— oh, God will not inflict this punishment upon me, I hope. —— O Helmut!'

'What is it?'

'I should be lying here: then all would be well. Nobody wants me here. My sixty-nine years could sleep very well.' But she suddenly became aware of her impious thought and, with a quick, resigned glance heavenwards, added: 'But—— as He wills it!'

'Well, then, go to bed,' said Helmut, returning to his seat at the wall opposite.

Still she did not get up. 'And how about food?' she asked sadly. 'You will be hungry, Helmut?'

'But I have dined with you!' he retorted, his brow darkening.

'Oh, it was nothing. You only sat there.'

'I ate as much as I could, mother. I don't understand you. People who feel as I do should not be tortured. Please let——'

Quicker than one might have expected from her years, the old woman jumped up. Flushing with the blood of youth,

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she clasped her hands in unspeakable grief. She torture him! She, her son . . . 'It is well,' she murmured; 'I am going. I only thought . . . you often say, people eat too much; others maintain the contrary. Whom should we believe? I sometimes imagine, Helmut—but no,—let's not talk of it now, you grow so impatient——'

She wanted to go; again she looked at him and at the silent woman; she sighed, wrung her hands and stayed.

'What do you sometimes imagine?' he asked gently; he did not wish to send her away thus; a piece of his petrified heart seemed to melt away.

'Oh, I only imagine: Annamarie used to eat too little—it has been my opinion for a long time. I thought so in the summer, in our Thuringian home, when you first came to me; I did all I could to feed you well; but she only ate like a little bird—as if she did not relish my fare. I was really ashamed. But then you consoled me and said it was her way!—Yes, it really was her way, but not a good one! Then times came when she grew more delicate; alas, and always more and more delicate——'

She had spoken with apparent calm and with too much womanly dryness for his too sensitive ear; but suddenly she was caught by a violent fit of sobbing. (It shook her like a young girl.) It did not do the son any good; he felt as if in the agony of death now. The mother seemed to become aware of it somehow, for she as suddenly collected herself and turned on him a mute glance as if to ask for forgiveness. Drying her tears she stood again at the foot of the bed; a feeling of devotion suddenly came over her, and, amazed at the solemn beauty of the dead, she shook her head slowly: 'How lucky there are no more flies,' she whispered; 'they

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are so terrible in the death chamber. Does she not look like an angel, Helmut?'

He nodded.

'And yet you do not believe that she is going to be one? —Alas, how much less unhappy you would be, and I too, if you had still retained our faith. How can you think that something like this angel will ever perish. . . . How touchingly pious you used to be as a child. Once, I remember, I wept for joy . . . Forgive me, Helmut! I don't want to say anything at all, but it is so difficult to go. My head is so confused. I wish I could take away part of your suffering! —What a night! And you really want to——'

She did not dare to speak out: did not dare to utter the request that filled her innermost soul: Go to bed too! But she could not help kissing him, the son whom she secretly idolised, her last child. Taking his hand at parting, she said, with apparent calm, 'Good-night,' and when he looked at her, she quickly threw her arms round him and pressed him to her heart. 'Good-night!' she whispered again in a faint voice. Alas, how stupidly one talks, she thought; how could I wish him good-night at the present moment. Again a crimson hue covered her soft cheeks. She let her head sink upon her breast; with a deep breath, in which she suppressed a sigh, she glided through the door.

III

Deep silence at last reigned about Adler and his dead wife. No voice stirred in the room or in the passage; no carriage rattled in the deserted streets; only the clock from the tower of St. Mary struck, but it did not disturb him. Again he

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crossed his arms, as he reclined in his chair. His thinker's eyes pierced the light, they did not shrink from it, on the contrary, they loved it—thus *her* strong, happy eyes had liked it too; but now they loved nothing more. Never more! No, never more!—Good mother! he thought. You have experienced and learned so much; but you have still retained your Christian faith, your 'immortal soul,' your 'Beyond.' *She* was not like that; how joyfully, how healthily, how firmly did she cling to life, but she used to think as I do: every one only once. Everything that comes into being perishes: only the whole remains!—Yes, my Annamarie, you are no more now. Your thought is at an end. In the vast ocean of the universe into which it has fallen, it will describe its circles for a while: in my soul, in your children, in one or the other, upon whose brain you have impressed your sweet image; then we too shall perish—and it will be over with Annamarie. Oh, what a thought. But thus it happened with Sappho and with Arria. The inexorable powers make no exception for Helmut Adler and his Annamarie—God! God of my mother! You are no consolation for me. I have seen through you; you are a beautiful mist in the brain of man; you and all the other gods. Just as we dream of flowers and animals that do not exist, or of ourselves as if we were some one else, so, too, we dream of God. So, too, we dream of 'body' and 'soul.' Who sits here, whose heart is so aching? It is no 'soul'; it is a feeling, thinking body; a single, inseparable Ego. What are these two burning tears? Are they soulless? And this misery here above in my head, in my thoughts, is it bodiless? Everything is one! We are only dreaming: one is two. Who was this beautiful woman lying here? A

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shaped thought; or a form expressed in thought—or whatever you may term it, you powerless, meditating, worrying creature. She will perish now . . . perish . . . 'O Heaven and Earth! Perish!' he suddenly groaned aloud. It seemed unbearable to him: perish!—His body sank forward, his head fell upon his hand, he closed his eyes and cried, as his mother had cried a little while ago.

'Always lived for her'; Lorenz Wiese's words came back to him. Well, yes, he had lived for her; what has been the use of it? The pictures of the past, ever since her lingering illness, now rose and passed before his mental vision; the still, happy years in her native land, her home; then the roaming, restless years in the warm south, the south that did not bring back her health; until one evening when, turning to him in her fever, she put an arm upon his shoulder and, looking at him with her large, frightened eyes, asked: 'Take me home again! Will you?'—Her look seemed to say: You see, I must die; I should like to die in our own house! But he, defying her looks, and fate itself, still hoped and smiled; and always hoping and hoping brought her home. In the room where she had come into the world she would recover!

Here she was lying now. He looked up. She had known better. Behind her last couch, yonder on the wall, above the quietly burning candles, his eyes met the old print, which was her particular favourite: Guercino's 'Aurora,' after the fresco painting in the Villa Ludovisi in Rome. There were a few more prints in the room after the frescoes of Raphael and Reni; but before this print she used to stand with predilection: how the beautiful young Aurora, wreathed by a winged boy, and strewing flowers in the air, was driving along the

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bright sky, seated in her cloudy chariot; her mighty horses rushed along, and above the clouds womanly genii with loose fluttering garments soared before her.

Annamarie used to like the fiery force of the picture; he, the resemblance which he found between Aurora and his beloved when she was a girl. The young face of Aurora reminded him of the forest festival on the 'Rottmannsheight' at the Starnberger-See, where he had suddenly perceived the young Annamarie, not yet eighteen years old, and had lost his heart to her so imperceptibly, so naturally and quickly. In her white dress, with her floating hair, her innocently dreaming eyes, she appeared to him as one of the sylvan genii, or like the muse who had descended from her filmy chariot, and was resting in the shadow of maygreen trees. He did not dare to speak to her then; an accidental meeting came to his assistance. And when he heard that they were travelling, that she and her parents were going on to-morrow up into the Bavarian Mountains, he followed; at the Kochelsee they met again, at the Walchensee she became his bride. Incomprehensibly happy times! Then their young nest in Würzburg, in Jena;—'The happiest union'; yes, he thought, her brother is right! A married life like ours I have never seen. My dream of a wife has always been a real comrade 'in great and in small matters'—many have dreamed thus—but I have realised it. I went my student's, my thinker's way, she came to meet me as if it had been her way too; it cost her a great effort to keep pace with me, but she liked the effort, her powers yearned for it. This delicate frame, what a quiet, ever-burning fire did it enclose. Oh, this touchingly ardent longing for truth and knowledge; and yet never unwomanly—

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O God! how entirely a woman she was! But a heroine—a heroine!

'Annamarie!' he said aloud: he could not endure any longer his thinking in silence without talking to her. 'Yes, I must tell it to you once more: yes, you were a heroine. In everything! In everything! Even in your ambition which you had for me—and which you conquered. How you have secretly been longing to be proud of me, yes, yes, yes, I know it; we both were silent about it—we used to tell each other everything else. Now we may speak of it. . . . Your pride! I should become something great! Should enlighten the world with new thoughts! Now you are lying here; it was nothing. What have I written? two, three so-called books; I stammered them—for I lacked the last decisive word. What have I created? A couple of presentiments; oh, how happily, how beautifully you felt them with me! But you looked at me so inquiringly, so hopefully, so full of expectancy: well, what will be the result? When you spurred me on with gentle, harmless questions so that I should not notice it—it was hell in my paradise!—Perhaps I had too much paradise and too little hell. Had you not made me so happy, had I wrestled with suffering, battled with despair, I would perhaps have found it, this last decisive word. How often—since you began to waste away—I could never tell you that, now I can—in Italy it was when you grew worse and worse, and the terrible phantom approached nearer and nearer; how often did I look to the other side, clung to my nascent thoughts, shook them desperately to forget my grief—and then at last they seemed to vacillate, to bend over. Now, now they are falling! Now I have them, they are mine!—Oh, if we

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only had another half a year, another three months—O Annamarie! Awake. Don't leave me thus. I owe you my thoughts still. I owe you the highest happiness, which you have been expecting: the honour for your pride.'

'Annamarie! my comrade! My Annamarie!'

She lay quietly there. The clock in the tower struck again, louder than before; his senses had become sharpened, in his eyes shone the fever that had long menaced him, his cheeks were burning. They had burned thus once three days ago; she was lying in her bed, asleep, not so deeply as now though, a foreboding of despair awoke in him the phantom, Death stood at her head: then, too, he rushed away to his thoughts and wrestled with them, as Jacob had once wrestled with God. He seemed to conquer them; but Annamarie made a movement, looked up, smiled at him—and the phantom vanished, and with it his thoughts. 'What disturbs me now? he said to himself with a wild smile, in his feverish brain it flashed and quivered. 'She will stir no more! She is not going to look up. But the phantom, here it is!—It has triumphed. Too late. . . . What is too late? She can hear me no longer, you say. . . . She lives in me still. What I am thinking, I am thinking for her; she in me, she can hear it. This would be victory worthy of you and me, if I could press back the unspeakable grief into my heart, and with free, independent spirit, above fate and despair, think out my thoughts. I would thus conquer death; no one has ever yet done this before—it would be in your spirit. Your brother—what did he say? When *his* wife lay thus, he came to Schopenhauer. So unheroically your husband cannot behave. No, I would come to *myself* and thus again to you. Not with an effeminate, wailing vow,

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like that of Emil, which the wind soon blows away and scatters, but with a deed of the spirit. . . . Oh, how you seem to agree with me. There is such a firm, high will round your delicate lips. And here behind my forehead, it is fermenting. . . . It is glowing here. Like demi-gods we both have lived, as in an eagle's eyrie, high above the common ordinary life and doings of this petty world! How often did you complain in silent hours: But what will become of men? Whither will this desperate, senile age lead them? They no longer wish for something great; only rest and comfort do they require, and that all might be equal. It would be better, they say, if the world did not exist; but as it happens to exist, let us make ourselves comfortable in it with all the means that science puts at our disposal, with instruments and machines. Happiness, they maintain, consists in peace and comfort, and in not being disturbed. There should be no powerful men, they only make mischief; and they are arrogant too; we, all of us, we are as good as they are; every one of us is as good. Set your hearts on the feeble and the sickly; anything that can neither live nor die, do not let it perish. Pity, pity, pity! Add to it early potatoes from Algiers, good poisons for sleep and a healthy practical sense!—That's our time. Who will help us out of it? Who can redeem us?'

IV

The clock in St. Mary's tower was striking again; Adler listened, roused from his deep thoughts. Two hours had elapsed since he had heard it last. He had not slept, but had sat thus sunk into himself, encompassed by silence, as

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by a vast sea, removed from the real world as he had never been before. In his brain chaos was still surging; glowing as if coming right from the funnel, his thoughts shone a while, crossed each other, and intertwined themselves, grew darker again, cooled down and sank back into the night of the unconscious. From time to time a shudder swept over him, a not unpleasant feeling; his forehead remained warm, almost hot; it seemed the right heat for the restless, chasing images in his brain, in which he forgot his misery. He listened to the clock, he felt as in a dream; as if it had been striking in another space and in another time. . . . The last stroke resounded; he closed his eyes; but with his mind's eye he still saw the beautiful, disconsolate picture, the white apparelled Annamarie under her cover, the six candles round her, burning much lower, at her head the dark green of the plants. The vision only moved slowly from left to right; because the eyeballs moved thus, he thought; now, however, he perceived that it floated. It was floating upon the river, the plants and the candles and all; the river carried it out to the sea—not into the night but into the day. Female figures upon clouds, in loose, flowing garments, soared above the water; a winged boy placed a wreath upon Annamarie's white forehead. From the endless sea an island emerged, rocky, towering, overgrown; the bed swam up to the shore, they went on land—for he, too, was there, and was walking beside the dead woman. Upon the loftiest summit he saw himself alone with her; the candles continued to burn in the brightness, but with a pale light; his eye saw far, immeasurably far, yet nothing but blue water was visible on the horizon; deepest solitude encompassed him,—Our eagle's eyrie! he thought. The plants were suddenly upon the

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ground; he set them on fire. Beautifully the flames ascended; the bed and the sleeper were burning, but without changing; he himself, too, was being consumed by the fire; he felt it, he was perishing. But Annamarie smiled at him out of the flames encouragingly. And now everything was extinguished and he soared forth from the ashes as something different, gigantic, with mighty, beautiful wings. He knew that he was the Phœnix. He felt so light and so blissful. He looked into his breast, for there was light in it; it was transparent; in it he saw Annamarie upon her bed and the candles, all unchanged; but it did not hurt him that she was in his breast. Yes, you live in me! he thought, as if gradually awaking from a profound dream. You continue to live! But I—not more myself—a new race, another—and yet, yet myself still——

He could not grasp it entirely; he felt urged to be quite awake so as to grasp it; he opened his eyes. Before him lay the dead; not floating upon the water, not upon an island's summit, but in her own room. Had he really fallen asleep thus? or had he only been dreaming—half-awake in his feverish state of mind? He looked round. Upon a tiny black table near him had been placed cold viands, bread and butter, a bottle of wine. 'How did all this come here?' he murmured, confused. 'Mother did it . . . when? Whilst she was here before? Then I would have noticed it. Has she been here again without my seeing her? Was I so absorbed in thought? Good mother. It is just like you, it's true. But I am not going to touch it, nevertheless. . . .'

He got up; an uncertain but irresistible agitation drove him from his chair. The Phœnix! he thought. Reality and dream fluctuated and then flowed into one; and was it

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really only a dream? he thought. Was it not an idea that I worked out, an image or simile of what is in my mind—yes, Annamarie, with you! You in front, the morning flush of a new Becoming—I the new day. The Phœnix from the ashes of the old!—A glowing, blissfully happy almost confused glance fell upon this death-pale 'Morning-dawn,' then upon Guercino's 'Aurora' on the wall behind her; now this was the cause of his vision. Behind Aurora's chariot a man followed, seated upon a cloud, the upper part of his body was naked, his right arm uplifted, held out into the morning air the floating garments, spread over him like a canopy; he looked forward, striving to reach Aurora; and she seemed to look back and beckon him: 'Come and follow me!' Thus he is driving along: the Day!

'Yes, yes!' he said aloud. Suddenly his agitation left him, he was slightly discomposed, then a strange solemn stillness followed. It was as if he were not more alone with Annamarie; a third was present. Out of the chaos of his freed brain something came forward like a luminous apparition; it was his ready thought—invisible to mortal eye, and yet something living.

'Yes, yes!' he said, satisfied, and at once, as if intoxicated by his idea, bending over the dead, 'I bring them the new Day! What will become of men? you asked. Whither is this senile, desperate age leading up to? Who can redeem us? I can do it. I, the Phœnix, can do it. Yes, humanity has grown old, her time is up. She does not believe in herself any more; she does not believe in the gods she has created; peevishly she is sitting there, querulous in her suffering and her defects. Her intellect has grown larger than everything else together; it invents, discovers, and

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constructs machinery; her imagination has lost its wings; despised by the intellect, because it is dreaming so youthfully and so aimlessly; it is cowering in a corner. Yes, this senile, wise human race knows no more what it should wish for, and what it is wanting; it has an uneasy, grumbling feeling on account of its ossification; it therefore turns over upon the other side, like a diseased creature, asks for something else, something better, throws away the old, turns to every quack who promises it something new. But he only tickles your tired, withered limbs; he is old himself and wise, he can't help you!—Yes, your time is up. You have become everything, human race, that you could become: there is the solution of the enigma. Out of animalism, out of apedom you have grown up, a wonder at that time; yourself an animal, an ape, but wiser than those, more intelligent, you subjugated them all, and conquered the whole earth. The superior of all brutes, ruler of all beasts, you still remained a beast. What the best among you dreamed and hoped for, you cannot fulfil; you are always striving back to the animal, that you are; but never so much as now. Everywhere one now hears you barking: Let us become one great herd, all, all equal, like the beasts on the pasture ground, all together intent upon finding food and consuming it, so that our species, too, might exist like that of the rabbits and the rats! Long live man, the inventing, practical-minded, in million herds arranged, machinery-constructing animal!'

'No!' he said, straightening himself, a youthful fire blazing in his fixed gaze, 'this is not the end! I know a new beginning. I bring them a new day. You have traversed the path from worm to man, and now all should be over. Can you go no further? You have dreamed of gods, higher

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and stronger men, removed from animalism. Is it to be only a dream? Was it not the presentiment in you, pointing to the new path? These gods, they only lived in your yearning, aspiring minds; one after another they have perished, must all perish; can they not now really become alive, as the last, the highest step in creation? How so? Where from? From your own selves, as god-men, above the ape-men that you were, that you still are. Consider humanity as what she really is—a transition. Just as the ape has been a transition to you, so you are a transition to the god-man; to the pure, complete, thorough, full man. Rejuvenate yourselves like the Phœnix. Realise your dream. Conquer man, as he has conquered the ape; ascend, ascend to the earth's summit!' The six candles round Annamarie burned on quietly; to the blissfully unhappy man, who had freed himself from the unfruitful sorrow, who had thought out his thoughts, they seemed to burn weaker and gloomier; it was all so lucid in his penetrating vision, his hopeful brain. He thought he did not feel any longer the grief for the dead; tranquillised, he fell down before her bed, seizing her cold hand with his feverish hot one; it seemed to him that it grew warmer under his pressure. 'Do you now believe in me?' he asked softly, smiling a little in spite of his deep earnestness. 'Are you satisfied? Am I now paying my debt? All that I think, all that I am going to bring and to announce as a new message to humanity, all that I am going to produce and create, I do it for you. Will they believe me, will they follow me, or will they deride me? Will they say, Here is another to be laughed at? Look at the new fool?—No; what has once come to light does not perish. Ears will open that will listen; young minds will awake that will take it up

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and carry it further. A new day will shine again upon the weary earth. You have called it, This day! It has dawned out of the sorrow for you. You and I, we remain together. Annamarie! always my Annamarie!'

He rose slowly, staggering a little in his painful happiness, and returned to his seat. Leaning against the wall as in a waking, conscious dream, he saw before him his way into the future, into a new life. He felt cold at times, but no sleep came into his eyes; he felt neither hunger nor weariness. Old and new were often intertwined in his thoughts. Again he saw himself with her in the forest on the Rottmanns-height and on the Walchensee; then upon the solitary summit of the island, in the Phœnix-gleam; then in distant, endless hope and expectation. When the dim, grey dawn peered in through the window, it found him still seated; the candles had burned down very low; his eyes gazed with a surprised, but firm, look into the coming new day.

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SECOND BOOK

I

Like the majority of German seaport towns, the town of R—— is not situated directly on the sea; it was built on the river, at a distance of about eleven kilometres from the sea. The ships come up as far as the town, and often a strong north wind drove in the sea itself between the low, flat banks. In the town the river was almost as wide as a sea. Part of the strand and the lower parts of the town were inundated at these times; this, however, was only a rare occurrence. The river ordinarily remained master in its domain, running its course lazily, a patient slave of navigation. The town accompanied it for some distance. At a former period the river-side had been defended by a rampart, but now only houses, open streets, and gardens are to be seen there; at one spot only, at the fishing port, a bastion of the old gigantic walls with a deep moat advances right up to the water. Old blackened cannons are still to be seen upon the battlements, partly as ornament and partly in remembrance of a fiercer time; they are overshadowed by peaceful elms and maples. The bastion commands a beautiful and extensive view of the port to the right, and the winding river to the left. The river here is bordered by meadows and fields, factories, and villages; low willows and reeds grow in it, distant church-towers overlook the arable land. Naviga-

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tion is continued as long as the winter permits; this year, however, severe cold had followed upon a mild December, and in the middle of January a crust of ice was formed on the waters. The ice was not yet firm enough for walking, and one afternoon a south wind threatened to bring on a fresh thaw. The air grew so mild towards the evening that a hardened person could sit in the open, and in fact, on the benches under the trees upon the bastion some people were to be seen. The moon had risen and shone down upon them from behind the clouds, and flooded the river with its radiance; electric lights, coming from the factories, traversed, like diminished suns, the semi-darkness of night. When the last loiterers had left this favourite spot, two men remained on the circular bench round the thickest elm. They were young men, weather proof and clad in overcoats that were not very heavy. One of them was almost a giant, sturdily built, dark-skinned and long-haired, the other was smaller and of a more delicate frame, but as hardened as his companion against the weather. He even maintained that it was always warmer in the moonlight. He seemed to feel at ease in the fresh air, for he took off his hat and gently fanned himself.

'What are you doing?' asked the giant, drawing great clouds from his short pipe and blowing them against the sky.

'I think I can smell the sea.'

'You can't smell it to-day; we have south wind, man.'

The smaller, who was the fairer of the two, looked incredulously at his friend.

'My good Karl, I set little value on your wind and weather directions; the old weathercocks are unreliable creatures. The other day I saw one revolving thrice round itself. If I

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don't smell the sea it's on account of your beastly canister tobacco.'

'My tobacco is very good; it comes from Hamburg,' replied the tall one calmly.

'Impossible, doctor,' rejoined the other. 'Why is Tyras disgusted then?' He pointed to the animal, a fine silver-grey sporting dog sitting near them, and pressing against his master's left leg. 'The animal had sat down near you quite confidently, but as soon as you began to smoke he put his tail between his legs and, getting up with tactful and polite deliberation, walked over to my side. You see, he knows the difference between good and bad tobacco. I don't smoke much myself, but I do it with real noble luxuriousness and understanding. I only smoke cigars; Tyras evidently approves of these. But tell me, Karl, are you going to smoke your tobacco eternally, from morning to evening, even as a doctor of medicine, as a famous saviour of mankind?'

'Famous! A rather funny word for a beginner like myself!' The giant laughed, not so much at the single epithet, but at the whole humour of his friend; it was a hearty, agreeable, but almost boisterous laugh.

'Why comical?' asked Hans, the fair one, whose blue eyes twinkled mischievously. 'Ever since you saved that old broken-legged president so surprisingly—he had already one leg in the grave—the whole town has been staggered. It is quite an honour for me to be your intimate friend. Are you being sought after or are you not?'

'Yes, I am,' growled the doctor. 'But what has my smoking to do with anybody? Don't famous physicians smoke?'

'Not such short nor such long pipes as you do. Will you also keep on your long hair? It's quite impossible.'

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'But the deuce take it! Why, can you cure people in a military cut only?'

Hans looked at him disapprovingly.

'Don't be so logical, doctor. A physician and long hair is a matter of sentiment, you don't settle such things by argument. If you don't feel it, then something is wrong in your organism; you are only a long-haired barbarian of the times of Alboin and Rosamunde, and I will make use of you for an historical opera, that's all you are good for! Altogether you are very funny. Look about yourself; look at the ships yonder. This is a commercial town. What is your opinion of the merchants here? I tell you, they will prefer being killed by one of your neat, short-haired colleagues to being cured by you.'

'It does not look like it as yet, Hans,' replied the young practitioner, 'they are a little frightened of me, yet I am still the fashion. But, after all, I don't care. I wish a steamer stood here, just going off, and I was on it!'

'Whither?'

'Somewhere, where it is quite different. And what are you doing now, little one?'

'I am composing a rammer-chorus.'

The doctor turned to him with a gesture of inquiry. 'What is that?'

'I am looking up the people at their work,' said Hans, very seriously; 'the people must be worked out musically. Have you ever observed the local pile-drivers at their work?'

'Haven't had the honour.'

'When working in the new streets, constructing aqueducts or drains, they drive in a pile from time to time; that's the

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moment when they become possible for the opera, when they enter into art. Every group of four has a rammer which they raise and let fall without steam-power but by muscular force. They imitate the sailors: in order to pull the ropes and lift the pile-driver simultaneously, one of them sings something before they start.'

'And this you compose?' asked the doctor.

'I make it artistically correct. I ennoble the sound so far as to make it possible to be sung in Europe and America as a chorus in my first opera.'

'And the rest of the opera?'

'The rest of the opera? I have a confused notion of it.'

'You have a confused notion of it? In other words, you know nothing about it as yet?'

The composer smiled. 'Great God, how clever you are!'

'Great God, how lazy *you* are!' retorted the young practitioner. 'I really believe you are doing mighty little.'

'You flatter me, Karl. I am not doing so much. I am doing practically *nothing*! Even with this rammer-chorus I am not yet ready. I am in a state of fermentation.'

The doctor puffed his pipe and shook his head.

'I believe you have too much money, Hans. You have just enough to enable you to live free from care. That's why you didn't do much in Berlin and less than that in Munich, and that's why you could follow so stupidly your little actress when she obtained her first engagement here; the income from your capital follows you everywhere. Fermentation indeed! I am afraid you are in the Eve—fermentation——'

'Despicable physician!' Hans broke in. 'It is not so bad as all that. Little Lizzie is already behind me——'

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'But all the other Eves are before you——'

'Well, yes; but this does not prevent a man from composing! I ought to have been poorer, quite true; necessity teaches one to compose. But all this is of minor importance. Seriously speaking, I am in a cursed state of fermentation—quite in an eddying vortex. Everything seems so confused to me; I don't know what the world wants with me—what humanity wants with the world—what God wants with humanity. I don't like things as they are, but I don't know how they ought to be. That's why I grow so restless and agitated and do nothing. Do you know this state of mind?'

'Oh yes,' said Doctor Karl, and sighed; when he sighed it was as if the wind was blowing through the forest. 'Yes, my good Hans, I know this state of mind. But try to get out of it as soon as possible; as it is, you are a humming-top, a vagabond, and a bohemian.'

'What expressions!' The musician flared up. 'Revolting! But all correct. Do you know what I should like? Leave this nest altogether——'

'So soon?'

'Yes. And travel about with a couple of companions—even with you, if you like to; but you are clinging to your rising reputation—and make music with my fiddle; no concerts, heaven forbid! No, going from tavern to tavern and from window to window; that is to say, wherever a pretty girl is looking out of the window we stop and play. Then we come to a castle and a park in the moonlight; a park with dreaming statues and rippling fountains, fragrant lilac, and a trellised gate; here the magician-fiddler, Hans Bergmann, fiddles so long until the

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dogs begin to bark, the valets to rattle, the maidservants to whisper, and the statues to stretch themselves. The old princess appears at the window and the wonderfully charming princesses——'

'Several, of course?'

'Yes, one for each.'

'In a word, Eichendorff,' said the doctor, blowing a huge cloud of smoke; 'the life of an idler. Oh yes, you have a decided talent for it!'

'Decidedly, Karl! But alas! all this is sheer nonsense; I assure you, in reality, I am dreaming of something quite different. Humanity I think is decaying; has it always been so? Then it must always have been precious rubbish. Is it worth while to live with all this mouldy, musty mediocrity? I should like to compose an opera: The island of better men; no, better still, I wish this island would exist, so that one could go there, away from these musty men! I can imagine this island; it is situated in the great ocean, where the climate is most beautiful. Bread-fruit-trees, date palms, birds of Paradise—and all the nice people who only live for the beautiful and the noble are there, and lead the life of the gods. All this pitiable paltriness, all this tavern gossip, these schools for scandal, these Philistines, are only to be met with in old legends. Fiddlers and composers stand in special high esteem; charming young maidens confidently look up to them. Jealousy, malice, plebeian sentiment, too much smoking, do not exist. In short, a higher humanity. Oh, what a life! Would you come with me, Karl Schweitzer?

The doctor smiled. 'If I am at all admitted——'

'Oh yes! you belong there too. You are one of the fine

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fellows, after all, were it not for your smoking. Have you never had such dreams, Karl?'

'My dear boy,' said the doctor after a short silence, 'I think I am dreaming more than you probably expect of a "despicable physician"; but I am dreaming of something else. You musicians are in general all a little foolish, and you, in particular, a little more than the rest. What is your island? Simply a paradise. I could as well imagine the bastion here to be the Olympus, myself Jupiter, and the cannons behind us Pallas Athene, and so on! But I tell you, when I sometimes feel disgusted with this vulgarisation of humanity, when I have had enough of this trance of equality, this adoration of the masses, this sentimental bowing before the Eternal Shabby, then I sit down—in thought—upon the said steamer and set off. Not for such an island of the blessed as you imagine, of course; but I am eagerly wishing for a land which might one day exist in reality, and where people who have an ardent desire to become better will be admitted, people who have higher aspirations and a sense for everything that is great; and who think with Goethe: "Trodden trash becomes broad not strong." Humanity should not grow in breadth, but in height! Why should we not be able to do it? Let it be an island, if you like, so that we might be isolated from the others. If, for instance, a whole company would be prepared to start, a company consisting of thorough, downright good fellows——'

'And women too,' the musician interpolated.

'Naturally, women too—so that history may not die out. . . . Well, let us suppose such a party settled upon some suitable island; nobody belonging to the "trodden trash"

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would be admitted, unless he had entirely made up his mind to make something better of himself; don't you think that in time—slowly but gradually—one might obtain a nobler piece of humanity? We would at last arrive there where you want to begin. It is quite incalculable what humanity can come to. Only away from this——'

'From this mediocrity!'

'Well, from this mediocrity! And give it time: time. We have plenty of time before us.'

'It's remarkable!' said Hans, stroking the neck of his beautiful, intelligent Tyras.

'What is remarkable?'

'How your dreams fall in with a publication I read yesterday—which is remarkable too. You know that, though a musician, I am endeavouring to instruct myself; when I am at a loss what to do with myself, I go to my bookseller—quite a jolly fellow; we idle about, and I take from his shop the most recent literature. He has a fine stock of political and philosophical pamphlets. Yesterday he showed me one, saying: "Read this, you will be surprised. A new philosophy, and what a philosophy! Printed in Berlin, but written in this town; the author lives here. An original; perhaps a genius. Read it through!" I applied myself to it yesterday afternoon and read it through at one stretch. It is not long, of course. It mounts into your head. It grips and grasps you. It is entitled: *The Phœnix*—First part. The second and the third are already in the press, says the publisher. I tell you, Karl, it's quite remarkable!'

'But I don't yet know——'

'Of course!—well, the author has a similar ideal to yours; but his is gigantic. Phœnix means Renaissance and Reju-

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venescence of humanity. He does not want to make it a little better or higher, but change into a new species. From the ape-men the god-men should come forth——'

'Nothing more?' The brown, pensive eyes of the practitioner began to laugh. 'The author is somewhat cracked, I suppose?'

'Not at all. You sometimes think so; but in the very next moment he grows so spiritual and so profound, that you penitently take off your hat. His doctrine he bases upon Darwin; Darwin, he says, has proved it to you! Everything is evolution. Every new form was something, apparently quite complete, but it was only a transition, for something else came from it. If the worm evolved from the primitive cell, the ape from the worm and man from the ape, why should not man too be a transition? And change, not into a new form—that would be impossible—but undergo a higher evolution, which would bring him to his completion? You must read it, Karl. The foundations for such an evolution, he says, have existed; every great and noble man may be considered as a beginning, but they remain among and stick in the masses; they grow and perish in its midst; not finding the proper soil where they could exist and continue among their equals. Therefore he asks for limitation of a special land as you say. There the right people will be brought together, no one else will be admitted and a new race will be cultivated and fostered. . . . I can't tell you all about it exactly, I am making a mess of it; you must read it yourself, Karl. And then—perhaps after thousands of years—the half-man will become a complete man, or as the author says, 'from the ape-man will evolve the god-man!'

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'And the author lives here?' asked Karl Schweitzer with his eagle look.

'The author? yes. Helmut Adler is his name. Has been professor somewhere in the middle of Germany, came here to live as a private individual——'

'Helmut Adler!'

'Yes.'

'I know him a little,' said Schweitzer, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.'

'Really?'

'Only by sight. I met him in the house of his brother-in-law, the merchant Wiese, the "superfine." He lost his charming wife a couple of months ago——'

'Yes, my bookseller told me so——'

'And has lived in perfect retirement ever since. He only goes out in the twilight. I often meet him on the quay, for he too evidently loves the water. He is always alone. On the landing-bridge, near the Monk's gate, he may be seen walking to and fro for hours when night has set in and he is not disturbed; sometimes he stands at the edge of the bridge, wrapped in his coat and a large felt hat on his head, staring down the river like a captain on his ship. I have secretly observed him for some time; there is something wonderfully striking in this very serious man with the large eyes——'

'Striking; that's how his style is too!' Hans interposed. 'How does he look?'

'Well, he is not tall; even you are taller, I think. But his step is very elastic. His face—his face reminds one of his name——'

'An eagle's face, like yours then?'

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'Finer, Hans. Much more interesting. Something between the old Fritz and the old Goethe; there is something wonderful, almost something uncanny in it; I have no words to describe faces. But if you wish to get an idea of his face, you can perhaps——'

'Oh yes, I have it!' exclaimed Hans, lifting up his left arm so high that Tyras grew uneasy. 'It must be the same man by whose appearance I was struck some months ago when I first arrived here. I looked at him in astonishment, thinking: Hallo, that 's what you find in this old seatown. He entered one of the houses and I never saw him since.'

'But he is not a native of this town,' said Schweitzer; 'he hails from Thuringia. His wife was born here; she is supposed to have been charming, but the narrow-minded thought her crazy. I feel a melancholy respect for this serious man. . . . But it 's growing colder. Let 's go.'

Hans Bergmann got up; Tyras followed.

'Where does he live?' asked Hans.

'Don't know. Do you intend to pay him a visit?'

'Should really like it, Karl; but you said he is unsociable. He interests me very much in his publication *The Phœnix.* I should like to go on the bridge he haunts to-morrow, stand in his way and say: 'Sir, pardon me, but how do you imagine the god-man? My name is Hans Bergmann of Berlin, musical composer, I intend setting your philosophy into music, if you don't mind. I am only twenty-three but ripened by life——'

'Come along, you clown! I am going home.'

'So am I,' said Hans. 'I shall read his little book again and let you have it afterwards. How curious this long, dark

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streak looks across the river between the bright, snow-covered ice-fields, as if some uncouth giant had dealt the river a blow.'

'It is the open navigable line for the steamers, the ice is not yet firm enough.'

'Ah! What a clever chap this ape-man is after all. If he only were not so disgusting in many other things. Come along!'

II

The two friends turned to the left, intending to reach the town by walking over the rampart. Tyras followed slowly. When they arrived at the last cannon, a man in a wide cloak and a Calabrese hat stood there; his face was in the shadow. They wanted to pass him but he stepped forward, holding out his stick across the road.

'What does this signify?' muttered the astonished Hans.

'That I am not going to let you pass,' replied the man in a peculiar voice; he evidently intended to make it sound cheerful, but there was a gloomy, solemn accent in it. 'I believe, Socrates used to act like this. And as you yourselves wished to make my acquaintance——'

'Herr Doctor Adler!' exclaimed Schweitzer.

'Quite right. I have heard your conversation, gentlemen, without your being aware of the fact; I was on your circular bench, on the other side, hidden by the old tree. I could not see you but could hear a great deal. . . .'

He turned to the musician. 'And so you wish to know how I imagine the god-man?'

'Excuse me,' replied Hans, who was trying to joke away a peculiar embarrassment that was besetting him, 'how do you

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know it was I who said this? You could not see us, you told us.'

'Your voice and manner of expression do not suit your companion; but your eyes are just like your voice. This is a remarkable evening for me; quite unexpectedly remarkable—perhaps for you too. . . . You intend going home, gentlemen. I won't let you. We are evidently destined to make each other's acquaintance. Will you dine with me?'

'Ah!' exclaimed Hans in surprise. Karl Schweitzer took off his hat in silence and bowed.

'But I'll tell you at once what I want,' continued Adler. 'I want to lay hold of you and secure you.'

'Secure us!' exclaimed Hans.

'Yes. That is to say, after having examined you first. . . .' He smiled: 'You will submit to a short examination from a man of my years; besides I have been professor. The chief examination has already taken place behind this tree! You are acquainted with the fate that befell me two months ago; this has led me upon a new path, and has taken me away from man. I have meditated and written in solitude day after day; I have published the first three numbers of which you have been telling your friend. Sown seed. . . . But he who is striving for what I am striving must after all get out of his solitude and gather men. In you two I find what I want: disgust and aspiration. Will you dine with me to-night?'

Hans Bergmann looked at the philosopher with an ever-growing sense of astonishment. The 'clown' felt somewhat uneasy and respectful. How comes he hither? he thought. Of course this commercial place is also a University town! The moon at this moment had risen and was shining side-

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ways upon Adler's face; it had two unequal sides, one bright and the other overshadowed; the one looked somewhat ghastly, the other more human, confident, and even amiable. But both were instinct with a certain manly, energetic beauty, which pleased Hans exceedingly. He could not speak for the moment, and walking up to Adler, he nodded cordially and pressed his hand.

Schweitzer smiled. 'I can do this too!' he said in his subdued bass voice, grasping the other hand of the professor. 'Thank you very much; I am only afraid you will not find in us what you are looking for. Aspiration, oh yes, this we have; but the mental powers——'

'Give me time,' Adler interrupted him, smiling genially, 'to investigate it!—what is the essential point? The spirit; the whole man. As far as you are concerned I know what sort of man you are; I have been told how you cured the old president, throwing yourself into the work with your apparently daring but in reality clear-sighted energy, and braving all contradiction. This is a clear evidence of your heroic and masterful spirit. That's what I am looking for. Your long hair too, I like it; it gives you the air of a Samson! Come, gentlemen. You have given me your hands, I keep you by them. Until midnight, you are mine!' Staring into the air, he added softly: 'My daughter will be surprised when she sees me bringing home guests for the first time. But my wife likes it; I know it. . . . Please, down to the strand!'

He walked on, they followed. When they had descended the narrow sloping path from the bastion, he placed himself between them and so they sauntered on. They walked along the port as far as the Monk's gate, then ascended the steep

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street up to the small square and reached Adler's house. Tyras kept near his master. The latter had quite forgotten him; the new acquaintance interested him immensely. Only when Adler had opened the door of the larger house and invited them to enter did Hans hesitate. 'You have the most beautiful gables in all the town,' he said. 'But what is to become of my dog, Herr Doctor? I confess, he is rather peculiar, he does not like being left alone in the street.'

'He is invited too, of course!' replied the philosopher.

'Thank you; strange vestibules are sacred to him, his is a very harmonious nature.'

'How that, vestibules? He will come into the room. Such a beautiful dog is an ornament. My little Clare, too, will be delighted; she likes dogs. But I'll take you first into my private room. Upstairs, please!'

They walked along the passage and reached the fourth door which Adler opened.

'Make yourselves comfortable,' he said; 'I will only just tell my daughter that we have guests; I shall be with you in a minute!'

The two entered; they found themselves in a lit-up, moderate but lofty room, the walls of which were lined with books to the ceiling; there were also painted and unpainted busts, vases, and stuffed birds and animals. Between the windows there were hung up various weapons and arms, among them rapiers and fighting apparel, evidently relics of Adler's student years. Schweitzer looked surprised.

'He is keeping those still,' he said half to himself.

'Oh yes, he is keeping them still!' answered the voice of the host, who had entered by another door. He had taken off his coat—the young men had divested themselves of theirs

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too—and stood there with free, open forehead, striking in its powerful protrusion above the thick brows, overshadowed by the luxuriant, brown, wavy hair. 'Look at these old rapiers; you see, even now they are my weapons still, against old age and against a sedentary life. I fight daily, often as far as possible alone, and until a few months ago often with my nephew. I am an old gymnast. Feel this arm, please; these biceps. Ah! you are surprised. Herr Bergmann would like to feel it as well, please. In old Sparta I should, of course, have brought it much further than in nineteenth-century Germany; but I can tell you, as runner, jumper, spear-thrower, and wrestler, I was not wanting—well, and even now, I am as good as any man if it comes to it, especially in fencing. I am afraid you are living too much with your head, like the whole present generation; it makes little use of its muscles and the fighting spirit. And you, Herr Composer, who intend setting my philosophy to music, how are your arms?'

'I have them in my legs, I walk a great deal.'

'That's not enough. Every young man should make use of his arms for some gallant sport; in every town there should be regular places where one could throw spears, fence with rapier and foil, where one should fight and wrestle. This would foster and keep up an independent, daring and cheerful spirit, free the body from bad blood and stagnation, do away with all the whining pessimism and the senile, impotent Schopenhauerism!—Ah, if I had sons——' He broke off; only a half-suppressed sigh escaped his breast.

The door, through which the host had entered, now opened again and the younger daughter, a girl of about nine, but big enough for eleven, came shyly into the room. Her round apple-face appeared the more striking over her black dress;

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everything in that face was of a decided colour, the eyes were really blue, forehead and nose white, the cheeks were rosy, and the lips like ripe cherries. The beautiful child smiled in her embarrassment; out of her large eyes she cast a quick glance at the strange men, and then pressed with her shoulder to her father. 'I am to call you to table,' she said in a soft and delicate voice. 'Malwine says, (she was evidently mimicking Malwine) "dinner is served.'"

'Ah!' said Adler. 'The steaks are ready?'

'There are no steaks, father,' said the child quite seriously. 'There are only cold victuals.'

'So!' said Adler jokingly, as if surprised at the information. 'Quite cold!'

The little one looked up surprised, gazing into her father's face; she had evidently not seen him so cheerful for some time. Encouraged by his smile she threw another, almost gay, look at the young men who must be the cause of his joviality, her glance, however, returned shy and embarrassed from the long-haired, dark, tall Schweitzer. Pressing closely to her father, she said, 'Oh, there are fine things! Malwine went herself to Kleesattel and bought some meat-pie; oh, I like it very much. She also went to Reuss and ordered some tongue, sprats and cold roast meat——'

Adler interrupted her, patting her on the cherry-lips, 'You know all this?'

'I have seen it. Tongue is my favourite! There is also something warm too, father: green peas; such fine, small ones, just as you like them; you make such a delightful face over them!'

Karl Schweitzer, overpowered by the charming, childish voice, suddenly broke out into sonorous, thundering, roaring

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laughter. Little Clare was frightened. She uttered a loud cry and rushed away through the open door. The three followed, laughing. Only when they had passed into the dining-room the young men remembered that they were in a house of mourning; the black garments of the ladies reminded them of the fact. Malwine's slim figure was leaning against the table; there was a certain anxiety and uneasiness in her delicate, pale face; her glance seemed to ask why there were guests suddenly in the house? The grandmother stood in the middle of the room, her tall, lean figure stiffly erect; the grey eyes, however, had a friendly welcome in their glance. Adler introduced his guests; and now Tyras pushed himself forward, rubbing his body confidently against the host's leg, as if wishing to be introduced too. 'I hope the ladies will excuse me,' said Hans, 'the dog ought naturally to have remained outside, but the "Herr Doctor" wished it so. He is not an uninvited guest therefore. In any case I can say in his favour—that he is a highly musical dog. He sings.'

'He sings?' asked little Clare, and came nearer at once.

Malwine repeated the question incredulously, 'He sings? I think it is quite the contrary, dogs hate singing and howl at music.'

'There you see, miss, what men are! They only study the habits of animals superficially, and then they write books: this is so-and-so. Dogs ought to write about men; I assure you it would be just as bad. That there are dogs who howl discontented when we are making music I certainly don't deny; often, too, the music is the cause of it. We must, however, first make sure: does the dog howl on account of his lack of talent or of his deep understanding? In any case, there are dogs whose howling is not a sign of

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discontent, but it is their manner of joining in the singing. Tyras belongs to the latter class. He has, of course, his own ideas; he does not sing the pieces of all composers, neither does he join in every measure or key. Minor he prefers to major; allegri leave him cold. He is more for the elegiac and elevated.'

'Are you talking seriously?' asked Malwine.

'Certainly; I am as serious as a judge.'

'What masters does he prefer?' asked Adler, whose eyes began to glimmer with scientific interest and delight.

'I have made studies with him on the piano,' replied Bergmann; 'Beethoven he appreciates but little, Chopin much more. At certain modern long-drawn compositions that make me only moderately happy he grows quite enthusiastic. His accompaniment is, I assure you, sometimes cruelly comical——'

'He must sing now!' exclaimed little Clare, pushing herself between the men. 'Oh, let him sing, will you? Please, please, please!'

'We are going to table now,' said Malwine.

'I confess, I am curious myself,' said Adler; 'I have never heard such a musical dog. If the green peas can wait, and if Herr Bergmann——'

'I? Of course,' said Hans; 'if you wish it. I shall be delighted to prove that Tyras is fit for the drawing-room.'

'Then the green peas will wait!' Malwine exclaimed cheerily. She had exchanged glances with the grandmother; the good old woman looked up and seemed to say, 'Has a ray of sunshine at last come into the house?' The next moment Clare had flung open the door, calling out: 'Here is the piano.' The company walked into the next room,

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followed by the four-legged artist, who was unconscious of the examination in store for him. Confidently he followed his master, who had sat down at the piano, stretched himself majestically at a little distance and began to wag his tail rhythmically, as Schweitzer maintained.

'I am choosing his favourite piece,' said the musician, and started playing. It was a very tender adagio by an inferior master, conceived in a very modern style. Tyras listened silently for a while. Suddenly he began to utter long-drawn, wailing sounds; it was a kind of whining, which an unpractised, unmusical ear might have called howling. But with every touch the sounds became clearer, more variegated, and musical; and soon there was no mistaking, the dog was trying to imitate every note of the melody. In some he succeeded, in others he failed. His enthusiasm, however, grew immensely; he stretched himself to his fullest extent on one side, pressed his head against the floor, and was actually sobbing out the adagio. 'He is singing out all his dog's soul,' said Hans, playing on calmly. Clare was crouching on the floor, both her elbows on her knees, her cheeks in her hands; she was glowing with delight as she contemplated the sentimental singer with deep earnestness. Adler stood motionless, his arms crossed; but on his face, like on that of the child, devotion and cheerfulness alternated in quick succession.

The piece was at an end, Bergmann left the piano. Clare applauded; the others laughed.

'You are right,' said Adler; 'he belongs to the drawing-room, he is half a man! Come along, Tyras. Come along, gentlemen, to the green peas. Tyras, you will get the best piece of meat and a new collar. Your posterity will be

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like men; it's high time we others went up a degree higher. Malwine, let us have the best wines we have in the cellar, Markobrunner (selection) and Steinberger (cabinet); we are here to drink to the *future*!'

III

The depth of night had now set in; little Clare, tired and taken to bed by Malwine, was fast asleep; the sparkling wines had fired the brains of all. Adler's spirit, as if opening its wings, soared into regions ever loftier. And Malwine's cheeks, although she drank only moderately and carefully, were tinged with a rosy glow; her grey eyes, accustomed to mourning, now shone and sparkled with awakening youth; the irregular, taciturn face seemed to open and to grow more beautiful. Hans Bergmann's bubbling humour and merriness seemed to be contagious; her charming laugh burst forth now and then like the trill of a lark. Only the old woman left her wine untouched; an uncertain, surprised, anxious expression still hovered upon her face. She smiled when the others laughed; but from time to time threw a quick glance at her son, as if his festive cheerfulness was only a dream, and she did not believe it to be real. Sometimes when his voice resounded so loud and powerful she gave a start. The fire in his eyes reminded her too much of the night of Annamarie's death, when this feverish look of his was burning in her mother's heart. . . .

Again the poor woman winced.

'Our great misfortune, Christianity!' he was now holding forth. 'It is changing the world into a vast hospital; it is made for the little, the invalid, and the feeble ones, and it is

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trying to make us all their brothers, their guards, and attendants. It sings a hymn in praise of the valley of misery instead of strengthening our creative faculty, our joy of life, and our healthy sense of existence! As long as nations are bubbling over with healthy, barbarous strength, it is all right; but as soon as they grow old and wise, then there shoot up, like mushrooms, the Buddhists and the pessimists who deny the world. If they only did it thoroughly, at least, and absconded and hanged themselves!—Herr Doctor, you are not drinking. Look at your friend, he is doing it properly; his eyes are also drinking; you can see how the wine is flowing through him, a higher blood circulation, so to say. Yes, gentlemen, humanity wishes to advance, it's not a dream, not imagination. Twice it made a great effort; the first onset was made when the Greeks, that marvellous nation, had reached their maturity and manhood; then everywhere new creative vigour sprouted forth, there was a harmony between body and soul, a Dionysian exuberance and enthusiasm; it seemed as if the god-man was blossoming forth from the bud. But suddenly breath failed them; they had, so to say, grown out of their strength; the goal was above them. A second powerful onset was made after the Middle Ages. The Italian Renaissance saw with her own eyes the *ideal* man, her fingers were quivering with the fulness of life; she had begun the work of completing the round, harmonious individuality, the god-man. What magnificent figures were brought to light during that epoch! How near those people were to the goal!'

'Why did they not reach it?' asked Schweitzer.

'Why? A thousand causes were at work. Who can discover them all? But there is one that is first and foremost.

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How do you imagine man evolved from the ape? The first, in whose brains something different and superior to their ape-brothers began to stir, could not get away from them; they only rose above their fellow-creatures who wondered at them, hated, and persecuted them most probably; then they lay down and died the traditional ape's death. They mounted like bubbles and as soon disappeared. And yet who knows how many of them there have been? At last others followed, a flood, say, came to their assistance, they remained alone; or they wandered away into another region, perhaps to some island; there they were among themselves, they cultivated and fostered their new qualities, their sense of work, their stronger reasoning, thinking power, and transferred it by heredity to their offspring. Thus the ape-man grew up and thus only the god-man can evolve from the ape-man: isolated, not otherwise!'

'As clear as sunlight,' said Hans, who was revelling in the old wine and the new idea like a real god-man. 'But granted you have found a small number of individuals, suitable to rear the complete man, and who would be prepared to follow you, then whither, Herr Doctor, whither?'

'I have thought of this,' replied Adler, with the deep earnestness of a reformer. 'I have searched the whole, small globe. I have it now.'

'Where?' asked Schweitzer, still smiling somewhat incredulously.

'Do you know something of the Easter Island? It is situated in the Pacific Ocean, more eastwards than the Australasian Islands, only Sala y Gomez is nearer to America —Sala y Gomez which you know from Chamisso's poem. The Easter Island measures a few German square miles, is

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volcanic, mountainous, and fruitful; it enjoys a mild, splendid climate. A beautiful race with expressive features lived there once——'

'What kind of people?' asked the daughter.

'Malays.'

'Lived, you said. Don't they live there any longer?

'Seventeen or eighteen years ago they were dragged away, about fifteen hundred of them in all. Slave dealers from Peru carried them off to America——'

'Oh, the poor things!' said Malwine, her beautiful eyes full of pity.

Adler smiled across to Schweitzer: 'There you have the womanly heart. It is only thinking of the nearest. Otherwise my clever daughter ought to have said that those wicked slave-dealers were unconscious instruments in the hands of destiny, and made room for the cultivation of the god-man. Such an island seems to have been created for the purpose, and now it is uninhabited!'

'Excuse me,' said Schweitzer simply; 'I am not very strong in geography, but I happen to have read something about this Easter Island: it possesses little timber, and very little drinking-water.'

'That does not matter,' rejoined Adler smiling. 'Of course, the magnificent fruit-trees that grow there could not be used as common timber; but it has been wonderfully provided for: at certain times the great South Sea deposits quantities of drift-wood; and when the inhabitants were short of rain-water, they used to drink sea-water without being the worse for it. But what can't you do nowadays with machinery? On large steamers salt-water is now transformed by steam-power into sweet water.'

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Hans Bergmann took up his wine-glass: 'Sir, I like the island! I must drink to it!—But is it vacant and obtainable?'

'It would be obtainable, in any case,' replied Adler, with such an imperious look, as if he had it already in his possession. 'Whether it is vacant I could not tell. Should Malays have settled there again, then, of course, they will have to be packed on their boats and sent back to the West.'

'By force?' asked Malwine timidly. 'Against their own will?'

'How else?—It is a milder way in any case than to throw them into the sea. Should they be turned into slaves? That would not do; even for service there should remain nothing of the old brittle stuff; as far as the island reaches, there ought to be only *one* type of the human race: people who strive and aspire to something higher, who wish, with all their soul, to leave the half-man state, and in whom the higher flexibility is stirring, whose motto is: Down with the ape-man in us, long live the god-man!'

'Do you hear it, Karl?' cried Hans, who already saw and felt himself an inhabitant of the Easter Island. 'Didn't I tell you? Your idea, the region, the province—he has it! —But very good, doctor, supposing you are on your island, Easter Island, the name too is very suitable. How will you keep your ground there? That's the question.'

'Therefore we are rising god-men,' replied Adler. 'For a while, of course, we would be left alone and in peace; nobody would bother about those fools, leading an isolated life there. Should then the first rapacious enemy appear, we would in the meanwhile have equipped ourselves with all the instruments and means of defence the nineteenth century

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affords, which the ape-man has invented for us; we would have discovered new ones, would have turned our island into a fortress, surrounded it with sea-mines, electric batteries, and everything that is necessary. But above all, we would have what is the best; an invincible sense of honour, that is fighting for the future of humanity and an inflexible courage!'

'And if everything is as successful as you can desire; if the Easter Islanders have, say, been settled there for a century——'

'What would happen then? Herr Composer of the Phœnix-philosophy, you ask me too much. I belong neither to the major nor to the minor prophets. I have only a silent conviction; if it can be done, it will be done in this manner only; and if it *can* be done in this manner, then it also *will* be done. Give the people on the Easter Island time! Time is the great goddess who has done everything. She will produce the higher man too. He will then be the god of the earth; and as such he will conquer and rule over it!'

Schweitzer, as youthfully enthusiastic for the idea as Bergmann, but still brooding over it with his scientifically trained intellect, placed his hands on the table, and his eagle's glance lost itself, as it were, in contemplation of the philosopher's face.

'You must excuse me,' he said, smiling amiably. 'I have been wishing for such an island, as much as yourself; I believe with you that things would be better there, much, much better than in the old ant-hill Europe. But—other beings? After all, we shall eternally remain men, I think. Or what else? Do you think we shall get wings?'

'Why wings?' retorted Adler. 'Don't we possess them

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already? I have often thought it peculiar and very ape-mannish on the part of people to worry and rack their brains how to fly, forgetting that science has already provided for us all sorts of wings, better than those of pigeons and swallows. We rush along on our railways over many countries, and cross the seas on our steamers, we telegraph all over the world, and speak from sea to sea. And that is only the beginning; more is coming still. The man of the future will certainly have no wings, for he has them already!'

'What will he have then?' asked Schweitzer modestly.

'Sir, he will have a refined, ennobled soul in an ennobled body—to separate the two terms according to the old usage, for in reality both are only one.

'All that which is now squandered and wasted away in eternal contradictions will be harmoniously united. Beauty and strength, intellectuality and nobility of character, will-power and profundity, in a word, refined and de-vulgarised humanity. Imagine Napoleon and Goethe in one, two great figures. All that was separated in the two, the world-revolutionising will and the contemplative, creative, poetical power will one day be united in the man of the future. It will thus be realised, that ideal which the noble nations once dreamed of and imagined in their gods: Jupiter, the Wisest but also the Strongest, throwing his thunderbolt from the clouds, Odin inventing the Runes and gaining battles. In a word, the complete man!'

'And what will become of us?' asked Malwine timidly, with a charming smile.

Adler, lost in thought, did not hear her question. Quite overpowered by this description of the future man, he lifted

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up his brows, drew his powerful but finely-shaped long hands together, throwing his right quickly up in the air; he seemed to feel himself Odin or Jupiter. The two young men looked at him silently, carried away themselves by his conviction.

'Yes, yes, you will do it,' said Bergmann at last.

'What will I do?'

'You will found this work. You will tame this island—or another suitable for the purpose—and you will conduct thither the men you will have gathered. When I first read your book, I still doubted, but now I believe everything. Oh, I wish I was such a man of the future. Could you make any use of me?'

Adler smiled. 'I can make use of all those who have the proper disgust for the ape-man and the right aspiration. Do you feel like that?'

'Oh yes, master, that I do. But I am only of an inferior quality; my friend Schweitzer in his high-flown moments even calls me clown——'

'This does not disinherit you,' Adler interrupted him cheerfully. 'We shall certainly require humour on our island. And especially as you are coming forward with such pleasant modesty. . . . You are also forgetting your art! The Easter Island will flow with beauty and joy of life.'

Hans raised his glass. His eyes shone. 'Then I am yours, master! Take me with you.'

Adler nodded assent, with his majestic, Olympian smile. 'Well, and you?' he asked, directing his gaze upon Schweitzer.

But strangely enough, Schweitzer, instead of replying to the Jupiter look of the father, felt drawn in the direction of the daughter. There was something charmingly serious, some-

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thing mysteriously melancholy in her face that went right to his heart. He suddenly saw her on the high shore of the island under a banana-tree, and it seemed to him to be his duty to land there too. At last, his warm, spirited look turned to the father. 'If you can make use of the clown,' he said cheerfully, 'you will certainly require the physician. I can tell you, I have an endless desire to become something better than I am at present. Could I be instrumental in bringing about something great and complete, I should be immeasurably happy!'

'I thought so!' replied Adler, who had not yet removed his searching glance from him. 'I repeat what I already told you on the bastion: You have given me your hand and I hold you by it!'—He smiled cordially, raised his glass and emptied it.

'My father seems to forget my existence,' said Malwine, pushing aside her green tumbler. Her voice remained gentle and clear, with that peculiar, harmonious sound in it which she had from her mother; but it trembled a little.

Adler turned his head towards her, but said nothing. Was he again absent-minded or was he meditating what to say? Karl Schweitzer grew impatient. 'What do you imagine, Miss Malwine?' he exclaimed in his loud voice. How could a father forget his own child. Of course, it goes without saying. . . . 'Should you not come with us, I wouldn't go either!'

'Ah!' exclaimed Adler, surprised. All eyes were directed upon Schweitzer, who, to his extreme anger, blushed as far as his dark skin would allow it.

'But Karl Schweitzer is right,' called Hans, with gallant zeal, after a short silence. 'What could we do on the

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Easter Island without the daughter of the master? You will get a headband or a wreath as the young priestess of the company. The consecration-hymn, which I am going to compose, you will sing at the initiation ceremony—or don't you sing?'

'A little,' she replied.

The grandmother who had from time to time secretly been shaking her weary head, lifted up her fine, lean hand to contradict vivaciously: 'Oh, she sings very well indeed! She has a fine contralto.'

'Just the right thing for a priestess,' exclaimed Hans.

'Well, we shall see about all this,' Adler said, with a superior smile. 'These gentlemen are quick at hand with their gallantry. We shall certainly not flatter and court the weaker sex so much on our island: the essential thing is that we first become true *men*; but we cannot, on the other hand, dispense with the women nor with the nobility and refinement that is to be found in womankind. I hope my daughter will not disgrace me there either; presuming, of course, that she has a firm desire to go there—a preliminary which these gentlemen still ignore!'

'Oh, I don't doubt it!' said Schweitzer.

'One can easily judge that she is the true daughter of her father,' said Hans.

'She is throwing him a grateful look,' thought Schweitzer; 'not me.'

Fired by this look from Malwine's eyes, Hans got up, raising his filled wine-glass. 'Master,' said he, 'I adjure you! gather men, collect money for the Easter Island! If you accuse me of forestalling you——'

'But I am not accusing you——'

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'No one in the world should forestall you; we are your followers and rely on you! Priestess, I said; who shall be priestess? You will decide yourself. Even if you deprive me of the honour of composing the hymn, I shall say nothing. You are a great man, master, but not a barbarian; you will not turn away your charming children and your worthy mother——'

'But who ever thought of this? Are you mad?' Adler interrupted him.

'That's what I am saying: whoever thought of this?' Hans continued unabashed. 'Nobody! your daughters will not disgrace you there—neither shall we two, I hope. Deuce take it!' he suddenly exclaimed.

'What is the matter?' asked Adler. 'Why are you rolling your eyes?'

'Here is something lying on the floor!' said Hans sadly. 'He is asleep. He has no idea that his fate is now being decided. Must I sacrifice Tyras, master? The right kind of disgust for the ape-man, which you require, he has not. He is, for instance, blindly attached to me—to me with all my faults. He could be made use of on the Easter Island for catching rats, but he won't do it. Must I leave him behind in this miserable Europe? or may he come with me?'

'I see no objection to it,' replied Adler in a matter-of-fact way. 'Why not? He will not hamper us in our development; on the contrary, he will encourage us in it. He will sing there.'

'He will sing there!' exclaimed Hans, quite relieved. 'Great man, now I have nothing against you. Karl, fill your glass! We must drink in honour of this evening, of

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the Easter Island, of the master. Is there no laurel wreath? No, there is none; I should have liked to put it on your father's head. To your son, thrice happy, blessed mother! You will be much talked of one day; note down in time all you know about your ancestors. . . . Here sits the Phœnix! Here sits the Transition! the beginning of a new humanity. And we are with him, we his first followers—and we don't lose our senses, don't go off our minds for joy and astonishment. That is too much. We must drink his health in another glass. Long live Adam the Second!'

They all rose, clinked glasses, and drank his health; the clinking of the beautifully formed long-stalked glasses resounded like music. Adler's eyes were lit up with a joy which made them shine with an almost sinister gleam. He nodded to every one; then he turned his gaze towards a picture on the wall; it was the head of Annamarie. 'You hear it! all for you!' he whispered softly.

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THIRD BOOK

I

Karl Schweitzer pondered deeply as he sat at his breakfast somewhat later than usual. Whenever he recalled the dinner of the previous evening which had come to a close long after midnight, his thoughts reverted first to the daughter. She had held out until the very last, although she had grown charmingly tired towards midnight; she looked lovely, he thought. These intelligent, but above all kindly, eyes grew so touchingly small, but suddenly they opened again very wide, laughing so seriously. A remarkable being. Is she quite natural? I don't know. Is she unnatural? That she is not. She is—something. She is just the daughter of complicated parents, and consequently herself of a highly complicated nature. She talks very learnedly—perhaps a trifle too learnedly. Sometimes she has peculiar, half-dainty and half-sweeping, somewhat studied gestures. . . . It is curious that I rather like it in her. But how is that? Did I like it? Really she has a certain charm; something melancholy and touching. . . . I am afraid I have taken too much sugar.

He could not drink his coffee, it was too sweet. Muttering a savage oath—at which he broke out into roaring laughter—he took up his work; he had to read some medical books containing new information—was the new information really

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correct? Smoking his long pipe he became absorbed in the work; without his pipe, he usually maintained, he could not think deeply. For some time it went on very well; hidden by a dense 'sacred cloud' of tobacco smoke, removed from the world, he followed the really dazzling, ingenious investigations of these 'ape-men.' . . . Suddenly he looked out from his mist into the world: I wonder what is the matter with her!—he thought. She is not happy. Well, yes, the death of her mother; but it is not only that. Who knows what else she might have? Her eyes are so languishing and deep; grey eyes—well, so they say. What is not quite blue and not green is usually considered grey. They are amorous, yearning for some recognition—but proud eyes. . . . She liked Hans at once. Me she liked less. The greatest attraction in her is perhaps her voice. . . .

'Again thinking of the daughter!' he suddenly exclaimed, starting to his feet almost angrily. 'Now, I ought once and for all to have been thinking of the father!' It was as if a satirical goblin echoed in him in a bleating voice: Now, I ought once and for all to have been thinking of the father! He shook his head, walked across the room, and put on his 'official coat,' as he used to call it, his black frock-coat. I am decidedly queer, he thought. I must leave the books for the present, there is no power of concentration in my brain. I shall visit my patients.

He did so until noon, then it suddenly seemed to occur to him (he had in fact been thinking of it all the morning) that it would be polite to pay the Adlers a visit and inquire how the ladies were, after sitting up so late. He himself felt so youthfully buoyant in spite of the laborious morning; his magnificent constitution was not easily affected by waking

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and drinking; nerves—a mere story. A light hunger only began to trouble him, but he hummed it away. It was snowing a little and a crisp wind impudently blew the small, cold snowflakes into his face. But he only hummed the more; we never give in, he thought. Thus he arrived in front of the two beautiful gables and paused for a moment; he felt decidedly glad that Malwine Adler, the 'singular,' inhabited such an historically poetical abode. He entered the larger house and walked up the stairs. The little servant who received him informed him in pretty impure High German that Frau Adler was out, and that Miss Malwine asked him to wait a minute. With a certain feeling of awe he saw himself alone in the drawing-room, where he was just introduced. It was in these rooms where the great fairy tale of the future had been disclosed and unfolded to him, so fantastic and so dreamlike; and yet its realisation did not appear impossible to his young mind; and if others thought the contrary, what did it matter? Ever since the days of Adam, everything that was bold, mighty, and great had been considered impossible! He followed up this thought; but suddenly peculiar, strange sounds, first gentle and then louder, coming from the adjoining room disturbed him. The sounds proceeded from the dining-room, the door of which stood open. A dog seemed to be whining. Then he thought it was a human voice. It resembled the sobbing of a child and then it changed again. Deuce take it, he thought, what can it be? In his quick decisive manner he put an end to his doubting, and entered the dining-room. It was a child, Clare; but she was not crying. In her black garments she lay stretched out on the floor, her left cheek pressed upon the carpet, and was uttering a long-drawn, half-melodious,

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howling sound. She was evidently acting the singing Tyras; but the effect was pitiable.

For a moment Schweitzer stood nonplussed; then he felt as if he had never seen anything more comical. He broke out into a huge roar of laughter that rolled along like thunder in the mountains. The frightened child jumped up and rushed to the open door. But with her hand on the handle she paused. She remembered that her father had impressed on her never to be afraid, nor ever to run away without reason, like other girls, but always to 'be a man.' Mastering her nervousness, she slowly closed the door as if wishing to cut off her own retreat, and with both hands threw back her dishevelled hair, daintily tied by a small black ribbon.

'You can do it almost as well as Tyras,' said Schweitzer, collecting himself. 'My compliments.'

The child did not reply. The doctor's giant frame, his deep bass voice, his long mane, and dark skin made her distrustful. She cast a glance in the direction of the door as if regretting her courage. For a while Schweitzer stood still, contemplating the charming creature. Her face was like a flower; the deep seriousness with which her large blue eyes seemed to criticise and to defy him suited her strangely well. There was spirit in them; in any case, character. I am afraid she will grow crooked, he thought, and his interest increased. Malwine's sister too. . . . Suddenly, to put an end to her shyness, the giant cowered down, rocked himself on his knees for a while and began to jump across the room like a crow. Clare looked on quietly at first, but when the jumping began, she burst into a hearty laugh.

I knew she had a sense of humour, he thought, just like

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her elder sister, she has a charming laugh. He acted the crow for another moment and then paused, crouching before her. They looked at each other, and the child smiled.

'You see, I am not at all so tall,' he began in his ordinary voice, which he, however, tried to subdue. 'You took me for the giant Goliath of whom you have read in biblical history; but I am only a hearty, jolly fellow, I can assure you. If I like, I can even be a quadruped, and get another voice!' He put himself on all fours, and the young doctor of medicine gave forth a neigh which was remarkably like that of a horse.

Little Clare laughed again. 'Please, once more!' she asked.

He neighed again, he did his best.

'Can you also be a dog?' she asked.

'I have never tried it. But do you know what, I am just going to be a dog to please you; we shall play Tyras the elder and the younger. I am Tyras the elder and you will be on his back. Of course, you are Tyras the younger, his little brother. They are playing, but they are also listening; suddenly they hear music and feel in a sentimental singing mood; they clear their throats and begin, solemnly and slowly, their dog-song!'

Her heart stood still for joy. She clapped her hands and mounted on his back. He began to howl with a musical talent at which he was surprised himself; she accompanied his song in her thin voice. A heart-rending, mournful singing arose, such as had most probably never been heard within the walls of the ancient town.

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II

'Karl Schweitzer! are you mad?' asked a well-known voice. In the open door stood Hans; he was so dumfoundered that his ever-ready laugh seemed to be frozen on his lips. But it soon exploded.

Clare dismounted, somewhat embarrassed; Schweitzer got up. He now remembered, with a start, that he was in a house of mourning and among strange people.

I am quite crazy!—he thought, blushing up to his forehead. 'What are you doing here?' he asked.

'The same as yourself,' replied Hans; 'came to pay a visit. I have paid it too. Miss Malwine was waiting for you in the drawing-room; you had been announced. You did not come. But don't worry; I came in your stead. We had quite a pleasant conversation. Are you going already?'

'You are——!' muttered Schweitzer in reply to this mischievous question, blushing again. He was surprised at his madness; instead of going to the elder sister, for whose eyes he had been yearning, he had stayed here with the little ne'er-do-weel, and had howled like Tyras. Shaking his hair and striking a blow at the innocent air, he pulled himself together and went into the next room. He felt something soft and warm in his left hand; Clare had grasped it, she would not yet leave her new friend. Now I have forgotten *her*, he thought, confused. What a stupid heart I have. What business have I on the Easter Island. He pressed the tiny grateful hand and looked for Malwine, to bow in contrition.

A new surprise was in store for him. In the left corner upon a portable staircase, a long linen smock-frock over her

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black dress, her paint brush in hand, stood Malwine. She was evidently painting the big, yellowish tile-stove. Many of the tiles had already been coloured brown.

Malwine nodded pleasantly to the astonished Schweitzer. She wanted to come down. 'Don't,' exclaimed Hans, with a forbidding gesture, 'please remain where you are; why give him your hand, he does not deserve it. We are painting!' he continued, turning to Schweitzer. 'Miss Malwine was telling me that she had started painting the stove, and I urged her so long until she had to put on her smock-frock and mount upon this staircase, like a female Michael Angelo. We heard you neigh, but we thought it was Clare. I was just going to accompany the painting on the piano—just as they used to show the Christmas pictures in Berlin with music—when you began to howl. I recognised you at once. As it disturbed me I opened the door and asked whether you were mad.'

'No, he is not!' snapped Clare, before Schweitzer had time to utter a word. 'He has only been playing with me. He can play better than other people. He is now my little riding-horse, and my Tyras the elder, but he is not mad!'

'I appeal to this witness,' said Schweitzer cheerfully.

Malwine smiled; 'Please don't excuse yourself,' she interrupted him. 'You have been playing with Clare, it is so awfully nice of you. Will you play with me too? Shall I continue?'

'Naturally!' said Hans, who was already feeling at home here; 'I shall play the accompaniment.' He sat down at the piano and began to play, in the softest tone, a minuet by Boccherini. Schweitzer gently approached the stove as if he

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was afraid to disturb the painter. He was in a devout mood. How different Malwine looked in her smock-frock; not more beautiful than in her mourning dress, but younger, sweeter. Besides, he liked women best when engaged on dainty work. With his eyes he entreated her to continue. She took up her brush and began the corner-decoration of a new tile. 'How glad I am to see you thus,' he said in a hushed voice. 'Will the whole stove be thus——?'

'Yes, the whole stove,' she replied cheerfully, as if it were only child's play.

'A gigantic work!' he murmured in surprise. 'Every tile a picture.' He looked a little closer and noticed that he had been somewhat mistaken: the half tiles, brown like the rest, were only covered with writing, in antique characters. To his great surprise, it was old, mediæval German.

'What are you doing here?' he asked, almost in dismay.

'The whole stove will contain the history of Gudrun,' she replied, 'according to the old poem. You see, here it begins, with this woman: that is Gudrun, by herself, as if it were a title-page. I wanted to make it a little different from the "Delft-tiles": a complete epic poem from A to Z!'

'And all this you have invented yourself?'

'Oh no!' she said, lowering her head and shoulders in self-contempt. 'Hardly the tenth part of it. Raven-like, I am stealing together my figures, landscapes, old ships, and castles from calendars, reviews, books, and collections. Out of these I compose my runic pictures, as well as I can. I am not an artist.'

He contradicted her, but in an almost inaudible voice. 'Where did you get the idea——?'

'Hatred for the old, ugly stove inspired me with it. It

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will be ready for grandmother's birthday; she is so happy in her expectation.'

'Not your father?'

She did not reply; as if absorbed in her work, she continued to paint.

'Forgive me another question!' he said timidly. 'You are writing all this in Old High and Middle High German. Where did you learn it?'

'Dear me,' said Malwine, with a quick glance at him; 'one naturally wishes to know something about our old poets. I have read Gudrun with a friend; there was a glossary attached to it. Kutrun it was spelt there, and I am writing it so here.'

Hans, who had been listening whilst continuing to play softly, turned his head in the direction of the stove: 'A terrible age, Karl! Young ladies are studying Old German at a time of life when we are beginning to forget it!'

'Why do you forget it?' Malwine asked, quietly continuing her painting.

'A beautiful brown!' said Schweitzer in a devout voice, as Bergmann remained silent. 'How beautiful it looks upon the yellow background. What do you call this colour?'

Hans jumped up, his separation began to bore him; he joined the others. 'I can tell you all that, Karl, I know it already. "English Amber" it is called. Miss Malwine mixes it with Majolica varnish, thick or thin, just as the requirement may be. Do I remember it?'

'Wonderfully well!' Malwine replied, with a look which, to Schweitzer's jealous eyes, was full of friendliness and kind feeling. The girl seemed to grow happier, more cheerful, as soon as Bergmann approached; even her face seemed to

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be tinted with a rosier hue. The young doctor suddenly felt himself *de trop*. And it was quite a pleasure to him when he felt the tiny hand of 'Tyras the younger' grabbing at his fingers. The child began to drag him away; he followed mechanically. They came to the large, round drawing-room table, on which were many beautiful books and albums. Little Clare opened the most magnificent album; it contained photographs: first those of a child of tender age. They evidently were those of Clare herself. 'Do you recognise this little girl?' she asked, looking up to him.

He recognised her, of course. 'How so, a girl?' he said, however. 'I think it's a boy.'

'Oh no!' she exclaimed. 'Can't you see it!—Of course, you can; you are undoubtedly very clever; you are only teasing me. That's how I was born, that's how I grew up later on; that's all me. I am being collected here. When this album is full, I shall be collected in another.'

'Very praiseworthy!' said Schweitzer, absent-mindedly, continuing to turn over the leaves. He saw the continual development of the remarkable little head which interested him, but in reality he hoped to find some photographs of the elder sister. He came to a vacant space in the album. After a break there appeared, instead of the portrait of Malwine, the exquisitely beautiful head of a young woman. It bore a distant resemblance to Malwine's head; but the fine nose, the noble mouth were quite different, and in the eyes there was something bold, firm, and cheerful, which was missing in the melancholy girl. The mother! he thought, for he had seen pictures of her on the walls and on tables. Again there followed photograph upon photograph of this

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beautiful woman. It made an almost uncanny impression to notice the development of her suffering, how her face grew thinner and the hollows round her eyes deeper; but in look and attitude there remained to the very last the same indomitable firmness, freshness, and glow of life.

'Yes, that 's herself,' he heard a voice behind him. Malwine had dismounted her step-ladder without his having noticed it; the child was just running away with Hans into the next room, where a wild chase began.

'I wish you had known her,' continued the girl in a softer voice. 'But you are looking at the pictures as if you had really known her.'

'What a noble face,' murmured Schweitzer.

'That's how she was! My father says, body and soul are only one; I think he took this idea from her: for thus she was. The purest harmony. You are thinking, most probably, the daughter ought not to speak thus, so blindly. But I am sure, I am not blind. I can see very clearly what is not —— In my mother there was an enviable harmony. In spite of her long suffering . . . She *had* happiness and *was* happiness. . . . He will never get over it!' she almost whispered.

'Who, dear Miss Malwine?'

'My father, I mean. You can notice it in him. How unequally everything is distributed; she was so *necessary* in the world—and I am not. She lived so gladly—and I don't care for life. Oh, how gladly I would——'

She paused, slowly shutting the album.

'What would you?' he asked tenderly.

'Oh, excuse me; we hardly know each other, and I am talking of myself. You must find it strange . . .'

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'Not at all,' was his reply. 'People who have experienced what you have gather new opinions of the world and grow out of all the petty considerations. As a medical man, too, I am in favour of frankness. And in fact, people tell us all sorts of things. Even to me, a young practitioner . . .'

He did not repeat his question, however. He only plunged his eyes into hers for a while; but she met his scrutinising gaze with remarkable calmness and self-possession as if an oculist was looking into her eyes in a scientific interest. He turned away; again he felt quite uncomfortable.

The girl walked up to one of the drawing-room windows.

'You are right,' she said suddenly. 'But you are most probably imagining that I was going to say something extraordinary. It was really nothing. I only thought how —how useful I could render myself if I were, instead of my mother—— And how gladly I would do it!'

Schweitzer started. He was surprised at himself; for years be had not felt his nerves so. To think, that this girl, instead of standing at the window, should wish to be in the grave, gave him a tremendous shock. For a while he remained rigid and motionless.

'But what do you want, Miss Malwine?' he said at last. 'Your father is not one of those men who are crushed by such a fate. You see how he has withstood it. He has quite a different backbone from other men. Like an ancient northern Viking, caught by the storm, he is sailing along calmly until he lands in a new world.'

She said nothing. He could only notice a slight quivering of her shoulders, as if she was shrugging them. It oppressed him, he did not know why. His glance passed from her to the album.

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'What is it I wanted to say?' he began, slowly approaching the girl. 'There are no photographs of you in the album. Why are there only those of your sister?'

'There were some of mine, too, in it,' she replied after a short hesitation. 'I took them out.'

'Oh—may I ask why?'

'Yes. Out of a sense of beauty. Little Clare may still grow up into a beautiful woman; she is fitted for the book by the side of the mother. Not I. I did not like to intrude.'

'But really, Miss——'

'Yes, yes, yes, I know,' she interrupted him, looking out of the window.

'Really, dear Miss Malwine, you don't know what you are saying; or, how can you——'

'Oh, believe me, there is no bitterness in it. I am neither so ridiculous nor so stupid. It is really nothing but a sense of beauty. May I not possess it? Unfortunately I cannot paint myself different—like the old stove—it would have been a pleasure. But wherever I can spare people's feelings, I do it. Is it not honourable and wise on my part?'

Schweitzer only shrugged his shoulders; he was silent for some time. He was doubtful; did he like all this or did he not? 'What can I say,' he at last managed to reply with some effort. 'But may I again ask what your father said to it?'

'He? He did not even notice it,' she replied softly—'But here he is,' she added in a louder tone. 'He is just coming up the street with grandmother.'

III

Night was approaching. At the invitation of Adler, Karl Schweitzer had called again during the afternoon, to accom-

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pany the doctor on his walk; according to his habit, however, Adler awaited the twilight before he left the house. Their way led to the port through the Monk's gate. The snow had ceased to fall, the wind had become calmer, but a cold fog hovered over the river. As they reached the next bridge a great stir and movement could be perceived through the fog, and the din of voices and of orders given was distinctly heard. The outlines of a steamer became distinct; suddenly it emerged from the darkness like some monster; its aspect, too, was peculiar: the mast and cables were all covered with ice and snow; a sheet of frozen water covered the hull like a coat of mail.

'Where does this steamer come from?' asked the astonished Schweitzer. 'The river is ice-bound.'

'It will most probably have broken its way through,' replied Adler, and went upon the empty bridge. Further along they saw a second steamer; it was the salvage steamer *Ruegen*, serving as an ice-breaker in winter.

'You see, that is the one that did it,' said Adler. As far as the eye could penetrate the fog, the ice was broken. They heard a creaking, crunching noise behind them; a coal steamer was working there, breaking through the distance from the shore to the navigable groove so as to proceed to the open sea. The salvage steamer came nearer and assisted in this work; it placed itself before the heavier ships, the icy covering gave way with a creaking, groaning noise, it was broken by the sharp keels into innumerable ice-clods. At last it was done; the ice-breaker, leaving the coal steamer behind, disappeared in the mist. The last calls resounded through the thick atmosphere, the lofty hull of the coal steamer followed and was soon swallowed up by the dirty greyish

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fog. The hubbub subsided and profound silence reigned again.

'You see, that's how I like it,' said Adler, standing on the edge of the bridge. 'In the twilight everything becomes fantastic and interesting, especially when there is a fog. You never know what is going to happen; something is always coming or disappearing. It is as if you saw the old chaos out of which the universe evolved . . . What is it you are listening to?'

'I hear a peculiar kind of croaking,' replied Schweitzer. 'I think there must be gulls. They have most probably noticed that the ice has been broken and have come to look for fish.'

Adler smiled: 'No, you are mistaken. They never fish so late in the evening. Besides, this is not the sound of their croaking, though they have one or two similar notes in their throats. These are simply rooks. My dear sir, you do not know the language of the gulls?'

'Language?' exclaimed Schweitzer.

'Well, I call it language. How else should one call it? They possess a small vocabulary, but it is a vocabulary nevertheless. When I first listened to them carelessly I thought: the gulls have only two different sounds; ri-ri and ra-ra! I now laugh at my limited knowledge and at which most people stop. Study for some time the busy life of the gulls on a beautiful day when the river is clear. They evidently have nothing to tell each other, they are hunting separately; they need not warn each other, for no one harms them, yet these loquacious creatures have a word by which they express every feeling. There is, for instance, a beautiful, white, grey-winged fellow flying comfortably in the sun, utter-

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ing a delighted "Eh! Eh!" in the fresh air. Then there is another sitting on a perch; a little further there are three or four others chattering: "Au! Au!" or "Wau!" or "Wa! wa! wa!" Another gull, that has not caught anything, most probably, for some time, is fluttering by. It is hungry and out of humour, and a sharp, greedy "Xih!" escapes its throat; the fishes may take heed. On the contrary, down among the reeds there is a couple of gulls whose happiness knows no bounds; they strike up a chorus expressing the felicity of the gulls: "Aiahi! Ahi!" Another comes, followed by a second uttering a loud "Birr, birr, birr." And when finally something happens to disturb the peace or to excite the soul of the gull, their strident cries cannot be rendered by our vowels or consonants; their croaking produces the impression that they have learned it badly from the rooks. You can hear a great deal more if you only could notice it. Do you think the first gull could do all this? Thousands of years elapsed before such a language could develop. And who knows how much there will still be added to it. The world is evolving, it is not yet completed!'

Schweitzer nodded silently. They walked up and down the bridge; the fog had swallowed up everything, not even a topmast was visible. The ripples were beating softly against the ice-floes; the gurgling had a peculiar sound, but it was an agreeable noise. For a while nothing else was heard around in the wide grey waste; suddenly a dissonance arose, not from the water but in the air. It seemed as if the fog had acquired a voice; it began to croak. 'Those are your gulls!' Adler murmured, smiling.

Something rustled and a black point emerged from the grey air; it was followed by another and then by a whole

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swarm. They beat their wings and groaned; quickly they disappeared above the heads of the listeners.

'A good company,' said Adler, pointing with his stick overhead. 'They come and go, but do not disturb any one; on the contrary, my thoughts become quicker, I get new ideas when once the twilight on my ship becomes *audible*. What do you think of this melancholy, comfortable croaking?'

'You said "your ship," you mean this bridge?'

'Yes, of course. I can't imagine a better ship for my purpose. When I choose the right hour, I am quite alone here. Nothing around me except water; you can hear the water underneath these boards; listen to its gurgling sound. When a fresh breeze sweeps along the water and the ripples beat against the bridge, then I feel as if I were on the wide ocean; yet there is not the least tottering which impedes walking and thinking. This advantage you can find on no other ship. That is the reason why I am so gladly a passenger here.'

Suddenly he seized Schweitzer's arm, pressing the muscles of the giant with his powerful fingers.

'But now we must speak of other things,' he continued; 'I have brought you upon my ship for the purpose. It is all about our idea; no, first about yourself. Our undertaking will require men, men who will believe in it, men who will be capable of sacrificing everything for it. Like a lode-star of the first magnitude you have now risen for me. . . . Shall I talk freely and openly about yourself? just as you would speak of a patient who required you to give him a minute description of his illness and tell him the *whole* truth?'

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'If you please,' said Schweitzer. 'I am not ill, though——'

'Oh no, you are very well. But one may speak the truth about a healthy man too. I have watched you—with a certain look—and I believe in you. You are a *transitional man*. That is a great word. It means to say that you are sincerely and earnestly yearning and aspiring to be taken out of yourself, out of your own substance into a better one; you are working with a grim earnest upon yourself. Neither small nor great vanities hamper you in your work. You can do what you wish to do, for you are strong in health and buoyant in vigour. You are living thoroughly and honestly by yourself, but you are endeavouring to become, if possible, a model, a prototype, a useful variation of the species humanity. If you live thus for an idea, the better for your feeling. You could also die for a great idea. Am I right or not?'

'You are quite confusing me, doctor,' said Schweitzer slowly. 'If all that were true, I would indeed have reason to be very proud——'

'It would still be too early for pride,' Adler interrupted him; 'only the leader, the master who brings humanity the new ideas may be proud; what I am saying of you only stamps you as apostle, as disciple and follower. But let us leave pride out of the question; it has nothing to do with it. The picture I have drawn has also its reverse side; which again adapts itself to the disciple. You are not quite free and independent of the world. You are too kind-hearted. You still have in you something of the comfortable average man, the honest Philistine. The so-called "small joys" of life are apt to cause you great delight. Am I right again?'

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'May be——'

'There is no may be; it *is*. Believe me, it is so. But never mind. You are young. You have not yet been hardened by destiny, as I have. But you have a leader, which I had *not*. If you thoroughly confide in him, it will be all right. . . . You are my great hope, Dr. Schweitzer, my great hope!'

'Really!' said Schweitzer, with hesitation. He was so moved for the moment that he felt a certain, hitherto unknown, heaviness almost paralysing his tongue; and then he said, 'You believe——'

'I know, I confess, I never hoped to find such a person in this town. Have you been born here?'

'No. My father was clergyman in the village——'

'Ah!'

'But not one of those mild, tame men; a warlike, stern man. He was of a hot temperament; perhaps even too much so. Why are you nodding? Did you know him?'

'Not that,' Adler replied. 'I knew no one here till ten years ago, except my wife and her people. I have only been thinking of my own father; he, too, was of a hot temperament and—a clergyman in the country. You see, clergymen's sons are not such a bad race. . . . I must say it again, you are my great hope! The other is not bad, but not the same thing. He is an agreeable amalgam where the quicksilver predominates——'

'You mean Hans Bergmann?'

'Yes. Childish musician's blood;—no, I do not wish to underrate him; he has aspirations. He is really striving. His is also a disciple's nature. But not like yours, my dear Doctor Schweitzer!'

He took hold of his young friend with both his arms—they

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were standing on the edge of the bridge, surrounded by the fog, as if on an island, and shook him vehemently; the giant, however, stood firm as a rock. 'Think what you are to me! I have no son. I have no posterity. Nothing will grow after me out of my own blood. From the blood of my wife—a wonderful woman, doctor—there is my nephew; but he is lost, he is going to ruin. Good qualities, a fine head, perhaps even a sound heart; in sentiment and feeling, he has a great deal of my wife; but all this is of no avail. He lavishes these qualities and spends his own self in nickel-money! What have I in my own house? Daughters. I wish I had one son instead of two daughters!—Yes, yes. Do not start so virtuously; it was the Philistine in you that did it. I am not killing my daughters for not being sons; but I am thinking in a matter-of-fact way, as I ought to. He who wishes to occupy the Easter Island, who feels in himself the power to bring forth a new species of humanity, ought to have a successor! and what a man of the future he would have been, the issue of such a father and such a mother, the offspring of our united blood!'

Adler's voice had acquired a sound which touched and impressed the young doctor somewhat peculiarly; in spite of the darkness he noticed the restless gleam in Adler's eye. Wavering between the sense of pity and contradiction, he mastered himself, with difficulty, and replied when Adler had lapsed into silence.

'I understand, but I think you forget that daughters, too, continue the race. The name is of little importance. Daughters, too, are the issue of the parents' blood just as sons. The son also requires for propagation the admixture of a foreign blood, not less than the daughter.'

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'Yes, yes, yes!' Adler exclaimed. 'But the spirit, the spirit. It is not to be met with in women, this spirit of fight and sacrifice. *One* woman possessed it—her daughters do not. There is little Clare—something could be made of her; a child full of temperament. I am trying to educate her so as to develop the firm, manly, even obstinate and domineering spirit. But will I succeed? I doubt it. The world is full of women who have nothing else in mind but to make little Clare Adler a good, nice, well-behaved woman. And the other, the big one—she is twenty—she is finished. Well! You have seen her. A father should not speak ill of his child. I am not doing that. She possesses small talents; she sings prettily; she writes neat verses. You have seen to-day how she painted the stove. Oh, she also possesses thorough knowledge; not three, not even two of the young ladies in this comfortable town are so thoroughly educated. English especially she speaks exceedingly well. I have nothing against it. But—what did I say of my nephew? He is spending himself in small coins. That is exactly what my child is doing. When she was still in the cradle and I, a young father, stood, as if intoxicated, gazing at this new wonder, not knowing in my heavenly bliss what to do, I suddenly asked, in real pleading words of the mysterious powers stirring within us: Give her anything you wish, but give her a big heart and a high spirit! They have not done it. They have given her everything that is nice and neat, that is well-behaved and young-lady-like; it is perhaps the right thing for our age and for this town. But she has nothing for the Easter Island. But you are standing still. Let us go on!'

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IV

The fog had grown denser, and the last crowd of rooks had passed the river on their way home; only the soft gurgling of the water, playing against the ice could be heard. Schweitzer was walking silently by the side of the philosopher; he was angry with himself, and wondered what prevented him from replying and saying everything that he had in mind. She had 'no great heart'? he thought, no 'great spirit'? Why then was she so ready to give her own life if only the mother could have been spared to the father? Why had she told me this in such a simple, bashful way? And little Clare—only to-day I had fought against that 'obstinate,' 'domineering' spirit which he is fostering and encouraging in her. I ought to tell him that. . . .

His courage, however, failed him to do this, to tell Adler all this at that moment. He felt so young, so little by the side of this man, 'hardened by fate' and full of his own thoughts. Schweitzer was perplexed, shocked, almost repelled, but he still admired Adler with a feeling of deep wonder. 'Let him!' he said to himself; 'you are too small! he is too great for you!' Yet he could not assent; for nothing in the world could he do it. Thus he walked on by the side of the philosopher without uttering a word.

'What have we been talking about?' Adler asked at last, as if suddenly aroused from his own musing. 'I think we have been talking of my daughters. . . . Well, let them be. I have you instead now, I stick to you! That you are such a giant is also an advantage. People of such a frame, who look down upon the others and feel the superabundance of

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strength in their limbs, easily grow accustomed to the idea of a great goal, and others follow them. I consider you as very healthy; I have told you as much. Have you ever had an attack of satiety and negation of life? Have you ever considered, with Schopenhauer, the world as immense nonsense?'

'Could not say it,' Schweitzer replied. 'I think it a vast pleasure to live.'

'Have you always thought so?'

'Yes.'

'I have not been so fortunate myself. As a young philosopher I once considered the *Weltanschauung* of this sulky, sullen, morose and thoughtful hermit as the most profound one in existence; I was engulfed up to my ears in the swamp. Who dragged me out of it? Properly speaking it was my young wife. I was so insolently happy with her—the sense of life was so pure and so strong in her—that the theory, weary of life, could not stand against the heavenly-joyful reality. But only gradually—as is often the case with these tough parasitical plants called theories—it left me. It has hovered an unconscionably long time in my own original thoughts, therefore I am so late, so late. . . .'

Again he paused. A fierce unrest swept over him and it filled the heart of the young physician with dismay. 'Will you live with me?' he suddenly asked.

'How now?' Schweitzer asked somewhat astonished. 'I do not understand you.'

Adler stopped in front of Schweitzer, and lifting his stick put it against the latter's chest and shoulder as if to measure him. 'I shall tell you,' he began in his solemn, imperious voice. 'I like you very much; that is settled. You told

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me to-day—or was it last night—that you were not very comfortable in your present abode on the new market-place. Now, as you are aware, the two houses belong to me; the rooms in the smaller house where—well, where *she* died—I have vacated, I do not wish to see them again. I do not require them either, there are only four of us. They would be very suitable for you, though. You would have your separate entrance and be quite by yourself; but through the connecting-door you could come to us, to me, whenever we wished to meet. Do you like this idea? Why are you sighing?'

It was well for Schweitzer that it was too dark even for Adler's sharp eyes to notice the flushing of his dark skin.

'Sighing? I never sigh,' he replied. 'I only breathed heavily for joy. What could be more joyful for me than to live in your house?'

'Then we agree. The so-called conditions will not separate two men like us. You can move in whenever you wish to, to-morrow if you like. There is only one drawback.'

'There is none!' Schweitzer interrupted him, smiling.

'Yes. You will not see it, but you will hear it the more. The wall separating the two houses is very thin; the houses were originally built for *one* family. When any one sings, calls, or laughs in my drawing-room you can hear it quite distinctly through the wall.'

'You may raise the rent for this,' said Schweitzer, with an enthusiasm which made him unbutton his coat; 'it is an advantage. It will be refreshing to me to hear a member of the Adler family laughing or singing. You say you like me which, I must confess, I am still at a loss to comprehend.

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I reciprocate this sentiment and extend it not only to yourself but also to your family.'

'Well, then, so you are caught and retained,' Adler exclaimed, gripping Schweitzer's hand with a grasp so strong as if he intended to keep it for ever.

'To-morrow I shall return your visit and we shall settle the conditions; and the day after to-morrow you will move in. I wish it would go so quickly with the Easter Island. I tell you I feel my head is burning when I think of it.'

'One can see it,' said Schweitzer, who suddenly felt courageous enough to say anything. 'In your eyes, if you will allow me to say so——'

'Leave my eyes!' Adler interrupted him with one of his commanding gestures. 'It is a question of the Easter Island. How are we to get there? We must gather chosen men, we must have base gold, contemptible money, a great deal of money too. You are hardly rich, you do not look it——'

Schweitzer shook his head.

'You live from your work, perhaps a small capital. I thought as much. As far as I am concerned, I shall give up my last penny for the idea, that is of course quite understood; but my fortune is almost gone. I lived for my ailing wife. Whatever could be done for her good or consolation had to be done. Travelling with the whole family for years. In a word, we have little. We must, therefore, *work*, *work* to make money for our enterprise.'

'How will you do it?'

'I have made a beginning with my *Phœnix* publications. They will entail an outlay at first, for I am publishing them myself, the publisher being only my agent; if they sell, and I hope they will, if they spread in the world—no matter if they

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are received with cries of contradiction and scorn—they will bring in money! Sir, we are battling for a wonderful idea. When you walk out of this town and march down to the pleasure-grounds on the path flanked by the lime-trees, casting a glance back towards the town, you will reach a spot whence all the towers will appear to have amalgamated into one compact mass; it looks like a powerful, romantic, many-towered castle, not constructed for an unknown God but for mortal, worldly creatures, yet higher and nobler. You see that is how I imagine the future which we are going to build up. For this idea I shall work, restlessly—I shall show you, my disciples, I, the master, how it is done. All my thoughts I shall take to the mint, I shall coin pamphlets out of them, epistles and books—I shall pour out my exuberant brain from dawn to dusk!'

'I hope not to the point of destruction!' said Schweitzer who could not restrain his bursting heart any longer. 'You must excuse me, doctor; you evidently have two enemies, overwork and morphia.'

Adler stared at the young physician first with a disconcerted gaze, then with a dark, angry look of amazement. 'What are you saying of morphia?' he asked. 'What do you know about it?'

'I can see it; say whether I am mistaken. Last night I was uncertain about it, to-day I doubted, but to-night I am sure of it. Think who you are; your health is now very important to me, much more so than my own. If you ruin your constitution there will be no Easter Island.'

'Quite right!' said Adler, beating with his long stick against the boards of the bridge. 'But still I find it rather strange that such a young man—and even if he be a medical

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man—you evidently wish to take me in hand just as you took that old president. I have nothing against it on the whole, but you are mistaken in me. I take morphia, a great deal even, to get sleep and rest; I have been doing so ever since—well, since the death of my wife and since I have been producing so much, but it does me no harm. None whatever. I have a very strong constitution.'

Schweitzer smiled, rather carefully though. 'Excuse me, it is the old story of the elephant. A musket-ball has no effect upon the elephant, but the *right number* of musket-balls will throw him down, he bleeds to death. You are evidently taking a great deal of morphia, otherwise I would not have noticed it. Should you, however, resent my observations, should I have touched your sensitive nature, I withdraw my words and consider it stupid on my part to have interfered.'

Pacified by Schweitzer's confident voice Adler's countenance cleared again, only his brows were still knit.

'The leader, the "master" has no sensitive points, should have none. If you are right to warn me—besides, I now perfectly well understand your success among men. You have certain accents in your voice—this mass of ore is such a supple metal—and your good, disarming, honest face too. All this is very suitable for a disciple and a successor. You see, I am not thinking of my own personal sensitiveness but of the future; and thus you think the morphia does me harm?'

'Such is my impression, master. Don't you wish to go forward with your divine health and constitution into a new time as the model of an harmonious——?'

'Of course, do I wish it!' Adler broke in. 'That is to say, not as a model, but simply as an indication of what should

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be; I am no more. Do you think I am undertaking too much, that I am impelled into it by conceit?—you with your common-sense would laugh at me. I feel the right spirit and the strong will animating me. Do you think that too much morphia?'

'Abstain from it altogether, if you can help it. Body and soul are only one, you said so yourself; the poison that enters the body will harm the soul too.'

Adler stretched out his somewhat short arm and tapped the doctor on the shoulder. 'You are right,' said he, 'we certainly agree upon this. The matter is settled. I shall sleep without morphia; how, we shall see. But as I have not consulted you, you will get no fee; henceforth, however, you are my family physician. You will earn precious little or nothing at all on me, but with children and "women folk" there is always something to do. Well, then, you are now one of the household, you are family friend and physician.'

Schweitzer was so astonished at the turn the conversation had taken that he doubted his ears. Adler's tone of voice sounded so cordial and affectionate. It seemed as if in the hard, darkened face a piece of ice had melted away, as if the mist enveloping the innermost soul of this remarkable man had suddenly dissolved. Schweitzer could not master his joy. 'Master!' he said from the depth of his heart, 'you make me very happy. . . . I have no words to express my great joy; but, devil take me, I am awfully happy!'

Adler laughed silently. He said nothing, but pressed the other's hand with his firm grasp. 'I thank you once more,' Schweitzer continued; 'that is to say, I have not yet thanked you in words and am doing it now. Family physician! I sincerely hope that your daughters will continue as healthy

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and robust as yourself. I am already attached to your daughters; I know them a little. I find, sir, that you are a father to be envied. . . .' His heart was too full, he had to disburden himself; the thought, too, that he had been so cowardly silent a while ago stimulated him still more. Almost involuntarily these words escaped his lips: 'to be envied—and unjust. You will pardon me.'

Adler listened with awakened attention as if he had not heard right. 'Unjust?'

'Yes. You think that Miss Malwine had nothing for the Easter Island; you even compared her with your nephew. . . . You cannot be serious. I wish I had such a daughter. My heart is full and must disburden itself. I cannot lie. If you knew how Miss Malwine feels for her father. . . .' He paused, for he suddenly perceived that he had said too much. Shutting his teeth tight and clasping his hands together he waited.

Adler, too, was silent; it was the dangerous lull preceding the storm. He leant with both his hands upon his stick. 'Unjust,' he at last jerked out, waving his stick.

'Not quite just——'

'Who are you, after all, if I may ask? How old are you, sir? And even if you were Methuselah in person, since when have you the pleasure of my daughter's acquaintance? I have only known her for twenty years; you most probably know her longer. Besides, you have a better eye, a clearer head. Fathers usually under-rate their children.'

'Not that,' said Schweitzer, irritated by this tone of voice. 'But my feeling——'

'Sir!' Adler broke out, his voice trembling, 'restrain your feeling, restrain it. You dare to check the master. Methinks

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my good opinion of you is misplaced. You are thinking too highly of yourself; come down, sir! His heart is full—he cannot lie;—who asks you to do it, sir? You are only asked not to speak when you had better be silent. You have to learn but not to teach; do you understand me, sir?'

'I understand you,' replied Schweitzer, now thoroughly angry. 'Very possible that in my zeal and good intention I did interfere too much——'

'This is not the question!' Adler exclaimed. 'You evidently do not understand it yet. Your interference might have been in its right place with some one else, but not with *me*. You forget to whom you are talking. The Phœnix, sir! The Phœnix! The master! If I consider my daughter, my daughter——'

He was speechless with indignation. But his shining eyes, flashing fire, spoke eloquently; there was something so appalling and fixed in his gaze as if madness lurked there. The rigid mask became animated; with natural, healthy fierceness he shook his head, so that his hair fell over his face. 'All I am telling you, sir,' he exclaimed passionately, 'I have not thought out but lived. I have acquired it with my heart's blood. That is the reason why you find in it a wisdom quite different from what you are accustomed to listen to. You have only to listen respectfully and to learn; you have to take it in until you understand it!'

'Then you ought to go to China,' Schweitzer replied. 'In any case, you must give me up; I have not the mind of a slave. I am a German who wishes to think for himself and to have his own opinion. With all due reverence to you, I have my own opinion. Rather than believe in infallibility, I shall again turn an ape-man.'

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'You will. Give him up! I do give you up. Go your own way. Keep to the Philistines; those you can cut with your critical knife in your German fashion. My path lies in a different direction.'

'Farewell, then,' said Schweitzer curtly. They were on the middle of the bridge, still surrounded by the mist. 'Farewell,' he repeated with some hesitation, no more furious but sorrowful.

As the other, however, remained silent he turned on his heel and walked towards the town as he imagined. Adler let him walk on a few steps. Then, in business-like tone, he called after him: 'You are taking the wrong direction, you are walking into the river.'

'Thank you,' Schweitzer replied, turning back. He passed Adler, who was looking sideways into the fog, and crossed the bridge with his sounding, firm steps. When he came in sight of the paving-stones of the quay, he shook his head and stopped. All the fever in his brain had evaporated. Such nonsense, he thought. He listened attentively for a while, but in vain.

'A Hotspur,' he at last heard the other say.

'Two Hotspurs,' he replied.

'Very well—if you like it.'

'You said "Hotspur" rather loudly.'

'Very possible. There is not much sense in our separating in this manner. If you have a moment to spare, please stay where you are and I shall come up to you.'

'No, please, don't,' said Schweitzer. 'That would not be right. You are older. If you have something to say, I shall come up to you.'

He came back. With laboured, somewhat exaggerated

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politeness—his sense of humour had returned—he bowed his head and lowered his shoulders, he adopted a listening attitude, and waited for the other to speak. Adler did not notice it. On his face was a look of deep gloom, he was serious and melancholy.

'You must remember my fate!' he suddenly exclaimed. 'You think my manner overbearing and myself crazy, perhaps. It is not so, however. I am not crazy. But when I am excited, irritated, I cannot stand it. You must not do it again. Put yourself in my position, young man; how much have I gone through?'

'That is exactly what I thought when I stopped, I said to myself——'

'You said to yourself. . . . You can't say it to yourself, as it really is, you young peep-into-the-world. I have had a birth night of my idea as no other man ever had; I have wrestled and wrung myself away from the grip of madness, sir! By sheer will-power, strength, and the work of my brain have I attained it. How many are there who could have done as much? You can imagine that it has been at the expense of my nerves. First in that memorable night, and then during all the time afterwards. . . .'

'All this time,' he repeated, piercing Schweitzer with his look and shaking him by both his arms.

'I believe you,' said Schweitzer, now all compassion, his sense of pity, however, mingled with a feeling of reverence.

With a feeling almost akin to delight, he allowed himself to be shaken by the 'little one.'

'That is the reason why I am so excitable; yes, I admit it. You are not surprised at it, I hope?'

'Not at all,' Schweitzer replied. His voice sounded soft

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and childish. 'I was a fool to have taken it so seriously. One of the greatest stupidities among us ape-men is that we take so literally everything that a fellow-man, full of temperament, sometimes utters in his excitement. It is a dangerous proceeding, especially since the other, too, is apt to do the same. I hope it will be done away with on the Easter Island.'

'I hope so, too,' said Adler, smiling pleasantly.

'Well, then, master, I am going to begin at once. You may rely upon me; should you again—well, let us say—lose your temper, I shall not consider the words but the man. I shall not parry but keep still. Are you satisfied?'

'I have nothing against it,' replied Adler. 'Talking of parrying, you must learn to fence a little better. You are not yet quite efficient in it. We have nothing against each other, doctor?'

Schweitzer shook his mane. 'Not I. I shall only remember the kind words you said about me. Only, do not ask me to consider you infallible.'

'Deuce take it, if I am doing it. No, I am not asking you to do that,' Adler exclaimed excitedly. 'But I must think highly of myself, I must believe in my future; you ought to feel it with me, sir. How could I otherwise exist? I have promised it to my wife. . . . You do not understand it. . . . I have wrestled and wrung myself from despair and annihilation, and I owe it to my wife, therefore I must go on, forward. Do you understand? I must go onward, onward. . . .'

He repeated this 'onward' several times, almost inaudibly and scarcely moving his lips. He spoke, as it were, with his head and with his hands. Suddenly he caught Schweitzer in his arms, pressing him to his broad, expansive chest.

'Do not leave me,' he muttered. 'Be faithful to me. I

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shall go home now. Let me return alone. I must be alone a great deal. *Sursum corda.* Work, work, work! Onward! Good-night!'

He smiled at him, walked away with an alert step and disappeared in the mist.

V

The bells from the Tower roused Schweitzer, who had remained alone on the bridge, from his musing. He was strangely moved; he did not remember having ever been in such a confused, undecided state of mind. What did he really feel? He could not say, could not define it exactly. What did he think of Adler? He could not penetrate the man. Was Adler a great man, one of those who are incalculable and boundless, or was he only a dreamer, a conceited fool? He would not have controlled himself so quickly then, he thought. He would not have such lofty thoughts. With what a marvellous self-command did he regain his composure. In his feeling, in his words, and in his gestures there is greatness. A dreamer? Very possibly. The Easter Island, too, is perhaps only an egg never to be hatched. . . . But it is also possible that it is the Philistine in me who says it, the Philistine who does not believe what he does not see. I am wavering. Deuce take it all; I am so young. How many great men have I seen, with how many have I lived? None. And now I am presuming to sit in judgment. In my soul it is as dark as now around me. Nothing but mist, mist!

He left the ship, beginning to feel the effect of the frost at last. He walked through the fog that had now spread itself over the town, passed several streets, and arrived home with-

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out appearing to have covered any distance. His cold supper, left on his table by his servant, awaited him. He ate and drank, his thoughts all the while darting in zig-zags across his brain. Between two questions, as if between two points of interrogation, little Clare suddenly seemed to laugh into his face; or the gaze of the noble, thoughtful eyes of the silent Malwine was directed at him and his heart seemed to contract. Millionaire! he thought. I wish I were a millionaire.

'Well, what would I do? I would give half a million, perhaps even a million, for the Easter Island; that is very simple. Very simple. Then I do believe in the idea; and consequently also in the man. Yes, yes, yes, he is a man! no doubt about it; and even if there were something mad about him, no matter. It has perhaps always been so. Where there is a mighty thought, there is also a great bustle and stir; the space becomes too narrow and there is an explosion in unexpected places—somewhat like the Ætna during a great thunder-storm: the explosion gains the crater not in a perfect, orderly way, it breaks out on the way. I irritated him, he said. I spoke of his daughter—he did not even mention her afterwards. An earthquake, an eruption, and then it was over. But he was unjust to her all the same. But no matter. He is a man! a man! Nothing small in the complete man! He sheds a light like the sun; I feel so warm when I think of it. Be assured, master. I shall not leave you. I shall remain faithful to you.' And now he was happy to think of the flattering picture Adler had drawn of him; he recalled all the praises. 'I do not deserve them, I know it,' he said aloud, 'but I shall live up to them: it is worth while living for it.' He took a sheet of paper to write down the words; he first remembered only detached,

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half sentences; but at last he thought that he had it all down. 'I shall read this from time to time,' he thought; 'I shall spread it out as if it were a fence upon which I must try to grow up.' Suddenly a thought crossed his brain and drove his blood to his cheeks. 'The day after to-morrow I move in. Then we shall be separated only by a wall. Malwine to the right, I to the left.'

Again his calm forsook him; he rushed out into the street. The hour was late; the mist had cleared; the houses, St. Mary's Church, emerged from the darkness, but the market-place, where he lived, was quite deserted. He did not at all feel surprised when he almost mechanically took the direction leading to the double houses; he did not try to resist his inclination. One naturally feels inclined, he argued, to look at the house one is going to inhabit. In the smaller house, his future dwelling, all was dark; but there was a light in two of the high bow-windows. It is the drawing-room, he thought. Is Malwine still there? Is she reading?—thinking, perhaps? He stood there for a while. Then he shrugged his shoulders, wondering at himself, and slowly walked away. She who was still sitting by the light was not the girl, but the old woman. She was deeply absorbed in the printed pages which her son had given her the previous night: the proof-sheets of the second and third numbers of his Phœnix pamphlets. His mother should be the first to read them. The fine, haggard face, without glasses, was absorbed with deep earnestness in the papers; her cheeks were covered with a youthful glow, but the lips were pressed tighter and tighter, sometimes she drew a deep breath. Was it her son who had written all this? the clergyman's child, Helmut Adler—her son? In the midst of a sentence she suddenly

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remembered. When Helmut was a little boy, with wonderfully glossy, curly hair and thoughtful large eyes—a very handsome child—he once came to her with his copy-book, a simple blue copy-book stitched by himself and unevenly cut with the scissors. His kind eyes were shining, so that the look went right to her heart; he opened the copy-book and showed her 'his first work,' which he had secretly written in it: it was a hymn in prose, a glorification of the benevolent Creator, an acknowledgment of Him, and a solemn pledge 'for all eternity.' Now, here before her, were the sheets to be read by all the world, written by the same Helmut. There, the Creator was done away with; there was no creation; only a world without a beginning, and in it unlimited, ever-changing life; in it there was also the earth, and upon it, as the last, highest blossom, the future god-man. Where was God? Destroyed. God was only an idea; a higher idea came and He vanished before it like a vision, just as that 'first work,' that hymn, had vanished before the Phœnix.

The old woman shivered. Her son an 'Atheist'! What an aversion she had always had for this word, ever since she could think. And now, she had to love an atheist more than anything in the world. She clasped her hands, and shook her weary head. She could not understand it. Her own son made her shudder, and yet she idolised him. She was afraid: for these sheets the world will praise him! and she hoped it too. My God! she thought, what has come over me? Where is my faith? Is the Saviour no more in my heart?

She sighed deeply. It was a mother's sigh. She could read no more, folded her hands, and began to pray.

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FOURTH BOOK

I

A DOCTOR's night-bell appeared upon the door of the smaller house belonging to Adler. Doctor Karl Schweitzer had moved in. With his usual alacrity, he had hastened to change his residence; and in a few days he felt quite at home in his new abode. His old books, photographs, drawings and busts brought him a sense of ease; the fact, too, that he could overlook from his windows the Monk's gate and a part of the gleaming water, and the masts of ships stuck in the ice-bound river, gave him pleasure. But what would not have caused him gratification in this place? He enjoyed at once his freedom and the company of the family. Through the connecting-door he could walk in to Adler as often as he pleased, and frequently little Clare, his new friend, came to invite him to the meal in her loud and joyous voice. Sometimes she did not come in, but announced through the wall that he was being expected. A loud cock-crowing was the 'first signal,' and indicated 'In ten minutes'; a howling, like the singing of Tyras, was the 'second bell,' 'Immediately.' But whenever she was sure of not disturbing him in his work, and that she would be a welcome visitor, she knocked softly at his door, and at his 'Come in!' opened it slowly, asking in her timid voice, and with an expression of consideration, 'Must I go?' Did he reply 'No,' then she

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jumped forward, and with joyful exclamation and a happy face threw herself into his arms.

She soon called him 'thou' and 'uncle.' Uncle Karl and Uncle Schweitzer did not prove satisfactory, however, and she soon added new terms of endearment.

As she always felt inclined to jump upon the sofa, and from there to mount upon his shoulders, she imagined herself to be an ape, sitting upon the 'uncle camel,' or a rider upon the 'uncle horse.' When he was a horse she would cry 'Ho! gee-up!' and finally she called him simply 'Uncle Gee-up,' or 'Hotch.' Frequently she also applied to him the nobler and more poetical appellation of 'lion,' for no one in this part of the country could roar so majestically as Uncle Karl. Herself, she termed his 'wheel-barrow,' or *schubkarren*; she did not mind walking about on her hands, whilst he took her legs and propelled her along on the carpet, like a wheelbarrow. There was evidently in her none of the desire of her father to remove man from animal as far as possible. The more the love for her uncle 'Gee-up' filled her breast, the quicker her imagination worked, placing him and herself in a paradise teeming with animals.

Schweitzer's loving heart was happy to have drawn to it this little fiery soul in the first moments of their acquaintance. It seemed as if all the pent-up warmth that had accumulated since the death of her mother was now streaming out upon him.

He did not get on so well with the elder sister. After the day when she had so suddenly opened her heart to him she had retreated into herself again. She was very friendly whenever he entered the house, and evidently pleased to see him; she liked to talk to him, but every endeavour on his part to

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put deeper meaning into his words she carefully parried, and she never again spoke to him of her relations with her father. On the contrary, she seemed to attach herself to Hans Bergmann just as the little 'wheel-barrow' did to 'Uncle Gee-up.' Bergmann's ever buoyant mood and effervescent cheerfulness was evidently to her the sunshine which she had missed, and for which she had yearned. As soon as the garrulous musician with the laughing eyes entered the house her eyes became animated too. At first she had tried to resist and not to laugh at his whimsical stories, as if she feared to offend the memory of her dead mother; but she soon abandoned herself freely, and even wilfully, to this deliverance from gloom. How Schweitzer liked to hear her rippling laugh, if only it were not so much for this Hans. He loved Hans, and jealousy was a feeling otherwise strange to him; but, nevertheless, it cut him like a knife; he was only Malwine's 'second string.' Often it disturbed his work, although he took refuge in his pipe as much as possible, to hear Malwine's voice in song through the dangerously thin wall, to the accompaniment of Hans, or her irresistible laugh at the musician's anecdotes. This happy mood was not contagious, as far as Schweitzer was concerned.

Was she in love with Hans? Yes, but how could he be sure? Was there ever such an impenetrable face as the continually kind and friendly countenance of the girl, apparently so open? Every day somebody, whom Schweitzer now began most heartily to hate, put this question to him again and again. Was she in love with Hans? He had to laugh in spite of his own discomfort, when he once caught himself saying aloud: 'I think so,' or 'Not yet!' Courageous as he was, he trembled to think of the day when, with

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conviction, he would have to admit to himself: 'Now it is quite certain.'

One evening, sitting moodily over his books, his countenance almost concealed by a dense cloud of smoke, he suddenly had the feeling that the thing was certain now. Through the wall he heard the girl's laugh, clear and almost boisterous. Not only did it disturb but it annoyed him this time. His usually patient mind gave way to a feeling of moral indignation. He looked at the calendar on the wall.

'February the 20th, 1882,' he growled: 'hardly three months have elapsed since the death of the mother. These delicate beings who feel so deeply laugh themselves dead if some cheerful fellow amuses them, especially if the cheerful fellow happens to be "sympathetic." It does not in the least disturb their deep soulful mourning. Of course, my little Hans is there. No one in the world could make her laugh so heartily. Adler was right: the wall is "beastly thin." And I was fool enough to ask him to raise my rent! Children, if you imagine I can stand this sort of thing, you must think my ears are filled with wax, or that my heart is made of stone! I must go in.

He started to his feet, laid aside his pipe, put on another coat, and went into the other house. When he entered the drawing-room he saw that he had not been deceived by jealousy. Hans Bergmann was there. In his elegant jacket and beautiful olive-green necktie, he was standing before the table, at which the grandmother and her grandchildren were seated, telling a humorous story with dramatic gesture.

'Please don't disturb, don't disturb!' little Clare exclaimed, after bestowing on 'Uncle Lion' one of her quick, loving glances.

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Malwine, who was painting the city arms upon a copper vase, listened attentively, her cheeks flushing delightfully, the old woman, as usual, sitting quite erect, knitting.

'Thus this wonderful servant which we had in Munich.' Hans concluded the story.

How she laughed at his jokes, Schweitzer thought with a bitter pang. How he has been weaving round her this golden network of cheerfulness! Malwine asked him something; he scarcely grasped her question. He replied absent-mindedly, and, as he thought to himself, stupidly. His blood rushed to his head.

Suddenly a thought flashed across his mind. He was quick in his decisions, although Hans Bergmann used to say of him that, on account of his slowness, he required, like the whale, two full seconds from the time of his being harpooned by an external impression to the moment of action.

'Have you been here long, Hans?' he asked.

'Some time,' Hans replied. 'Do you want anything of me?'

'Yes, I should like to talk over something with you. Will you come over to my rooms?'

Hans nodded assent. Schweitzer, on reaching his study, took down a pipe and lit it, and having walked several times up and down the room with mighty strides, he stopped in front of Hans, and pressing him down with his hand upon the sofa, shook his lion's mane.

'Should like to ask you something, my dear Hans,' he began, taking mighty puffs at his pipe.

'Looks like it, to judge from your preparations,' Bergmann replied.

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'We are quite at home over there, especially you. Not a day passes in which you do not call at least once——'

'You, too!'

'I, too,' Schweitzer admitted. 'But especially you. It has somewhat surprised me, considering that in your capacity of admirer and seducer of the Eternal Feminine you only frequented houses where you could break hearts——'

He paused for a moment.

'I do not understand you, Karl,' said Hans. 'Are there no women in this house? Is not Miss Malwine there?'

'Ah! Miss Malwine. That is exactly what I was driving at. Of course, she is there. You consequently do not deny, my boy, that you are paying her some attention.'

A smile flickered on Hans's face.

'My dear Karl, are you quite sane? Your introduction makes me ask that. Of course, I am paying her attention. I would only offend her if I were to treat her as if she were an old man. Besides, I would also be unfaithful to my true character, a thing I never do.'

'This is not the question, dear Hans. Let us talk like brothers for once; we shall not offend each other. We have been received in this house with a confidence which is almost touching. This naturally compels us to behave as gentlemen, or better, to be scrupulously honourable. The father lives for himself and sees, so to say, more of the Easter Island than of his own house. The old woman, too, has many cares and worries, and is also dreaming. In a word, the girl is left to herself. I ignore the manner in which you are paying her attention. But you certainly are aware that you are a deuced fellow, that is, an extraordinarily amiable, nice, cheerful, true-hearted, and light-minded

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young man. I do not grudge you any of your conquests, little Hans, but I should not like to see the daughter of Helmut Adler, the child of our master, develop a passion for this charming hang-dog, a passion which is likely to lead to a tragic issue. Out with it, therefore; unbosom yourself. Are you in love with Malwine?'

'Karl, you are very funny,' Hans replied, swinging his right leg over the low arm of the sofa.

'This is a digression,' said Schweitzer; he loomed out from the cloud of tobacco smoke like a mountain summit in the mist. 'I am only asking you whether you are seriously in love with her.'

'This is impertinent!—I am not sure that I would have told you if I really were in love with her, but as I am not, I *shall* tell you. No, my sweet Karl. All girls have undoubtedly been created for love; some of them for active love, others, the flirts, for passive, and a third portion for neutral love. The latter are the confidantes. Into their ears you pour out your tales of love that you harbour for another. Malwine Adler belongs to the third category.'

'You mean to say——'

'Yes, when I am alone with her, I tell her all about my old flames and loves in Berlin and in Munich, as well as of my most recent love troubles. I even show her the photographs——'

'The most recent? In the plural?'

'Yes; at the present moment I am in a state of inward laceration, a red-haired and a light-brown at the same time. Miss Malwine happens to know them both; she thinks they are both worth very little. Well, that of course does not matter; I am not going to marry either of them. I only

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allow myself to be agreeably lacerated. Yes, my dear Karl, with the morally waving mane, you knew nothing of it; you take so little interest in these matters, and I do not like to intrude. Malwine Adler is a charming confidante, she is born for it. She is curious, disinterested, wise, and all that nonsense amuses her and makes her think; she learns to know all kinds of people here and elsewhere — she is travelling, so to say, at my expense. Of course, like the virtuous girl that she is, she often puts me down, but I am soon up again, like a weak reed. But what is the matter? Something wrong, Karl? Are you angry that I am not in love with her?'

'But man alive!'

'What is the matter?'

'But man!' Schweitzer thundered, 'she loves you!'

'Who? Malwine? Me?'

'Yes, Malwine, you!—This innocent ladies' man is torturing her with the tales of his conquests, whilst all the time she is in love with him!'

Hans started to his feet; he turned pale. Directing the gaze of his greyish-blue, bewildered and half-closed eyes upon Schweitzer's furious face, he moved slowly along the sofa.

'Go away!' he said at last, standing still and regaining his composure. 'In the first moment I really believed it. When you thunder away with that Krupp-cannon in your throat, one involuntarily thinks: The fellow is right. Nonsense! How could she be in love with me? She loves another.'

'Whom?'

'Her cousin. Emil Wiese is his name. Lives here.'

Schweitzer stared at him so utterly dumfoundered, so absent-minded, that his intelligent head somewhat resembled

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that of a brush. The idea that Malwine's heart might have been disposed of long ago struck him so suddenly, so unexpectedly as utterly to dumfound him. He looked for a seat as if he must sit down. Hans, a roguish, good-humoured smile playing round his lips, lifted up a chair and offered it to the giant.

'Buffoon!' the other muttered, recovering himself. He pushed aside the chair.

'Emil Wiese—her cousin—who told you that?'

'Somebody, the other day, in the tavern; who was it? Quite right, my bookseller.'

'And you are discussing Malwine Adler with him over your glass of beer?'

'It is not legally forbidden to talk of her. She is supposed——'

'This Emil Wiese? But he is only a scamp. His own father, I am told, will have nothing to do with him.'

'Well,' said Hans, sitting down on the sofa-arm, 'people are not born scamps. He is supposed to have been once a sort of wonder-child; honeycombed with talents as now with debts. He is a good-looking fellow, too. My bookseller says so.'

'Can't stand him; an intolerable fellow, your bookseller! Here you are, you two gossips, prattling away over your drink. . . . Well, what does he look like?'

'The intolerable fellow?'

'No; this Emil Wiese.'

'Don't know,' returned Hans, smiling furtively. 'I have never seen him.'

'After all, it is a matter of indifference. What I am only loth to admit is, that a girl like Malwine should love such

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a rascally chap; organic nature does not go astray to such an extent. She might, as a girl not yet out, have had some passing fancy—or does your bookseller maintain that she is still in love with him?'

'He does not go so far.'

'He does not go so far!' Schweitzer repeated, taking a last cold puff at his pipe, which had gone out. 'Let us drop the fellow. The matter is settled, my dear Hans; you think she is *not* in love with you, and you decidedly maintain that you are not in love with her either. I only wanted to prevent you, little rat-charmer, from playing with her. Had you confessed to me now: Oh yes, she rather likes me, and I, too, I am smitten with her—then I would have compelled you to marry her.'

'Ay, ay!' said Hans. 'Rather funny that. Compelled me?'

'Yes.'

'You would have compelled me?'

'Yes,' thundered Schweitzer.

Hans, who was of a nervous temperament, shrank back, but smiled again the next moment. It was an irresistibly cheerful, kind-hearted smile, which gradually changed into an expression of admiration.

'Don Quixote II.!' he said, sitting on the sofa-arm, 'I rather like it, devilishly, as the young Berlin ladies say. I have enjoyed the honour of your acquaintance for some time, but I must say I am surprised. As regards Miss Malwine, I sometimes had an idea that you yourself——'

'What idea did you have?' Schweitzer interrupted him again in his loud voice.

'That you yourself——' Three words and no more.

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'But consider this wall, Karl, if it is not pulled down by your voice it does not keep the sound back. How do you know but that Miss Malwine might not be standing on the other side.'

Schweitzer looked in the direction of the wall and blushed.

'I 'll tell you what, Karl. Whether I would allow myself to be compelled to marry is doubtful; there being, however, no necessity for such a proceeding, I could do something else. I am not going to act shabbily either. If, for some reason—we need not discuss this reason—if, for some reason, you would like to see me withdraw, you need only say simply: "Little Hans, leave the place!" I shall leave.'

'And you would leave?'

'Yes.'

'Only because I——?'

'Yes, because you.'

Karl Schweitzer cast a long, tender glance upon Hans sitting astride the sofa-arm.

'Ass,' he said at last, his voice sounding very softly again. 'I, let you go. . . . I am not my own enemy after all. Whom have I here, if not you? Of course, there is the "master"; but, in his new gloom, he is an acquaintance in the line of the "stony guest." I am jolly glad that they are lacerating you, the red-haired and the light-brown one, so that you remain. As far as Malwine is concerned, it will do the girl good to be amused by you. Should she, however, become enamoured, well—— *She* will have to bear it,' he added, suppressing the 'I' which he was about to utter.

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'Karl!' murmured Hans.

'All right,' Schweitzer said nonchalantly, so as to put an end to the conversation, and, knocking his pipe out, he went over to the table to refill it. He had at least half a dozen of them with beautifully carved heads, but he never filled them in advance.

Hans looked on, apparently attentive. Only when he saw the first curly cloud of smoke ascend, he said, in a somewhat indifferent tone of voice: 'You can rely upon me in any case, Karl. Yes, what was it I wanted to say: the "master." He, too, wants me to amuse him; for this reason, too, I will do good if I remain here. His new "gloom," you said. The girl, too, complained of it; that is to say, only in three words; no more. What happened? He seemed to revive when he had discovered us. For some days he treated you like a brother. Then he relapsed into his own isolation.'

'He is working,' said Schweitzer, puffing away violently at his pipe.

'Yes, but how! In a manner that seems uncanny to a normally lazy chap like myself. In the evening he is—checkmate, I wanted to say; but that would not yet be so bad. He is simply pumped out, dried up, like a spiritual mummy; I saw him thus only a few days ago. You know that I often play something on my violin to the girls in the evenings; one evening the old lady comes in, said he had heard of it, and had asked me to come to his study. There I found him in his easy-chair, looking like a ghost; but if there are ghosts, I hope there are also humorous ones among them; this one in the easy-chair had not a scrap of humour in him. What was he doing? With his wide eyes, those

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eyes that look at you as if they had just returned from some deep abyss, he cast at me an appealing glance, truly appealing it was, and asked me in a failing, muffled voice: Would you play something to me? My old love. Nothing does me so much good. I said something stupid in my agitation, and started playing. He throws his head back, gazing fixedly at the ceiling, his fine trembling fingers gripping convulsively the arm of the chair and his wide chest heaving slowly but mightily deep. I fiddle away as well as I can, but am irresistibly drawn to look at him all the time and to observe how the mummy is gradually coming back to life, how the limbs seem to relax, the muscles in his face revive and brighten and relax into a soft, wan smile, like that of a child in its sleep. Well, I tell you, it was as if I had fiddled him back from the grave. When I stopped he asked me, with look and gesture, to continue: More. At last he beckoned me to approach, and with an expression which went right to my so-called heart, he pressed my "fiddler-hand," "the magician's hand," saying: "You have no idea how good it is. I had nearly thought myself mad; the body like dead, the thoughts restless. And so gloomy, gloomy. . . . There is magic in such an adagio; it brings back the great rest—peace—twilight. It gives you back those things without which you cannot live, the things that constitute the greatness of Christianity—Faith, Love, Hope." He thanked me again once or twice. Would I come again if he asked me? "Master," I said, "as often as you wish," at which words he smiled sweetly. Ever since I have brought my fiddle with me every evening, but hitherto he has not yet asked for me again.'

Schweitzer nodded silently. He muttered a few words

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which Hans did not catch. The musician rose at last; a new idea had come into his mind. He twirled his curly, fair moustache for a while, and at last approaching Schweitzer, said: 'I say!'

'What is it?'

'Physician, what is your opinion? Is it simply overwork and its result, melancholy, or——?'

'Or what?'

'Or poisons? Looks like it. Perhaps I know nothing about it. But didn't you tell me a month ago that he had promised you to take no more?'

'Of course he did,' replied Schweitzer; he did not look at Hans, but seemed to be busily engaged in replenishing the still burning pipe.

'Do you think he has kept his promise?'

'It is possible,' the answer came back.

'What do you mean? What is possible? That he kept it or that he did *not* keep it?'

'According to the established laws of logic, both are possible, my dear Hans.'

'Oh, you—— In a word, you do not wish to talk about it. Very well. It seems to be part of medical cunning often to speak with an air of importance. Young practitioners especially affect this manner, they seem to gain a magic charm by it. Karl! We have not had a proper talk for some time; you seem to avoid me. . . . What is your opinion of Adler's Easter Island? Do you believe in it? It is rather funny, but the longer you live without this island, the further it seems to be removed and the more improbable. The stupid old reality seems to grow round your head like moss; you get an air of an old ruin, of some-

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thing without a future, like the rest of men. Don't you feel so too, Karl?'

'Not quite so,' Schweitzer replied smiling, 'but almost like it. You see the thing is so gigantic, so difficult——'

'Quite right! Gigantic! But if you read again the Phœnix pamphlets, especially the third number, you are carried away as if by some whirlwind, and you exclaim: "Deuce take all the obstacles!" great things have long hooks; never mind, you simply hang your objections upon them. Don't you think so too, Karl?'

Karl Schweitzer smiled again. 'The real musician's temperament,' he said. 'When I begin to waver I only ask myself whether it is to be desired or not, that humanity should rise higher? And if it is to be desired, then, do you know of any other way how to reach this goal?'

'Not I,' Hans replied. 'If all that dry-rot remains, nothing decent will ever come out of it. I do not wish to discuss this Adler. He is doing one thing for me. He is putting some vigour in me and is inspiring me with higher thoughts. But I think some one is knocking!'

Upon Schweitzer's 'Come in,' Line, the little servant-maid of the neighbour appeared, and bidding a good evening, said, so softly, that she was only with difficulty understood. 'The doctor wishes to know whether the *musikus* would come over with his violin.'

'With pleasure,' said Hans. 'I first understood that the daughter of the house asked whether I would amuse little Line. I could not do that. Good-night, Karl. I am going to King Saul.' He stepped a little nearer, and holding out his hand, asked softly: 'And so I may remain? At all risks?'

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He lifted his forefinger in sign of warning.

'Yes, you stupid fellow,' said Schweitzer, and blowing a blue cloud of smoke into the musician's insolent face, pushed him out through the door.

II

On the following afternoon Schweitzer went to pay Adler a visit; he had not seen him for a full week. It had become clear to him, after his conversation with Hans, that things could not go on in this way, he would have to make up his mind and talk to the unsociable King Saul. He did not feel quite at his ease, though. When he entered Adler's, the corridor beyond the connecting-door, he met his little playmate, rosy-cheeked little Clare, playing very dexterously with two balls. She jumped to meet him, and—as she always wished and expected—was lifted up in his arms. 'To ride, to ride! Oh, my sweet camel!' she exclaimed, when he had put her down upon the floor.

'Not now,' he said, patting her cheeks. 'I must go to your father. He is at home, is he not?'

She looked at him dubiously for a moment, then shook her head.

'Not at home? That is strange. I purposely came before twilight, as he never goes out——'

'He is gone out already,' she said quickly. A somewhat awkward smile which was intended to be candid was playing round her rosy mouth; she crept shyly up to him, pressing her shoulder against him.

'Little Clare!' he said.

'Yes, yes, of course!' she hastily lisped, as if he had

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doubted the veracity of her words. 'Dear Uncle Gee-up, yes, yes, of course!'

'Oho!' thought Schweitzer, feeling her treacherous, nervous, and restless shoulder against his side. 'The little wheelbarrow is lying.' The devil of mischief had once or twice taken hold of little Clare since their compact, but ever and anon he had left her frightened by Schweitzer's calm, lovingly serious and scrutinising gaze; she had rewarded the victor with increased tenderness for not presuming upon his victory. He was quite aware that she often lied, but she had never done so to him. Why should she do it now? He soon found the reason, however.

Clinging to him, she continued rather hastily: 'You see, I have finished the nice book you gave me, and you must now play with me, uncle. We shall play again: Robber and lady, just like the other day. It was so nice. Come, let's go in!'

It is still possible that it might be true! thought Schweitzer; anyhow, we shall not play the fool, until I am sure. Shrugging his shoulders he said: 'Can't rob you, my dear lady, at present. It is rather lucky that your father is out; now I think of it, I remember that I, too, must go out. To-morrow, Clare, I lunch with you; if you come to me just a quarter of an hour before the time we can play, and the robber will attack the lady. Good-bye for the present!'

He again looked into her confused countenance, and then he was gone. He had given up his intention to visit Adler. The next day at the appointed time, Clare appeared, reminding him of his promise. He kept his word. After throwing her about on his spring sofa, and thundering at her in his robber voice, she sat peacefully in his lap,

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twisting red ribbons from cigar-boxes into his long hair and his imperial.

'How beautiful you are!' she said, with a roguishly admiring smile. 'Like a young god.'

He held her in his arms, admiring the rosy lips that had lied so unhesitatingly yesterday, and were chatting so pleasantly to-day.

'Wheelbarrow, you have a peculiar father!' he said, when she had finished arranging his imperial.

'Why?' she asked.

'Because he can be in two places at once; few people can do that. Yesterday afternoon after he had left home Hans Bergmann saw him at his window waving his greeting with his hand.'

Schweitzer suddenly felt how the strong muscles and the whole body of the child began to move, and how she tried to wind herself out of his embrace like a little serpent. He kept her for a minute, but the agile limbs extricated themselves and she slipped down and stood facing him.

'But he was——!' she began obstinately. She could not proceed, however.

Karl Schweitzer was looking at her with his calm, firm gaze, of which she was so much afraid; she could not bear it, this scrutinising gaze of his. 'Your father did *not* go out yesterday,' he said slowly. 'Clare Adler has not told me the truth.'

She was silent.

'Very well!' he hummed in his deep bass voice. The echo of this short and yet uncannily long drawn out 'Very well,' was still humming in her ears. Then he seemed to forget her existence for a while; crossing one leg over the

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other, he took out his pocket-book and began scribbling in it with a pencil.

Her large eyes followed every one of his movements, like those of a dog following his master. Various feelings were visibly battling upon her anxious face; but he pretended not to look at her. Suddenly a sigh escaped her, she was frightened at it and tried to suppress it. Meanwhile the pencil crawled along the paper with such incomprehensible and insupportable slowness, that she at last diffidently asked, so as to put an end to this awful silence: 'I say, what are you writing here?'

'I am only making a note of the date,' he calmly replied.

The child was startled. It drove the blood to her cheeks. She stared at his pocket-book as if something terrible was going on there 'with the date.' After another, and what appeared to her an interminable pause, she could no longer restrain herself from asking: 'Why did you say, "Very well?"'

He looked at her. He uncurled the red ribbon from his imperial and put it down upon the table. Then he re-arranged his beard, smoothing it with his fingers. 'Why I said, "Very well?" Because it happened exactly so with my little sister. She, too, had lied. But with her I behaved in a different manner.'

He slowly took out the ribbons from his hair, one after the other; then he walked—terribly slowly—towards the looking-glass, to see whether everything was all right.

'How did you behave with her?' little Clare asked at last, although she was inwardly afraid.

'How I behaved? I also lied; naturally, not to other people, only to her. When she asked me something, I gave her a false reply; thus she came, for instance, too late to

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school, or not at all to the skating ring, because I had told her the ice would not keep. Or I told her something wrong which she then told to other people and was laughed at; all sorts of comic things. Oh, it was jolly.'

'But—but this was terrible,' Clare said, thoroughly alarmed. 'I mean for this poor little Grete. What did she do?'

'Well, what should she have done? She could not stand it any longer and cried bitterly. Then I said to her: "My good little Grete, that's the way! Why should one tell the truth to a liar? A liar does not deserve it. Liars are not human beings, but only a kind of animal. . . ." That's what I told little Grete at the time. But now we shall drop this story and play. Come along, ape, mount!'

Little Clare did not budge. With lips pale and quivering and tongue heavy, she asked: 'And what did little Grete say?'

'Oh, I don't remember,' Schweitzer replied carelessly. 'But we won't take any more of this stupid story. Now the ape is going to mount upon the giraffe and will ride in to lunch!'

For a considerable time the child stood still, her breast heaving heavily; but she did not sigh. Helpless and defenceless she abandoned herself to him, and he lifted her up to his head. The room was not very lofty, and she could reach the ceiling with her hand; the giraffe under her—another new variation of the camel—trotted through the room. When they passed the big looking-glass for the second time, Schweitzer stopped to show the little ape the 'group,' and also to look at its face. She nodded to the giraffe in the mirror. But gradually her smile vanished; the little body suddenly began to tremble. 'Let me down!'

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she whispered, striving to get down. He put her down. The next moment she threw herself upon the sofa, with her head upon the arm and her face buried in the cushions, and burst out into such a passionate, convulsive sobbing, as he had never witnessed before.

He suffered with her; but inwardly his heart leapt for joy. He let her cry for some minutes; one does not disturb such outbursts. 'Little Clare!' he said at last, sitting down beside her upon the sofa, where her shining, long hair was spread out in charming dishevelment. 'How good that you can cry in this way. It does you credit. My little Grete could not cry so well. You will soon have done with this stupid lying; among decent people it is a kind of measles: a disease of childhood. The wheelbarrow and the lion will not lie to each other; what do you think?' She said nothing, but her hand quivered. What did she mean by it? That it was now over with the measles? Aha, the hand quivered again; it evidently meant Yes. 'Well, then, we need not cry any longer. A wheelbarrow that never lies is loved immensely by the lion. The clock! It is striking. We must go in to lunch. But we must dry our eyes first. Is it true, Clare, that there is roast-turkey to-day? And are we now always going to speak the truth?'

Little Clare slowly raised the tear-stained face. The wet eyes shone at him like two large drops of blue dye.

'Yes!' she breathed; this 'yes' was evidently intended for the roast-turkey as well as for the truth. Then she threw herself into his arms and embraced him passionately. He pressed her closely to his heart.

'The others need not know anything about this crying,' he said tenderly; 'we will arrange it!'

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Taking her upon his arms he carried her into the next room where he lovingly and tenderly washed her eyes and face that tried to smile. Once only she gave an involuntary sob, it was the last convulsive quiver. 'You are like a mother!' she said, and grasping his large, brown hand, she kissed it.

'Now you can show your countenance again,' he replied. 'The noble roast-turkey does not like waiting. To horse, to horse, now!'

He lifted her up upon his head and she rode to table.

III

A few hours later—twilight which did not break in so early at this season of the year had not yet set in—Adler was in his private room, where he had again been sitting in his 'thinker's chair.' He had written himself tired, but the pondering, creative brain still continued to work. The eyes were half-closed, like a door that is ajar, the full lips were tightly pressed together. The sharply-cut face had grown severer and harder during these restless weeks; he had become emaciated, but the mighty forehead with the strong thick pads over the brows seemed to have grown, although the luxuriant brown hair had not thinned. There was, however, no serenity and brightness upon it, but rather an air of tension and restlessness; from time to time a trembling and quivering passed over it. The tongue of the hermit, too, had accustomed itself to think softly; the lips uttered what the brain thought, or only a dreamy incomprehensible humming escaped his throat.

A soft knocking at his door interrupted him; little Clare

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entered the room. Somewhat timidly, like a child that sees its father only on rare occasions, she stood still after making two steps.

'Uncle Gee-up wishes to know whether he can see you to-day; only for ten minutes, he says; he wants to visit you.'

'Who is Uncle Gee-up? Oh yes!' said Adler, remembering something he had half-forgotten. '*Your* Uncle Gee-up, Doctor Schweitzer. You love him very much, child; well, come here. How long your hair is growing; we shall soon have to twist a plait of it. Beautiful, beautiful hair!' He stroked it; the child stood still, very seriously, only smiling slightly.

'This Uncle Gee-up seems now to be your best friend; grandmother told me so too. Do you like him very much?'

She nodded.

'Do you like him better than us? even better than your own father?'

His hand was lying on her head, he looked at her with warm, jealous eyes. Clare blushed; she did not like to lie, yet she was afraid to annoy her father. Meditating for a while, she said, pressing her head against his hand: 'You know, I like the Uncle Gee-up better, but I like you more.'

'I see!' he said, with an astonished smile. 'What a fine distinction, you daughter of a philosopher! It sounds rather well for me; but properly speaking it only sounds. Ah, if I had so much time as Uncle Gee-up, to play with you. . . . But I always have visitors; I mean my thoughts. In olden times we used to play though; do you remember, Clare? You and I and mother——'

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He paused, his hand glided from her head.

'Better times—better times,' he muttered. It made him tremble. Suddenly he stretched out both his hands towards the child, drew her towards him and kissed her with hot burning lips upon forehead and mouth.

'Dear father!' said the astonished child; he had not hugged her so tenderly for a long, long time. 'Yes, my good father!' But now she looked towards the door. 'What shall I tell him, father? He has been waiting ever so long.'

'Who that? Oh yes! This Uncle Gee-up. I have quite forgotten him. I am forgetting everything. He will have a nice opinion of us . . . quick, call him in!'

'He shall come in?'

'Yes!'

Clare rushed out, leaving the door open, through which Schweitzer presently appeared. 'My dear doctor, pray excuse us,' Adler called out: 'I have had one of my attacks of absent-mindedness. What with your nickname and your little friend I had entirely forgotten you!'

'It does not matter,' replied Schweitzer in his candid voice. 'I only wanted to see you again before I disappear for a couple of weeks; I am leaving to-morrow.'

'Where are you going?' asked Adler, who had risen and pressed the other's hand.

'Only to visit my native place, three hours by train; an old relative there has heard of my happy cures, and my growing reputation gives her no rest: she has made up her mind to get better with my help only. I am availing myself of this opportunity to re-visit the whole big nursery.'

'You see, all this is due to your young rising reputation.

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I hope you will soon come back with new laurels and then also much oftener to me!'

'My dear doctor,' Schweitzer said smiling, 'God grant it; I am, however, free from guilt. I have often been in your house and at your table; the master, however, usually remained in his cell. So I thought, I shall not disturb him.'

'What can I do!' Adler exclaimed, stretching his limbs. 'My work calls me—yes, yes, yes, dear sir, it calls me. I cannot be idle. This undertaking is upon my shoulders. . . . To dine with my family? I am losing too much time by it. I am also losing my power of concentration. Do you know what composure is? I require solitude; I must burrow myself in my pit, I must go down into the deep. Until everything is written and printed, I needs must concentrate myself, restlessly concentrate myself.'

'I only hope you do not concentrate yourself to death!'

Adler did not reply; he only smiled and shrugged his shoulders. Schweitzer was about to utter the question for which he had come; he kept it back, however, and said: 'Is your fourth number already out? Can it be bought?'

'Take this copy,' said Adler, offering him the one that was on his writing-table. 'Please take it! You may buy it for others; this one is for you.'

'Thank you, master. You have also finished the fifth, too, Bergmann tells me. Can I read it?'

Adler shook his head and both his arms vehemently. 'The printer is leaving me in the lurch. Who does not leave me in the lurch? Everything, everything, and everybody. I am writing and having it printed, I am throwing numbers of my works on the market; they are literally given away to the

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booksellers. I am doing everything so that my writings should only get into as many hands as possible. I thought that in this great Germany one reader out of a thousand, out of ten thousand would write to me, or come and tell me: "Sir, I take great interest in your idea, I am rich, here is money to put your theory into practice! Where is this young man? I have not yet seen him." There you have your Germans! The nation of poets and thinkers. . . . they are now shopkeepers. Gossiping Philistines! They can only discuss and belittle everything that is great—that is their strength. To give their heart and gold for something really great? no, not two among them, not one!'

'Please do not talk so badly of the Germans,' said Schweitzer; 'I cannot stand it. . . .' But he soon checked himself and, laying his hand upon his mouth, said smiling: 'No, I am keeping quiet. I promised you on the bridge on that evening, never to get excited.'

'What is the good of it!' Adler exclaimed. 'Instead of "keeping quiet," I would rather have you converted to my views. Yes, yes, your Germans! What do I want of them? Nothing, but to intrust them with a mission for humanity, such a mission as they have never had before. They have not discovered nor colonised America, like the Spaniards; they have not taken possession of all five parts of the globe like the English. Therefore they should now produce the greatest that is possible, they should give birth to the complete man. . . . It will be more than any colonisation! But who is moving a step? Nobody. They are cracking their miserable, poor and unfruitful jokes upon the dreamer, they wipe their eyeglasses and study the aboriginal slime from which they have come forth!'

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'I am afraid you are rather impatient, master. Give your countrymen some time——'

'Until I am an old cripple,' Adler interrupted, 'and can produce nothing? Only Philistines have patience! I have neither patience nor rest. But what is the matter? You wanted to tell me something. You look at me with such a disapproving, almost pitying air.'

'What a misunderstanding, master! I am only very sorry, nay, grieved, to notice that you do not look so well; your robust constitution has suffered after all. You are not leading a healthy life. It has come differently than I had imagined. You started so full of vigour and joy of life, you sat in our midst before the wine, you charmed us with your spirit, with your Dionysian, high-flowing cheerfulness—quite in the sense of your own philosophy. Unfortunately, however, it did not last very long; you soon retired into your cell again. It seemed as if you wished to avoid *me* especially. May I speak freely, master?'

'Yes; why not?' Adler replied, with a nervous look at the young man, as if a question he had long been afraid of or the personified conscience were confronting him there.

'I am afraid,' Schweitzer continued somewhat hesitatingly, 'I am reminding you rather disagreeably of a conversation we once had—I mean upon the bridge—with reference to the dangerous opiates. But as you appointed me at that time your family physician—I am glad to say I have not yet had much to do in this capacity—I hope you will allow me a question. Have you persevered in your good intention not to obtain any more artificial sleep?'

Adler looked at him with a firm, gloomy, almost hostile, glance. Schweitzer noticed again that sinister expression

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which he had already seen before. 'I shall give you no answer to this question,' he replied; his voice seemed to tremble a little with excitement. 'This belongs to the "internal forum." Let us drop this subject.'

'You refuse me the answer, master? I am asking with the very best intention as your faithful, attached friend.'

'And in the very best intention, too, I refuse my answer. I could have told you that I was not taking any longer these poisons and the matter would be settled. But I decline the question altogether. I never ask you how you sleep, or have I ever been so curious, doctor? Have I ever asked you after one of your personal affairs?'

'No.'

'Well, then cork up this bottle!' Adler exclaimed in a suddenly changed voice, quickly passing over into an entirely different mood, one of playful cheeriness. 'Don't make such grimaces, old friend. What does it matter to you how Helmut Adler sleeps. How he wakes and what he creates, that is the all-important point. Read his works. Read the fourth number. No, give it to me; I shall read a passage to you; here, the last pages. Here you have the true Helmut Adler, to him we shall stick!'

Once he laughed slightly; his eyes, too, were laughing so wonderfully, so intelligently; then he grew profoundly serious, and with a solemn, monotonous but pathetic and penetrating voice he began to read. It was the summing-up of the whole, and as if it were an appeal to the young and vigorous forces of humanity to escape the danger of becoming shallow and stunted, and to begin the great purification and regeneration. The wonderful flow of eloquence charmed Schweitzer's ear and heart. It was somewhat

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solemn, full of imagery and profound, harmonious thoughts, based upon a sound knowledge of the world and of men. Adler's voice, which was somewhat monotonous at the beginning, gained in strength in a remarkable manner. His eyes, too, were flashing fire. His whole frame—he was standing upright before his writing-table—seemed to quiver with life and hope.

From time to time he shot a quick glance at his listener, whose emotion did not escape him.

'There, now you may take it with you,' he said at last, pressing the copy into the other's hand. 'When you return... Must you go already? Well, then, farewell. The man who wrote what I have just been reading to you is not yet lost. Don't you think so? Cure your old relative. But let *me* walk my own paths.'

IV

Three weeks elapsed. Malwine was sitting in the drawing-room with her little sister; she was engaged upon a new artistic work, whilst Clare was knitting.

'I wish Uncle Gee-up would come back,' said Clare sighing; 'I am so bored.'

'Think of the inscription over your bed, child,' said Malwine, smiling, 'where he has written in such beautiful letters: Wheelbarrow, patience!'

'Oh yes, you may well talk,' snapped the child. 'You are painting and engraving, whilst I must knit. Besides, he never carries you pick-a-back; you never clamber upon him either. Three weeks! He said only two, and now three have passed. And yet, he never lies—— Gee-up!' she

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suddenly exclaimed; her sharp ear had caught the sound of his voice. She heard him say something in the passage to Line.

Shouting with joy she rushed out and soon returned upon Schweitzer's shoulders. She patted his cheeks and lips, stroked his beard; with difficulty only could he make a bow and say a few words of greeting.

Malwine came to meet him with a friendly smile.

'It was high time,' she said, 'that you returned. Clare had already grown quite pensive. You heard how she howled for joy.'

I wish *you* would once greet me with a shout of joy, he thought to himself. But how peaceful and unmoved she looked—hers was the calm of the sea. Three years instead of three weeks she would most probably not have found too long! Clare was again upon the floor. His love for her made him feel horribly depressed; he turned his attention to the child.

'Will you come on my lap?' he asked her, after taking a seat on Malwine's invitation. To give himself an air of unconstrained cheerfulness he beat his knee upon which he invited the little one to mount. His hand, however, fell so heavily that it made Malwine almost tremble.

Had it been my knee, she thought, it would have broken.

'What is that wonderful thing you are doing?' he now asked; in the first joyful moment of their meeting he had eyes only for the girl herself. A barrel was at her side, higher than her chair; it was an ordinary barrel encircled by hoops; they were painted brown whilst the boards were yellow; between the hoops wreaths, figures, and inscriptions were designed. Malwine was just finishing a design upon the

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cover and was burning it in with a platina pencil dipped in benzine-vapour. She had first designed the picture with a pencil; to the left were creeping vine-leaves and foliage with bunches of grapes; in the centre stood a young horseman, dressed like the trumpeter of Säckingen; he blew a long trumpet, upon which hung a banner, ornamented with tassels, and the inscription—'Fiducit, you jolly toper!'

'What am I doing?' replied Malwine. 'A birthday present for my father. He told me the other day he would change and become sociable again, a "drinker" among his young companions. So to render this drinking more poetical, more enticing, and thus beguile him out of his den, I have painted this barrel round which the drinkers will gather, and upon which every one will put his glass. Everything on this barrel has a connection with drinking. Herr Bergmann furnished me with the texts for the inscriptions. They begin with—"Fiducit, you jolly toper!"'

'Now you must see, Uncle Gee-up, how it turns out below!' observed little Clare, her eyes sparkling with interest. The trumpeter stood upon a painted board, which was apparently nailed to the barrel; to the right, however, the board turned up a little and a small cat was stretching out its head.

'This indicates the "Katzenjammer",' said the child, with a comically knowing look.

'But now let us hear,' Malwine interrupted, 'how you have been all this time. You have not said a word about yourself.'

'What is there to say?' Schweitzer replied, looking down at himself as if a superfluous nonentity was sitting there. 'The old lady, my relative, is all right for the present, she

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will finally have to die of too much life, though she has been suffering from it rather too long. My native place is not hibernating. I felt home-sick there for *here*. That 's the whole story. Your barrel is much more important. Please continue your work. I like to see you work.'

'Work!' she repeated, 'I wish I could do it.' At his entreating gesture, however, she took up her implements; the little spirit-flame was burning, the crayon began to glow, then the benzine steamed; her long, delicate fingers worked on the trumpeter whose legs were only as yet pencilled. Schweitzer bent forward, putting his arms upon the table so as to follow every movement of the girl. Clare had again climbed up his shoulders and sat there like a little ape; both were watching with eager looks.

'Yes, yes,' he said admiringly; 'what wonderful things you can do.'

Malwine looked up. 'You do not know how terrible such words sound to me. You have the power of making people healthy, whilst I possess the talent to produce nothing but trifles!'

'You can render people *ill*; that is more!' were the words on his tongue. He did not say them, however. 'What are you going to design on the other cover?' he asked instead.

'A herring,' she replied, with a bewitching smile.

'You must see everything, "Uncle Lion,"' said little Clare zealously. 'You must read everything that is written on it.' Malwine, noticing Schweitzer's curious look, put aside the crayon and slowly lifting the barrel upon her knees, turned it over. The three rows of drawings were quite completed; in charming variety there were to be seen castles on the banks of the Rhine, dwarfs carrying a claret-cup or a mighty

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door-key, a young noblewoman, in the costume of the middle ages, with jug and goblets, the booted cat with tragic gesture and uplifted paws, a leafy canopy of hops, barley and vine, all interspersed with inscriptions. On the top Schweitzer read the lines from Lessing's poem:—

> 'Too much one may drink,
> But one never drinks enough!'

'Look here, this is also nice,' said Clare, pointing to another inscription. She read it in her high-pitched, clear voice:—

> '"Of drink who standeth nought,
> The world to leave he ought!"'

'And here below, Gee-up':—

> '"The old ones, they loved big bumpers,
> But we young ones are not shabby either."'

'Everything in Hans Bergmann's spirit,' said Schweitzer, nodding. 'Under this vine foliage there is even written section 11!'

'Paragraph eleven: Drinking to be continued,' replied little Clare seriously, by way of explanation.

'How do you know that, Wheelbarrow?'

'Herr Bergmann told me that.'

Malwine observed somewhat embarrassed: 'Herr Bergmann maintained that without section 11 it would not look like a proper drinking-barrel and would have no sense whatever.'

Schweitzer laughed aloud; in spite of his feeling of jealousy his laughter sounded so hearty that little Clare threw her arms wildly round his head and kissed him upon his ears.

'Gracious!' she suddenly exclaimed, 'I must do my lessons! Gee-up, I am coming back afterwards!'

She got down, looked tenderly at him and rushed away.

'There is life in her,' Schweitzer murmured, following her

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with a tender look. 'And for such a little creature what a heart. I wish she was my little sister!'

'Then I would be your *big* sister,' said Malwine, smiling at him.

He said nothing.

'Wouldn't you like it?' she asked, with light banter.

'Oh yes, yes,' he replied quickly, so as not to betray his heart; it would be so terribly useless, he thought. 'On the contrary,' he added . . . 'That is to say, "on the contrary" is utter nonsense; I only wanted to say that in my native place I noticed with astonishment how much I am attached to this house. I have only known you for a short time, and it seems to me as if we were acquainted for years. I am not usually so quick with my heart. And I have never attached myself to womenfolk so quickly as to little Clare—and to yourself.'

Malwine blushed slightly.

'It does you credit,' she said. 'My father and we all hold you in high esteem. . . . Unfortunately we have no brother. Clare and myself would certainly have nothing against you!'

Brother! he thought. Only a brother and nothing more. I shall never be more to her! The next moment, however, an idea flashed across his mind, and he felt somewhat relieved. 'You have just uttered a big word,' he began. 'Permit me also to take you by your word. Sisters, you know, usually speak the truth; when they are asked to, at least. Would you tell me what you do not like in me, what you would prefer different?'

Malwine shook her head with a charmingly anxious expression. 'The task you are setting me is rather a difficult one. No, I could not do it.'

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'Why not, miss? You see, I have a rather high opinion of the judgment of ladies upon men. I believe much more than your father does in the importance and the necessity of women for the Easter Island and for the man of the future. I rather think that the superior man may be looked for only after woman has been raised to a higher social standard in Europe; for it is she, after all, who will bring up the children—and altogether!—when one lives alone, as I am doing—especially if one is such a burly raw-boned fellow like myself—one easily acquires a great deal of the inferior man; and then one is not fit for the Easter Island. But I should like to reform and be ready at any moment, when the trumpet calls, to march among the very first to the Easter Island. That is the reason why I asked you; I have nobody besides you. . . . Will you tell me?'

'What I do not like in you?' She involuntarily cast a glance at him, measuring him from head to foot; her gaze rested a little longer, with pensive interest, upon his manly, honest countenance and his wide forehead. 'What I should like to see different in you?'

'Yes; but say it unsparingly. Otherwise it would be useless. You can easily believe that such an elephant as I am has a thick skin.'

'Oh, I would not quite swear to that; on the contrary, I am rather inclined to think that you are very sensitive—and so you want it absolutely?'

'I entreat you, sister.'

'Well, then, I shall get rid of something I have had upon my mind for some time,' she said, smiling with some embarrassment. 'Your smoking, Herr Doctor; you smoke such a fearful lot!'

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'You think so?'

'Yes; it seems to be part of you. You are not smoking *incidentally*, just as a pastime, like other people, but seriously, as if it were your ordinary occupation. And always——'

'But you can't see it,' he interrupted her.

'Herr Bergmann says so. He has told us that he often had to *discover* you, that you were entirely concealed by a cloud of smoke. He is even of opinion that you smoke in your sleep; he is not quite certain of it, though.'

'I could give no information about it myself, not knowing what I might be doing in my sleep.'

'No, but joking apart; I don't know whether it is healthy for you, but it certainly is not nice!—You asked me to speak unsparingly.'

'Certainly!'

'You say, I don't see it; but I—can smell it. All your clothes smell of tobacco. Good heavens, how red you are getting! . . . You will have had enough of your sister!'

'How can you talk thus!' he retorted almost angrily, setting his long hair in motion. 'If I am getting red—it does not matter at all. I am pitying your poor nose . . .'

He looked at this feature now with a feeling of deep pity and a sense of contrition. But the nose only appeared to him the more beautiful in outline.

'So far the tobacco smoking,' he continued, after a while, pulling at his imperial. 'I must see what I can do; I cannot promise anything before I am perfectly sure that I shall be able to keep it. But you are right, undoubtedly. For the present I am going to order a new suit which will be hung apart, to be put on whenever I come in here——'

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'For heaven's sake!' Malwine interjected. 'No expenses! —please don't—I don't want it——'

'But I do,' he interrupted her with a smile. 'What else?'

'How so, what else?'

'What else have you against me on your mind? You were looking so critically just now at my beard——'

'It was only that tugging,' she replied bravely; under her chin in the air she imitated the gesture. 'You know it does not look nice at all. But if you find it particularly manly——'

'Please, no false pity, Miss Malwine! Everything manly should also be noble and stylish. These epithets can certainly not be applied to this tugging and pulling. They are as stylish as the movements of a suckling; we grow out of them with time. What else?'

'Have not you had enough?'

'No,' he replied, again unconsciously raising his hand to his beard; but noticing her smile, he lowered it, frowning fiercely. 'The lion has tasted blood. Please will you further ennoble me?'

'Shall I say anything more?'

'Deuce take it, yes'—he corrected himself quickly—'Have the goodness!'

Her grey eyes looked softly, as if asking for forgiveness, at his mighty head.

'You are undoubtedly very proud of your long hair——'

'What does it matter to you what I am!' he interrupted her. But he soon felt that his voice had sounded too loud and rough, and so, with a bow, he added in his softest accents: 'Please take no notice of my moral shortcomings. What have you against my long hair?'

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'The thought occurred to me, as you had been talking of the lion. If this "mane," as Herr Bergmann calls it, is not absolutely indispensable to you in your capacity as Clare's lion, then it is getting rather long.'

Always this Hans Bergmann! thought Schweitzer, a mean feeling creeping into his heart. Pressing his fist, however, against his knee, he replied softly: 'That is a sad look-out. Not that I am proud of this mane, but I don't think it unstylish either; it is a thoroughly fit and appropriate ornament. I even think it suits me. You have fallen here upon a *conviction*, Miss Malwine.'

'Oh!' she exclaimed, with quick gesture, as if intending to withdraw, 'if I am hitting upon a conviction——'

'Stay, stay!' he called out, evidently afraid she might run away; 'stop a while. One may overthrow convictions too. You have not told me yet what you have against my mane.'

'There is not much to say. I find it too long, that is all. I have no conviction, only a feeling. But when you said you looked upon it as a stylish ornament, I at once thought it might be so after all. Where have I got my feeling from? From the fashionable gentleman—the dandy. What do I know about these things? I do not know myself what I want. I have no Ego, no individuality; I am only eagerly wishing for one. Please take no notice of what I am saying, don't listen to it!'

Schweitzer looked amazed, almost frightened, at the girl, her outbreak was so unexpected. 'What—what are you saying?' he asked. 'You are not criticising me, but yourself.'

She got up and walked up to the window. It was her usual walk, which he already knew. Leaning against the

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cornice, she directed her gaze at him and said: 'Please tell me. Let us now drop your long hair, which is only perhaps old-fashioned, and discuss me. You should also be frank with me. As I have touched upon your weaknesses, tell me now what you don't like in me?'

'Excuse me,' Schweitzer objected. 'Granted even that I presumed to criticise you—we have not yet done with me. I beg for more——'

'There is no more,' she said curtly. 'Don't be gallant now, but sincere. You often wonder—how shall I express myself—at my movements, my gait. You are astonished when I seem to be too refined or to talk too intellectually. You wonder at my smile. I don't seem to be natural, harmless, artless—in a word, I am disagreeable. Please be as sincere as I have been with regard to yourself. It is so, is it not?'

The giant felt as disconcerted and embarrassed as a boy; he was quite ignorant of the reply to be given to a lady under such circumstances. Such a question had never been put to him.

'Excuse me,' he began again, shrugging his shoulders. 'Of course—certainly—I often have a feeling——'

'That there was something affected and artificial in my movements?'

'You are employing such strong expressions, Miss Malwine; you even said "disagreeable"; that, of course, you can never be to me. Everything in you is sympathetic to me—please don't shake your head; upon my word of honour—even to the little peculiarities you have just been enumerating. There is something in them, which to me——'

'But you do not deny them!'

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'No, Miss Malwine, I don't deny them. I would be lying if I did.'

'I thank you,' she said, smiling with some effort, and pressed her hands upon the cornice, against which she was still leaning. 'Had you chivalrously disputed my statement, I would never have spoken a serious word to you; in any case, I would never have trusted your word. One must have noticed it. I feel it myself. And others must certainly notice what you feel yourself. I cannot even ask anybody about it. Whom? Grandmother has no eyes for me; she looks into me as into a golden chalice. Among my girl acquaintances none of them is sufficiently intimate. My father—well, it is just my father who is the cause of my being so. That is the reason why suddenly the idea occurred to me—especially since I had been so sincere with you—and your face and—and you being our family physician!' she added with a hasty smile.

'So it is to be my *début* as the family physician!' Schweitzer replied.

He was glad not to have lost his humour entirely. The girl stood there with such wonderfully serious eyes—even when she smiled—and with such a melancholy droop of her shoulders. . . . 'Well, let us say, this is a medical consultation. There is something psycho-physical in it; it belongs to my domain. But excuse me: your father—why do you think he is guilty too?'

'I shall tell you,' she began candidly, her eyes, however, staring into vacancy. 'I have already told you my father had a wonderfully accomplished wife—the purest harmony! —oh, believe me, I loved her unspeakably. But in some things she did not do me any good. . . . When I had grown

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up, I noticed that I did not possess her beauty—well, that did not matter—but I also lacked her grace, her elastic gait, her agility. I did not feel it myself—but my father, he pointed it out to me on every occasion, and made me feel it too. "Emulate your mother!" he often used to say. "Try to become like your mother, child. You have a model, you are to be envied in this respect. Why should people say: The graceful mother and the graceless daughter. Can't you see and feel; learn from her so that you, too, might be able to please." Oh, I had ambition, and I was sensitive too. I felt that if I did not become like her, he would not love me, and I wanted his love, I struggled for it. . . . I think you understand a great many things, do you also understand such a child just growing into girlhood? anxiously following the look of her father, whom she idolises, and every movement of the mother, whose gracefulness is so natural, such a matter of course; who is constantly trying to reform herself—so as not to be short of love—and only succeeds in becoming just the contrary of what she is aiming at? Yes, don't shake your head. Remain sincere. We agreed that I am not natural. I only wished to explain how it came about. Oh, I tried so hard, that was just my misfortune. Quite ridiculous, is it not? such a silly child? Well, but enough of this!'

She turned round and looked out of the window down the winding, sloping street.

Schweitzer walked slowly up to her. He felt an awfully painful sense of pity for the girl; how he longed to put both his hands on her shoulders, not out of 'love' or tender desire, but simply to do something that would console her. 'My dear Miss Malwine,' he said softly, 'as far as my under-

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standing this is concerned, I, of course, understand it. There is still, however, something that is not clear. If you understand all this so well—and since you are now out of your teens—why don't you shake it off like an old garment?'

Malwine smiled sadly; he noticed it. 'You think that is so easily done? especially when it has been rooted so long? How many people know perfectly well how they ought to walk and to stand, and yet can't do it? I could perhaps do it after all, but that just he—my father——'

She evidently did not wish to continue, and only pressed her forehead against the pane. Schweitzer took heart and asked: 'Dear Miss Malwine, your father——?'

'Well—he *weighs* upon me,' she managed to say in half a whisper. 'I am never unconstrained in his presence, never. I ought not to have said all this; how could I have done it? How did it happen? What have we been talking about? . . . You see, there we have the result of all that stupid, impossible sincerity. You won't know what to make of me at all in the end——'

'I of you? Never!'

She sought his hand, as if to press it thankfully; but she withdrew her own immediately, raising it to her forehead. 'Oh, I hate myself!' she said.

'Miss Malwine!'

'I can never succeed in pleasing my father—and my mother is dead.—Don't imagine that I take it ill. He had a wife as I have known none other like her. You see she possessed an individuality. And what an individuality, too. He is now gauging every one by this measure—and naturally finds us too insignificant. That is also the reason, I imagine, why he had taken refuge in his ideal man of the future. He

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is not aware, perhaps, that it is my mother who served him as a model; it is from her that he took his ideal. Thus out of his grief arose his hope, out of his past his future was born!'

V

Malwine was still standing at the window. Neither of them had spoken another word. At last she began to wonder at the prolonged silence, and turning her head to look for Schweitzer, she saw him standing at the other window; he had stepped away silently and was gazing into the street, as it seemed. His tall figure stood motionless and rigid. She grew uneasy at last and approached him. 'Are you angry with me?' she asked softly. 'I ought not to have said so much. Or do you think I am ungrateful and unjust to my father?'

'Oh, what strange things you always imagine!' he murmured without looking at her. He grasped her hand and pressed it firmly. 'Dear Miss Malwine!'

'What is the matter?' she asked.

'All that you just told me has affected me very much. I have been thinking it over now. If you are right, if your father really took his ideal from his lost wife, unconsciously, then it all appears under a different aspect. It is no more a dream hidden in the dim and distant future, but one which already exists in the world. Every one of us—you, I—may aspire to it. That is the thought that crossed my mind just now. A mad courage suddenly swept over me. It is human nature. When man sees something which he thought unattainable suddenly coming nearer, he at once exclaims: "I shall attain it!"'

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'Not I,' she whispered.

'You must not talk like this,' he almost commanded 'you, least of all. What do you mean by it? You have been so discouraged; quite unjustly: and yet there is so much in you—a whole Easter Island!—please don't laugh at it; it is not appropriate. People who harbour such thoughts like yours and such profound feeling—a little too profound, perhaps; what I mean to say is that these feelings permeate you to the very core—such deep feeling elevates the whole being. That is also the reason why you imagine you had no individuality. What nonsense!—excuse me.— But I had to tell you that as distinctly as possible—rather a little bluntly if necessary. Courage! dear Miss Malwine; live on; and the day will come when some one will shape his ideal of the right man after you!'

'You are a very good man, anyhow,' Malwine replied, smiling feebly; 'you venture to make the most impossible assurances, only in order to inspire courage to a weak fellow-man! But I am not so weak after all, as you might imagine. Perhaps some day I shall be able to show you—— But enough of me. We have done nothing but speak of myself. I had something quite different on my mind on which I wanted to speak to you before Clare returns, only I could not muster up courage enough to ask you. But now you have given me fresh courage; you really are a doctor for the soul too—you have not yet seen my father?'

'No,' replied Schweitzer; 'your servant told me he was out.'

Malwine, suppressing a sigh, continued: 'I wonder whether you will find him changed. I often think, yes!—True, he has announced his intention of becoming sociable again, as I

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have told you already; but who knows whether he will stick to it, he has tried it so often; and then his colour—his look. You understand these things much better than I do; that is why I so much wanted to talk to you about it. Sometimes I grow so anxious . . . Please, tell me! Do you believe that he——'

She paused shyly.

Schweitzer left the window and made a step into the room. She followed him mechanically.

'What do you mean?' he asked. 'That he is leading an unhealthy mode of life?'

She nodded.

'That he might—harm himself very much?'

She nodded again; she had grown very pale.

'Briefly, you fear for him. His restless activity without any diversion—his constant solitude—perhaps bad sleep——'

She had nodded to all that he had been saying, but now she came nearer, lifting her hand so that it almost touched him.

'That is it,' the words escaped her; 'that is exactly what I wanted to ask you about. . . . Does he sleep? and how? He works far into the night; I can see the light through his door. Sometimes when I listen I can hear him hum or talk. In the morning, of course, he is in his bed, but on his table there are small bottles. . . . But I dare not ask. Who am I? . . . Therefore I entreat you: tell me——!'

'But *what*, dear Miss Malwine?'

'Whether you know how he sleeps? He is growing thin. And he is banishing his sleep by this constant nightly brooding and writing! And his whole attitude. . . . Being the physician you will know it. Perhaps you yourself—Tell me!'

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He shrugged his shoulders, full of pity for her grief.

'You are mistaken,' he replied. 'I cannot tell you either. His physician I am *not*; he has none, and will have none. I do not know what he is doing.'

'He will have none, you say. So you have tried already. . . . Please don't torture me. You are so good to me otherwise. Tell me then what you *think*, if you don't know!

She was ghastly pale, and he absolutely longed to bring her colour back. Suppressing a vague presentiment that he was about to do something dangerous, he said in his frank voice: 'Dear Miss Malwine, I am sorry to tell you that you are right, unfortunately. . . . But please do not worry about it. I am telling you only in order to put an end to your doubt; for I am sure you are brave in the face of facts, you are only afraid of the uncertain. I believe that your father is using strong poisons. He will continue to do this, however, only as long—as long as he works at his present mad rate; this must end though. He wants to say everything there is to say about his ideas. When he has done so, he will throw himself on his back and grant himself some rest. Then, of course, his divine constitution will be somewhat affected—but there will be nothing worse. You will tell him then of Italy and persuade him to go there. I will help you, if you wish. But you need not torture yourself unnecessarily!'

'You think——'

'What I am telling you. His constitution will stand it. Finish your barrel; he will like it, he will take his seat with the others round it and carouse—it will also be the best sleeping-draught for him. But now I must look after my

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private affairs; my first visit was here. Please tell the little Wheelbarrow, the Lion has to roar elsewhere now. Great God! now there are tears in your eyes. These I cannot stand at all!—Are you so dejected?'

She shook her head. 'Oh no!' she said, 'I am not dejected. No more. You will see!'

'What are you going to do?'

'Good-bye for the present,' she replied, with an evasive smile. 'I shall give your message to little Clare. And on behalf of Clare's *sister*, I must also tell you that she is very grateful to you. You are so good. You are like a brother. Oh, please keep your long hair!'

She gave him her hand at parting, with a gesture at once so simple and so replete with natural grace, as if she had never known what embarrassment meant; she smiled more openly than before. Only when he had closed the door behind him, she relapsed into her deep, almost solemn, seriousness; clasping her hands as if to grasp and keep all her will power, she nodded resolutely.

VI

About an hour later Adler returned home; night had set in. He came up the steep street ascending from the port; still damp from the brief, tepid March rain. A moist, spring-like air was blowing into his face; he inhaled it with avidity, all his pores and senses, as it were, eagerly welcoming the approaching spring. A youthful feeling of life had awakened in him. The rippling sound of the water was still

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in his ear, an unaccustomed sound too, for the river had remained ice-bound for over a month. He was glad to see again his two gables; they reared their tops against the grey sky, so tall and strange, like pillars of history; he guessed more than he recognised the ornaments, but like a poem one knows by heart, he saw the whole in his mind. Schweitzer's room in the adjoining house looked dark, but when he came nearer, a light glimmered behind the window-pane. Had the doctor returned? he wondered. Then he would of course soon see him. Were it not for those inquisitive, searching eyes of his, which I cannot bear, he would be the dearest man to me. Yes, he is evidently lighting his lamp. We could empty a couple of bottles to-night, I feel so jolly just now. . . .'

Suddenly his face grew sombre again; before his door he saw his brother-in-law, Lorenz Wiese. The gaslight fell full upon the somewhat pointed, dignified face with narrow lips, looking out from the high coat-collar, under the stiff, black hat, without which he never appeared. Adler, the hermit, had not set eyes upon him for some time; he was surprised to meet this 'half-man' before his house.

'Good evening!' said Wiese, politely lifting his hat, in his calm, tranquil voice. 'I have just been upstairs and am waiting here for you. I am rather anxious to see you. It is not often one meets you now in your misanthropic mood. As you are returning from your walk, I hope I am not disturbing?'

'Why did you not wait upstairs for me?' asked Adler.

'The air is so fine,' said Wiese. 'It is a real pleasure after this eternal winter to be able once again to open one's mouth without catching a cold! — of course, you are a man

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who never catches cold . . . What is it you see in my face?'

'A miracle!' replied Adler; 'you have changed. These whiskers in your usually clean-shaven, Roman face.'

'Of course! quite right!' Wiese smiled deliberately and delicately touching with his gloved fingers his new adornment, which terminated under his ear; his beard was as grey as his well-cultivated hair. 'I was not thinking just now of my beard . . . You are right, on the whole I do not change; I have passed this stage; when one has closed his "Weltanschauung" a man is completed. But about a month ago I happened to be reading the correspondence of my late wife, dating from the time of our engagement, and I came across a passage where she praised my whiskers; I used to wear them then—you did not know me thus. This produced a curious impression upon me. I thought: let them grow again, just for the sake of remembrance. . . . It might sound ridiculous, I quite admit it. I would smile myself at any one else in such a case. Live in conformity with your years! has always been my motto. In fact, I have a great aversion to sentimentality. But, enfin—who is entirely consistent?'

'No one, thank God,' Adler muttered. They had now reached his room; the lamp had as usual been lit, awaiting his return. Upon the large writing-table books, copy-books and papers were amassed in apparent chaos; one of his rapiers had been thrown over all this. 'Sit down,' he said, throwing down his hat; he had walked out without his overcoat on this mild day. 'You have not come for the sole purpose of showing me your whiskers; of course you want something. Well, out with it. You are looking so careworn

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all of a sudden. Here is an easy-chair, just suitable for the occasion. Now then—fire away!'

He took a seat himself, casting another quick glance at his brother-in-law. How on earth did he come to be Annamarie's brother? he wondered. There could be no question of a resemblance, but of contrasts. Even the patrician, aristocratic features reminding one of the sister looked as if they had frozen and grown stiff in pedantry. Wiese, who was still in his best years, looked an old man. Of the lips especially there was almost no trace; as a long, narrow arch they traversed the lower part of the face. The well-shaped nose had grown still more pointed in the course of years; the half-closed eyes with the drooping lids looked as if they were weary and disgusted with life. Wiese threw back his head—he had taken a seat—and his pointed chin lifted itself a little more from the depths of his antiquated scarf. Arranging the folds of his black coat neatly upon his knees, and suppressing a short sigh, he began to speak.

'It is a very sad story,' he said; 'I must state this at once in order to attract your special attention; it concerns not only myself but you too. My son Emil. It's about him. You are aware how carefully I have conducted his education —according to the best principles—I have never lived recklessly, but always knew exactly what I was aiming at. Now we have the result; my life's unremitting labour wasted. You know that the boy went from bad to worse. Bad company, thousands of lies and concealments, instead of childish confidence and trust, vices heaped upon vices—and naturally debts upon debts. I have paid them of course from time to time, as fathers will unhappily always do. I ought to have been hard, inexorable from the outset—a real,

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thorough Roman, since you spoke of Romans a while ago—it would have been as well perhaps. But, the mother! the kind woman! and then, think of our hopes. You yourself used to say: "There is something in the boy. Let the new wine deport itself absurdly,"—the line, I think, is by Goethe—"you might still get good old wine out of it." Well, it was to be hoped too. He wrote the best essays, had a splendid memory, simply surprising, recited wonderfully well, with too much fire and passion perhaps—but that was only due to his youth. He wrote verses himself and very nicely too; sometimes, when I heard him recite, I thought: aha! Schiller, but no, it was by himself! In short, who would have expected it—— Great God, who would have imagined it!'

'But what on earth has happened?' asked Adler, as Wiese, in his agitation, groaned heavily, wiping the big drops of perspiration from his forehead with his large silk handkerchief.

'Yes, what has happened? We have separated. I had warned him scores of times: Emil, I said, it cannot go on in this way. You are taking advantage of my kindness; you are relying upon my fear of scandal, my consideration for public opinion as a business man, as the bearer of an honoured name, as a man—but everything has its limits. I have done my duty towards you a hundredfold; I shall do nothing more! But he, instead of humiliating himself, grew obstinate and expatiated on the rights of man, raved against narrow-minded principles, and selfish views—he against me! You know me, you know whether I possess a general comprehension, an all-embracing "Weltanschauung." But he rattled away, giving expression to the most unripe, raving views; he confessed to my very face that he is disgusted with our egotistic, rotten state of society; it has

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goaded him into becoming what? a *socialist*; he, a socialist! The son of Lorenz Wiese a socialist. He told me that he had already joined these revolutionaries, has placed at their disposal all his mental property—yes, that was his very expression—his education, his knowledge and his eloquence; and just as people have hitherto talked of the old patrician family Wiese, they should in future know another scion of this house, the democratic, the revolutionary, the demagogue Emil Wiese. In my indignation I exclaimed: Then listen to my last word: you have now to choose between these people and your father; either you come back penitently or I take away my hand from you. But this insolent fellow laughed outright to my face: "Of what good is your hand to me, it does not pay my debts. What am I to do in your house; the air there is getting too dense for me, is suffocating me. Cast me off; I am satisfied!"'

Lorenz Wiese groaned. He placed his fingers between his throat and his high collar, which was evidently too narrow. He then pulled down his coat-sleeve which he had pushed back a little.

'And now he has left?' Adler asked.

'Yes. He has left my house. I am alone now with the old miss. I have sent him a last sum of money together with his things which he had sent for: Keep house on it! We are separated now.'

Adler was silent for a while. He cast a meaning, all-embracing glance upon the broken man. 'I am very sorry for you,' he said at last. 'That you are now parted—I am not surprised, though. I foresaw it. Only that he would go among these barren equality-mongers, these socialists — I should not have expected.'

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Whose fault is it?' retorted Wiese, drawing himself erect. He was evidently gathering his courage; his hitherto pent-up feeling of bitterness set his thin lips in motion, as if they were chewing something. 'I have purposely come here to tell you that. I must out with it. I cannot bear everything myself. Who made a socialist of him? You!'

Adler started up; but only for an instant. 'Methinks, brother-in-law, you are confused,' he said with outward calm. 'Think what you are saying.'

'There is nothing to think. I know perfectly well what I am saying. He, he, my Emil—— no, no more my Emil—— he told me that himself. He shouted it to my very face. "I know nothing of your so-called 'Weltanschauung,'" said he; "I have quite a different model by the side of which you dwindle into nothing. I have read Uncle Helmut's newest publications; there he says: 'The whole civilisation of which you boast is nothing but a transition, your society is rotten to the core. It is sapless and powerless, barren and weak; whatever is still sound in it will have to be used as manure for a new cultivation.' In that the socialists and Uncle Helmut agree. Your Pharisaic teaching of virtue, your conceptions of Good and Evil, your Philistine principles have only helped to turn people into sickly pedants and hysterical women, but have not made any men. You are only clinging to money and to property and you will therefore never reach anything above the ape-man. Both uncle and the socialists agree in that. You consider the earth a valley of misery and the world a heap of nonsense; therefore the vigorous, cheerful and happy youth must depose you and pass on over you. Down with you, the world belongs to us!"'

'Voilà!' Wiese continued, having breathed again and

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touched his throat with his hand. 'Have you heard it, brother-in-law? Have I retained it right?'

Adler sat motionless, staring into vacancy. 'What—what does all this mean?' he said at last with heavy tongue. 'If such an unripe boy, failing to understand my ideas, misinterprets them——'

Wiese interrupted him: 'Didn't he understand you? Is all that he told me about you wrong? Is it not printed in your works?'

'And even if it is,' said Adler, with trembling lips, 'what has it to do with socialism? I am not preaching socialism, but a new aristocracy of humanity. There is not a fibre, not an atom in me that does not revolt against these bacilli of destruction, these equalisers, these reducers of the world to its original pulp. If a demoralised fellow like your son appeals, in order to prove his own nonsense, to the very enemy of this doctrine, what have you or I to do with it?'

'What have I or you to do with it?' you ask. 'I am the father, the unhappy father; I ought to have something to do with it;—and who are you? Have you the right to throw such inflammatory pamphlets into the world, and set on fire unripe minds, turn the son against the father, and destroy the family happiness? You don't deny, I think, that you have written all this? No; you don't deny it! You only say, "What have I to do with the socialists!" . . . Yes; but they have to do with you; you have heard it! My son, the son of Lorenz Wiese, is drawing from the publications of his uncle, Helmut Adler, the ideas and sentiments which make him an enemy of society and a revolutionary. In your works —here they are,—he gathers his contempt for everything that he should hold sacred, for our morality, respect due to old

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age, blessing of the family, parents and teachers—"I have another teacher," he exclaimed with a sneer; "I don't want my father."'

'He certainly wanted another father——'

'Please don't evade me!' exclaimed Wiese, who too had now raised his voice; he had risen from his chair, his knees began to tremble. 'Keep to the point, if I may ask you to. "I have another teacher," he said, and for every kind of arrogance and licentiousness he now invokes your authority. I tell you, I don't understand you. If some one came to me as I have come to you, and told me, "Sir, such and such has been the effect of your publications upon my son, and such will most probably be their effect upon others," I would be shocked, annihilated. I would not sit there, like you, with this sneering, contemptuous smile and those sparkling eyes—of which, by the way, I am not afraid. Thank heaven, my moral indignation carries me above it. I would beat my breast in contrition, and say, Sir, sir, how could it have happened? What have I done in my ignorance?'

'You couldn't do better even now,' replied Adler, who had now risen and was leaning against his writing-desk; in his excitement he shook it with his right hand. 'Yes, beat your breast—you, the father. What! Accuse me? When did I issue those terrible publications that have demoralised your son? Two, three months ago. How old is your son? When did he begin to grow so crooked and distorted that at the death-bed of your sister you already told me, "It is as well that my wife, his mother, is dead"? And why did he grow so crooked? You had so nicely attached him to the espalier of your principles; he could have grown to be like you, had

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he only chosen to. He did not choose to. He has been attracted elsewhere——'

'By everything bad and licentious——'

Adler drew himself up involuntarily, as if to look down upon the other, who was, however, a good head taller. 'How do you know by what he has been attracted?' he snarled contemptuously, with unsparing sharpness. 'You unsuspecting man, you! You dare to attack me, indeed! . . . It was Emil's curse to have had you for a father; there! that is the truth! I am not going to take his part; it is not my business; I have no part in him; but this I must say: he deserved another father—if not a wise, superior, high-minded man, at least a natural man with sound common-sense, and with warm, sympathetic blood. You never knew what such a growing human being meant; you had traced your model beforehand according to your own notions — miserable enough—and thought yourself obliged to your Creator or to your *Weltanschauung* to furnish an exactly similar copy, as you were yourself, neatly bound in principles. Blessing of the family indeed! . . . Into what have you turned your son's home? Into a bridewell, a hell. Thrashing and ill-treatment would not have been so hateful as this cold, bloodless, theoretical education, by which you have frightened him out of your blessing of the family, and driven him among the light-minded. He might have become a gaol-bird, but he could perhaps have turned out a fiery, cheerful, honest man full of temperament; you understood nothing of the latter, and barred his way, and so he became the former. Now you know it! You have had no rest, you fool, until I told you all this; I have spared you long enough—but now you force it from me. Your son is your own work!'

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Wiese could scarcely breathe; for a time he tried to talk, but in vain; he could only whisper without uttering any audible sound. He stood quite erect, although trembling; his lips were deathly pale, so were his cheeks. At last he paced up and down the room as if to regain his composure; then he stopped and placed his hands upon the large table, in the attitude of an orator upon a platform on the point of addressing the audience; but it was only a helpless, unconscious gesture. A miserable aspect still—he had torn open his buttoned-up coat—he at last found his voice: 'So, you think that my son is my own work!—Very well. . . . My son my own work! I will accept the statement, absurd as it is—yes, yes, absurd—I am not going to choose my words now, we are not sparing each other! My son is my work; but this does not exonerate you. This, at the utmost, accounts for his being a scamp, a disreputable fellow who ought to be expelled from among decent society, whose debts no one will pay, and who has come down in the social scale. But it is *your* work—yes, yes, you may blaze up, if you like, but please to mark what I say—it is your work that this scamp does not keep his place, does not retire among his equals—honest people on one side, dishonest on the other—but he actually stands up in his obstinacy, against whom? Against his own father, shouting with defiance in his tone. "You, you are the thieves and the robbers, whilst we are the honest folk! On our side are health and vigour, the future, and 'higher morality'; if we don't hang you, we still hope that you might do it yourselves; that's all you are good for." That is the new doctrine; it is printed; the man who teaches it has been professor; he puts himself high above Schopenhauer; well, above whom does he not put himself? Above

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the whole world! That is the new gospel to which we appeal——'

'We have had enough of this!' Adler exclaimed fiercely.

'Oh no, we have not had enough yet!' cried Wiese. He had gained his old eloquence, so often practised, and was almost intoxicated at the discovery. 'The new gospel; if it is a blasphemy it does not originate with me. You have set yourself up as the new redeemer of humanity; all the great minds and benefactors, the profoundest, my Schopenhauer included, are done away with. But in the sacred scriptures it is said: 'You shall recognise them by their fruit! There is my son, my Emil, your first fruit. That he is now a lost son, you little care; care? On the contrary, it is his honour, his duty to be so. He would be a lost man in your sense, were he not a lost son in mine. . . . I give him to you, this son of mine. Take him, adopt him. Let him take his oath upon the new bible; pay his debts; put him up as the prototype for the new youth!—Thank God, I have done with him. I have done with everything. Good-night, brother-in-law! He took up his hat, and made a mechanical, polite bow. But his dignified attitude failed him at parting; his knees tottered. He staggered somewhat unsteadily through the door, which he left open. Adler heard him gasping a while on the stairs.

VII

For a considerable time stillness reigned in the room. Adler sat again in his chair almost motionless. But his brow was as black as thunder; the blood rushed to his pale lips, but left them again; the eyes, flashing fire, were wide open, staring into vacancy. He was battling against a frightful

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feeling hitherto unknown to him; that he should have sat before this Lorenz Wiese, this contemptible half of a man, like a condemned criminal in the dock; that he should have failed to reply, not because he thought the other too low or too unworthy of consideration, but because he had heard the voice of another accuser in his own inner consciousness. Am I a fool? he thought. What is this echo in me? What have I to do with this foolish babbler? If a depraved fellow misinterprets the good words he finds in my ideas, if what is intended as a cure for others turns to poison for his diseased brain, is it my fault? And, after all, I am not yet so sure that the son is really so abandoned as the father has painted him—this father! this one! It is perhaps quite the reverse: from a dissipated boy my 'gospel,' as the babbler calls it, has perhaps made an enlightened, ennobled, defiant fellow, who wishes now for something better, but is only touching the wrong note, who is going the wrong way, but whom one may after all be able to help. This father, who never did understand his son—why should he have done so now? But still there was a stifling, tedious, leaden ill-feeling in Adler's breast. It revolted him; it irritated him; it drove his blood to his brain. Accused, abused. . . . His pure doctrine, destined to elevate humanity, branded as the theory of good-for-nothings, of petty equality-mongers, of low ape-men; this has happened in his own room; here before his very eyes, to his own face, a man has dared to do it—and this man had gone away safe . . . not annihilated, not crushed. Jupiter's thunderbolt, Thor's hammer had not been hurled down upon the blasphemer. What was it that trembled in the air? Adler raised his eyes. It was his own clenched fist. He had again felt himself as the god of the elements, hurling his

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thunderbolts; this happened to him often now, in his dreams as well as in his waking. A wild intoxication of strength swept over him; it made his arm tremble and ache with the desire to crush, as if with the hammer of Thor, Miolnir, all hostility, to destroy it, to demolish it. Only then he would feel well again. But now he was pained. This individual, this creature had left scatheless; hence this burdensome feeling on his breast. There was nothing hostile near him. He missed it. The door was open still. If he now returned, this insolent babbler; if he again—— Oh! if he did it. How I would——!

Somebody appeared in the aperture of the door. It was not Lorenz Wiese, however. The tall figure of his daughter Malwine came in softly; she closed the door behind her. He stared at her in amazement; it was so strange to see her in his room at this hour. It was looked upon as something forbidden. She was evidently trying to overcome a feeling of anxiety and shyness; but she approached with an air of calm, firm decision. Her mouth smiled, whilst her beautiful grey eyes had not lost the look of solemn gravity peculiar to them. 'Excuse me, dear father,' said the soft voice; 'I just passed your door, it stood ajar, and I saw that you were not at work. Your visitor, too, is gone. So I thought——'

'Child, what do you want?' he asked, without looking up, so that she might not notice the fury in his eyes.

She was trying to find a harmless starting-point. 'Dear father,' she said, 'Doctor Schweitzer has come back.'

'And this you must needs tell me now?'

'No, no—it is not that alone. I only wanted to tell you; he—— I am very grateful to him, he has soothed me. I have been very uneasy—you must hear me out quietly,

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father—that you might overwork yourself with your wonderful thinking and writing and all that. Don't frown on me, father; you are our all in all; it is only natural that we should care about you and think of you; it is not weak on our part in any case! Doctor Schweitzer told me. Don't worry——'

'Well, then, it is all right!' he interrupted her.

'Oh yes, so far it is all right! "Your father will continue to write," Doctor Schweitzer thinks, "until he has said everything he has to say. He will, of course, be somewhat exhausted; he is using himself up so unsparingly; but then he will grant himself some rest——"'

'Grant himself some rest!' Adler repeated angrily. 'Will grant himself some rest. Why should I listen to all that this young man has been telling you? Doctor Schweitzer says, Doctor Schweitzer thinks——'

'Then we shall leave him out,' said the girl, who was beginning to lose heart; but her vow was too sacred to give way to despair now. 'I should only get the barrel ready—he advised me—but I didn't wish to speak of him any more. You look surprised, father; yes, a barrel. It should have been a surprise; but now I would rather tell it to you to-day——'

'Why?' he asked, astonished.

'Why? Because I imagine you will be glad and might perhaps start to-night with your jolly carousals. You intended it; you promised it to me. That is why I prepared the barrel. There is nothing antique in it, but still it is in the spirit of the Greeks. You sit down round it and "carouse"; nobly and poetically——'

'Nobly and poetically,' said Adler, smiling. 'How the

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girl talks. It certainly would be acting in the Greek and in my own spirit—— But methinks you are suggesting it with too much zeal, as if you wished to entice me with this sugar-coated pill. It seems as if it must carouse, nobly and poetically. What is it you have in reserve?'

'Nothing, father; nothing at all. I only hope it will do you good, will make you cheerful after your hard work—and bring you healthy sleep. Wine is the best sleeping-draught for you, father, says Doctor Schweitzer—but no, he has nothing to do with it, everybody knows it. You will lie down again blissfully, Dionysian wine-man that you are, and will require nothing else to send you to sleep!'

Her voice began to tremble. He noticed it at once.

He suddenly grew sombre, and knitted his brows; she saw it and knelt near his chair. 'Don't be cross, father,' she said, in her softest accents; 'please don't be cross that I am talking to you thus! You have lost your sleep, and you are trying to get it by force. It ruins you, however, dear, dear father; to all your hard, gigantic work that is wasting you, these poisons . . . I entreat you——'

Adler started. 'Did he tell you that, this Doctor Schweitzer?'

She shook her head.

'Don't lie!' he exclaimed. 'Don't lie to your father. How do you know it otherwise than through him. He has sent you——'

'No, no, no,' she replied quickly, frightened. 'I only asked him—nothing more. And he told me——'

'He told you! Well then, then I shall tell him too—immediately, on the spot——'

His face was flushed; his eyes gleamed wildly as before.

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He rushed to the door and ran along the passage. Malwine jumped up and, wringing her hands, ran after him. Without knocking, Adler opened the door leading to Schweitzer's room. Blissfully unconscious, the young doctor, engaged on some easy work that put him into a cheerful mood, was sitting concealed by one of his beloved tobacco clouds.

'One word, please!' said Adler, without salutation; he stopped in the open door. 'These are nice doings of yours! Before your departure you try to play my master, to interfere in my private affairs; you did not succeed though. You return now, and what is your first business? You address yourself to my daughter and send the child into the fire. My dear doctor, I must tell you—you seem to know neither yourself nor me. You are exhausting my patience——'

'Father!' cried Malwine; 'it is not so!' She was standing behind him in the door; her face was colourless. 'He did not know that I was going to see you; he did not know it!'

'I don't know yet,' said Schweitzer, who had risen and was looking from father to daughter; 'I don't understand. Will you please explain, Herr Doctor——'

'Don't play sweet innocence!' cried Adler. 'Can't you see, can't you hear how I am controlling myself; indignation is contracting my throat —— I should like to utter quite different words —— but I am controlling myself. You are inciting the child against the father! You teach her what to say; you soothe her with regard to my state of mind, my doings, in order to impress upon her afterwards: continue my work, fall on your knees, wring from him the poisons. You absolutely want to break up our friendship——'

'Father, you are mistaken, you are mistaken!' pleaded

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Malwine; 'he has told me nothing—— O doctor, please say something! Tell him how it is!'

Adler shook his arm against her. 'Don't interfere. Don't cast glances at him and instruct him how to speak. I am betrayed; but you are mistaken in me. Such nets I shall rend with one finger. Why don't you speak, doctor? Do what the looks of this young lady are telling you to—tell me how it is.'

'I shall tell you, of course,' replied Schweitzer, who was still mastering himself; he felt, however, how his blood was mounting swiftly and angrily to his head in face of Adler's wild looks and words.

'I must tell you, above all, that you are raving; I do *not* incite children against their father; I have not sent Miss Malwine to you. This very moment——'

Adler interrupted him: 'You have not spoken to her about my sleep, my unreasonableness, my obstinacy?'

'Yes—that I have. What is true I don't deny. Because Miss Malwine inquired of me——'

'You are very brave, my dear sir. You don't deny it. Your so-called master, whom you ought to treat with a little more respect on your part, you simply tell him, to his very face: "Yes, I have discussed with your daughter, in confident conversation, your unreasonableness and your obstinacy." What does it matter to me whether she inquired of you or how all that began? You presume too much, young sir. My daughters have not come into the world that presumptuous, domineering young men might conspire with them against their father. This conspiracy began on the very first day, when you gallantly invited my daughter to follow upon the Easter Island, saying: "If Miss Malwine is not coming, I am

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not going either." Please leave my daughter alone. I have no right, of course, to claim obedience from you, you are free to do what you please; but don't presume to meddle with authority in *my* house. Otherwise there will be an eruption.'

'So there is,' Schweitzer burst forth. 'Deuce take it! I have a great amount of patience; I had decided to stand still like a pillar, not to say a harsh word —— but I can't put up with your tone any longer. You only insult—you never listen. I am *not* conspiring against you, never have and never shall—but what is the use of talking, you don't believe it. You only believe in yourself. I wash my hands!'

'Father, listen to me!' Malwine begged. 'It came from me—only from me——'

'Let me!' Adler cried, so suddenly that she recoiled a few steps. 'You want to drive me mad—want to drive me mad . . . Wiese, this one, all of you! There it is. He is telling it to my face. You only believe in yourself. And so I am mad already. I have lost my senses. The mania of grandeur has taken hold of me! Who is the gentleman who is telling me this? He calls himself my friend. He calls himself my follower. He is not conspiring against me; he maintains it; it's only part of his medical art, physician's comedy—in order to set a poor maniac, who only believes in himself, all right. This is duty. What else can you do with such a crazy fellow! What did you say the other day? Otherwise he will "concentrate himself dead"!'

Schweitzer shrugged his shoulders; he would not speak. A look, however, at Malwine, who stood pale as death leaning against the doorpost, made him say: 'Please

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look at your daughter, your imprudent words will kill her. I entreat you, let us drop the subject for the present. I am young, my head is ablaze—I cannot quite be responsible for myself. Another time when you are in a mood to listen to me, we shall talk the matter over!'

'There is no necessity!' replied Adler, apparently collecting himself. 'We need not listen to each other any more; you to my imprudent talk—which might do you harm—and I to your impertinent observations. It is better we part at once and again go our separate ways. Excuse my having entered your room so abruptly; I—I was excited. It is over now. In all tranquillity I now bid you farewell—for ever.'

'Father!' Malwine broke out, but she said nothing more. She only wrung her hands.

This gesture irritated Adler; he shook his arms and his eyes flashed fire; then transferring his wild look to Schweitzer he continued: 'And so we are going to make an end of it! The two houses shall again be separated, the connecting-door I shall lock up.' His eyes wandered about the room which he only seemed to recognise at this moment. 'I had vowed never to enter this room, I ought to have kept my vow. It does not bring me luck. Good-bye!'

He beckoned the girl to follow him: she tottered along the passage. Schweitzer remained silent. When he reached the connecting-door, Adler locked it, taking out the key. 'To-morrow into the water with it!' he muttered to himself, putting the key into his pocket. Then he straightened himself, threw his hair back from his forehead and walked to his room with a firm step.

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FIFTH BOOK

I

THE next day, the sixteenth of March, was approaching its end. In the west, where the river curved towards the north, the sun was just setting; it glittered a while above the dark water in which it had not been mirrored for months. The ice which had remained firm longer than usual—it had been used for vehicular traffic—had suddenly given way, was crushed, and the thick masses of ice were being carried along by the swollen river to the sea; in the morning the river once more looked like an open sea. The borders, however, in the reed were still covered with ice, and in the port, skirting the town, the small bays that had not been touched by the storm, were filled with blocks of ice. A little further up, one of these blocks, after resisting the current for a while, detached itself, turned slowly into the navigable water line, and floated down into the sea.

Adler was again at the seaport; the spring air had allured him earlier than usual from his cell. He sauntered along the re-animated strand, trying to refresh his spirit, gloomy after the events of the previous night, in the magic of the beautiful evening. The mild south-west wind seemed to soothe him, his soul expanded, the vigour of his mind was still fresh, his will unbroken. The gleam of the waning light shone over land and sea. Never perhaps does it affect and

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intoxicate us so much as in the early spring when the winter stiffness is just melting. All our feelings are then in a state of surprise.

Hovering over the icy mists the sun glows with beautiful radiance through the wintry air. The sun was setting, and from the tinted evening sky a mother of pearl gleam flooded the mirror of the river, which only yesterday was but a grey, dirty plain of ice.

Adler was again on his bridge, contemplating this virgin mirror, his heart filled with a sense of wonder and deep joy.

Tiny billows rippled and gurgled round his ship.

My gull, Adler thought, was soaring skywards, uttering its most joyful cries. Slowly the day was sinking into the river.

The seaport loiterers had disappeared one by one: Adler saw himself alone on the bridge. He walked back towards the town and then again to and fro. The heavy load which had rolled from his heart had come back; the stream in his breast, not so freed as the one before him, was freezing again; there was dark night in him. What is this Karl Schweitzer? he thought. What is a single individual? And yet, he felt as if he had lost more than one man with him: as if the bright prime youth of his undertaking was gone; as if he had to begin it over again. . . . With a feeling of deep oppression, and his pride suffering terribly by it,—he again retraced his steps in the direction of the water. Suddenly he saw there something that quite startled him. Was he dreaming? or out of his senses? On the river, a little higher up, at some distance, stood a figure. It stood on the water; the water was evidently flowing under it down the river, and the figure was floating too. It was swimming but standing erect,

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with arms folded, and motionless. The light was waning, and the face of the figure invisible: but he could see that it was either a man or a boy. Adler listened in dismay, he thought he heard him sing. . . . 'It seems that I am myself now beginning to believe that I am mad!' he muttered at last. 'Otherwise I ought to have told myself at once: in any case there is nothing supernatural in this. And I ought. . . . He is floating on an ice-clod. I can't see it on account of the fading light, that's all.'

On the embankment a small crowd had gathered, people were talking and pointing in the direction of the figure. 'This won't keep very long,' he heard an old, hollow voice; 'the ice-lump will soon break, and down he goes!'

Then I must save him! thought Adler. The ice-clod must have detached itself and have been carried away by the current; he is going to the devil. . . . Why isn't he calling for help? Thus thinking, he had already glanced around and discovered a boat, evidently belonging to one of the anchored ships, standing between ice and water near the bastion. With youthful agility he darted forward, climbed down the bastion and jumped into the boat. There was only one oar for use in the notch in the stern. Adler worked it with the skill of a waterman, he had once learned this sailor's mode of sculling. Slowly he sculled along between the ice-clods; further on, in the open sea, he moved quicker, although he had not sculled for years. He was approaching the figure; he could now see distinctly that it was that of a man. But he seemed to be mad; for he was pacing up and down his long, narrow ice-floe, and, his arms crossed, was talking and singing; he was really singing. The voice seemed familiar to Adler too. With all his might he sculled

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along, irrational though it appeared to him to try and save a madman, who had evidently made up his mind to take his own life. He looked from his scull to his goal. 'Emil!' he suddenly exclaimed. He had recognised the short, well-built frame of his nephew, clad in a fine, navy blue suit, and a soft hat on his curly hair.

Emil ceased his song and lifting up his arm cried, 'Devil take it, leave me alone! What brings *you* here!'

Adler did not reply; a confused, strange feeling seized him. The son of Lorenz Wiese! The 'best son'! Frantically he pulled the scull, working with double force. 'Get in!' he commanded, having come up to the ice-clod.

'Leave me alone!' Emil repeated, shaking his head. '*You* save me—it is too stupid!'

'Haven't you heard? get in!' Adler repeated in a most imperative tone. 'Come along!' His gesture was as commanding as his voice; the young man stared at him, but made no attempt to resist any longer, and got into the boat. 'Sit down!' Adler commanded. The pale-faced, good-looking boy obeyed, putting his hands upon his knee with an air of resignation. Adler turned and rowed back to the shore; the abandoned ice-block was carried down by the current and disappeared in the fast approaching night.

'How did you get on the water?' asked Adler after a while, looking over his shoulder, and still continuing to scull.

'Well, upon this ice-block yonder.'

'How did you get upon the ice?'

'Sheer imprudence. I was standing near the boards there on the shore. The ice-clod began to turn, just on

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the point of sailing away. Hallo, I thought, I am going with it.

'How did you imagine it would end?'

Emil laughed aloud. 'Why think so much? I feel no inclination to think any more. It just suited my whole frame of mind and general condition to sail along. Let us see what will happen!'

'Can you swim?'

'Not much. Not a long distance in any case and in such icy water.'

'Did you intend to take your life?'

'No; that is just what I did *not* want to do. I found this a good pretext. It was a sort of "divine-judgment," as they used to call it in olden times. Had the ice-clod burst and had I been drowned—well, then, there would have been an end of the matter. On the other hand, should the ice-block have proved solid and set me again somewhere on shore—then I should have tried once more to live. Then I should have made another effort. I would never have thought of such a mad joke though, that my Uncle Helmut would come and save me. I would rather you would have let me go. Why are you gazing at me with such an inquisitive look?'

Adler had ceased sculling. Again he fixed one of his deep, scrutinising glances upon the young man. The resemblance to Annamarie struck him again very forcibly. A kind of distorted mirth that had covered Emil's countenance had disappeared; he was now irritably pale and care-worn, not bad-looking, though dangerous traits had had time to burrow themselves round the mouth. The little beard did not conceal them. A somewhat softer, warmer feeling

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stole into Emil's eyes when he read in Adler's face the serious, sympathising expression. He grew embarrassed at last, and began to smile.

'How did you get the idea of this "divine judgment?"' Adler asked again. 'I think I have heard that you had a new plan of life. You had joined the socialists; you intended to work with them and for them, and devote all your powers to their ideas. Under such circumstances one does not swim down the river and throw oneself into the Unknown.'

'Oh yes, such was my intention,' replied Emil, twirling his short moustache. 'It was partly despair. With such a thorough "bourgeois" father, and having once looked so thoroughly into his heart——' he broke off with a gesture. 'Let us drop the subject! We are touching upon a weary, unpleasant story, it will not interest you!'

'But you have not yet explained——'

'How I now got upon the water? Debts, dear uncle. The socialists can do a great deal, but they cannot pay debts. They don't do it, in any case. Since I have cast off my father—again he laughed aloud—my creditors seem to take a special interest in me. The handsomest young girl never had so many followers. What could I do? I don't like to run away. America does not attract me. Suddenly the ice-clod looked so inviting. Hurrah, I thought, I'll set sail.

An atrocious feeling, thought Adler, to hear all this wild nonsense uttered by a voice that reminds me so much of Annamarie. He wanted to scull on, but stopped. 'A divine judgment!' he said. 'If it turned out well, you had decided to make an effort and try to live anew. Had you thought of it seriously?'

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'Well, yes,' replied Emil, with some hesitation. 'As well as one is able to think in a moment of depair.'

'What do you intend to do now?'

The young man jerked his head back. His face looked so firm, so youthfully proud—exactly like that of Annamarie, when some one had irritated her—that Adler was almost frightened. The boy looked as if he had been her brother. 'But please!' he retorted; 'you are questioning me as if I were a schoolboy. With all due respect, uncle, I am of age, you know. Besides, you are not going to give me anything. Leave me therefore alone!'

Adler was about to reply; but he only moved his lips. Hesitatingly and lazily he worked on with the rudder; they were slowly approaching the shore. In order to do something, Emil began to whistle; but the big head of his uncle turned towards him; he seemed to feel that it was hardly suitable for the occasion and his whistling ceased.

'Where do you live?' asked Adler, after another and longer interval of silence, speaking over his shoulder.

'I don't know.'

'You don't know?'

'I could not say: with "Mother Green," there is nothing green as yet. It is deuced cold too.'

'But where do you intend to go? Oh, well, I am questioning again, like a schoolmaster. The fact, however, is that I am—your uncle. I can't let you go to the dogs. Now I come to think of it, you have received from your father—he came to see me yesterday—a last sum of money; a parting gift.'

Emil smiled. 'Has he told you that? Yes, just like him! I have paid my debts with it.'

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'Given away everything?'

'Yes. It was not mine. And my importunate lovers—my creditors!'

'And now you have nothing?'

Emil shrugged his shoulders, this questioning annoyed him. He shook his head and stared straight before him.

They approached the landing-place, near the bridge. 'We shall soon be on firm ground,' said Adler, to all appearance sullen and gloomy. 'I am living near here, you know. I have a spare room; it is vacant at present. I can offer it to you now; for to-night, at first.'

'Ah!' said Emil aloud; he seemed surprised and stared at his uncle for a while, without uttering a word. But he surprised Adler with two big tears that slowly came into his eyes; he looked exactly as on that day when he came to see Annamarie on her deathbed. 'Uncle——!' he stammered at last, strangely moved.

'Yes, of course,' said Adler. 'Just because I am your uncle!'

'But such a nephew! I am considered a monster in my dear native town; or, to use my father's pet expression: a disreputable individual. And he no doubt painted me yesterday with a fathom-long halo round my head.'

'Cease this talking, Emil. Don't kill your feelings. What do I care for what others say? I always went my own way. Here is the man to whom this jolly-boat belongs; no, it is only the cabin-boy!' The boat ran against the boards of the landing-place; a friendly grinning boy took hold of it with his brown, tarry hands. 'Here is your vessel,' said Adler, nodding to him; 'I hadn't stolen it. Good-night and thank you!' They got out and stood at the top of the

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stairs at the bastion. Adler seized Emil by his coat; he almost pierced him with his big eyes. 'Now, tell me, boy, what do you intend to do? If you wish to come with me—it is not so simple: you are selling yourself to me, to a certain extent. When you leave me again, you must not do anything mean or bad: one does not leave Helmut Adler in such a manner. Consider it? If you do come with me, after all, as my guest, you only need nod; then it's all right!'

'Uncle!' said Emil, evidently touched to his very heart. He nodded. Adler released him, smiled, and they walked away together.

II

The lamp was burning as usual, when they reached Adler's study; they met no one on the stairs or in the passage. Emil seemed agitated and troubled. His uncle invited him to sit down, but he shook his head and crossed the room. 'You haven't been in my house for some time,' said Adler.

'No,' said Emil, with a sigh. 'The last time it was on that evening when——'

'When you saw Aunt Annamarie for the last time. You were very moved then; you indulged in words of repentance and contrition; do you still remember? I said to you then: Don't promise anything, you are not going to keep it. It has proved so. I am sorry for you. . . . But have no fear. I am not going to lecture you. I only just thought of your words on that occasion: "This woman, as long as she lived, never gave me up; don't do that either, uncle!"'

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Emil supported himself with one arm upon the table, looking upon the papers and the books. 'Yes, yes!' he said, 'it was so stupid. It was so awfully stupid. To whom did I go from the chamber of death? To the governor. There I was lost. Out of sheer obstinacy, rage, I again became a scamp. Could I have come here—into this room, uncle—into this atmosphere—could I have remained with you—then my vow would not have sounded so stupid; I could have kept it then. I could still have kept it. There are your works. I have read them. Now I know more than ever what a great man you are. I don't wish to flatter you. I only wanted to assure you, uncle, that I was not lying. I really wanted to reform, but I lacked the support—a pillar —let us say, a father!'

'Yes,' replied Adler honestly, 'you did lack a father indeed. But you had me instead. Of course, not in the house, but as a model. You have read these writings; they too are alive, they speak; it is to you especially, to the young generation that they are addressed: rouse yourselves! Become men! They don't tie you up in theories, principles and dogmas, they only teach you. All powers are good, allow them to develop, let them run a race, only show them the right goal!'

'That 's how I understand your ideas,' said Emil. 'They have inspired me . . . I had only been so . . .' He tried to finish his sentence with a gesture; weakness had evidently come over him and made him lose the power to speak. The colour that had come into his face during the walk had disappeared, his look was dull. He leant heavily against the table.

Adler did not notice it; in his excitement he finished Emil's sentence for him, 'You had only been too weak, had

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no backbone, you had been utterly disheartened. But deuce take it, you had, in spite of all, good qualities for a real man; there was in you a fresh sap, fiery blood, a strong sense of life; you had a clear head, a certain manly grace—not bad too—and thorough daring! If my works have really made an impression on you, then you need not be struck off the lists as yet. What have you done after all? You have committed many mad follies, but nothing mean. Your backbone was feeble. That's it. Otherwise you would have come to me, would have said: you are looking for young blood to save it from the decadence of present age for the great future; uncle, take me! And I would have taken you, boy—would have shown you the way, taught you how to become a man. Think, think what it means: a man! a man! In this wonderful life-stirring, hard, cruel, but still great world, the greatest thing! the most glorious thing. Treading the ground with his foot and reaching high above the clouds with his free spirit. The most childish and most powerful, the sweetest and most terrible sentiments are not alien to him. He can play the fool at any moment, and in the next, if he only chooses, he feels like a god. He can annihilate in cold blood, if the god in him wishes it; but he can also pine away with pity. He is more beautiful than the most beautiful creature; but nothing can be compared to his inward beauty. Yes, yes, yes, so he is the complete, the true man. To strive after, to aspire to this goal—Emil! What is there that can drag one from this goal down into the swamp? It is madness, Emil. Come to your senses!'

'What is the matter?' he suddenly asked, for looking at his nephew to observe the impression his words had produced upon the latter's face, he saw that it was ghastly pale.

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'You are gazing without seeing anything, and I am afraid you are tottering. Aren't you well?'

'Oh yes,' stammered Emil, who could hardly speak, 'but I am weak. I have had nothing to eat.'

Adler started. Beating his forehead, he exclaimed, 'Not to have thought of it! There we have the professor! Nothing to eat, since when?'

'I have had nothing to-day anyhow. And during these damned, desperate nights precious little sleep too. . . .'

'Sit down!' said Adler, and seizing him by both his shoulders, he led him to the sofa. 'I am a nice host, I must say. . . . Only a minute's patience now!' With a quick step he left the study, walked first into the dining-room, where he only found oranges and Greek wine; then to the larder, and got everything the boy required. He brought it in upon a large tray. Line, the servant, had appeared, but he motioned her away. When he returned he found Emil stretched out upon the sofa, his head a little higher and the feet propped up against the sofa-arm. His eyes were closed, and when Adler called him softly, he did not reply, neither did he move. It did not seem to be a fainting fit, but a deep sleep of exhaustion. Adler put down his tray, and approached softly. Shall I wake him? he thought. No, I shall not wake him, he requires sleep perhaps more than food. His naturally kind heart made him keep still. His arms akimbo, he contemplated his guest.

He was struck by the noble features of the unfortunate boy; the fine arch of the eyebrows, the delicate nose, the full and beautifully shaped lips, with the aristocratic corners of the mouth. What a resemblance! he thought, much moved. In this deep peace of sleep, Emil's own individuality

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had, as it were, been wiped out; the little beard even was scarcely noticeable, nothing but a youthful, soft, and delicate air, mixed with a trait of mysterious firmness and harshness, remained. It was as if Annamarie was lying there. . . . Yes, yes, Annamarie, she is alive; she has disguised herself; she may return in this boy's frame. Take heart, she seemed to say, touch me, and I shall awake!

For a long time Adler stared before him, his gaze dim and veiled; then he shook his head. No, he thought. So resembling this woman, that I feel as if I wanted to die—and a lost man? I don't believe it. Nature does not go astray to such an extent. Are not these noble features only other words for a noble spirit? He could not put up with the father; out of obstinacy and opposition to this father he became as bad as he could—bad? Not bad either; he had only acted like a foolish, irritated boy. There he is, like some foundling, placed before my door. Or like the child Moses, saved from the water by me. . . . How he was driving along on that ice-clod there—there was something in it after all! And why is he now lying here so exhausted and so hungry? Because in his wild pride he had given away everything to the last penny; there was something in that too. I can't look on any more; still Annamarie. . . . He only lacked 'a pillar,' he said. He shall have it. Sleep on, my boy, you shall have it. Have I saved you *once*? I shall be able to save you *twice*. Corrupted to the core through me, your father said. I have you on my conscience! I!—Well, then, we shall see. It would be the right thing for me to do, to take this noble blood, spoiled by the ape-men, purify, renew it and make it instrumental for the great work—the blood of my Annamarie! Yesterday I lost one—to-day I

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have found another. 'I make you a present of this son!' Did not Lorenz Wiese say so before he left me yesterday? Yes, he did say so, I think; with his patrician pathos and his peevish world-despising face of a Philistine. 'Take him and adopt him!' Yes, yes, yes, I shall take him. In the name of Annamarie I'll take him and adopt him.

He sat down near Emil; the solitary man felt as if a great joy had suddenly leapt into his heart. He listened for a while to the breathing of his 'foundling'; then suddenly thought: whilst he is asleep I can do something for him. Softly he approached the table upon which stood the tray with the food, and just as Annamarie in olden times used to prepare in a motherly way bread and butter laid over with his favourite food for the little Emil, Adler did it now in her stead. He then filled a glass with dark yellow wine. 'Uncle! what are you doing?' he suddenly heard the boy call out—even the voice reminded him of buried times. 'Are you awake now?' he asked. Emil had risen and was now sitting up. His eyes had a hungry look in them, much of the resemblance had vanished, but there was still something touching upon his pale countenance.

'Here is something for you to eat; come here!' said Adler, trying to make the somewhat soft tone of his voice sound harsh.

'I am quite ready for it!' replied Emil cheerily. His easy-going spirit had returned. He sat down at the table and at once began to empty bottle and plate, which were placed upon newly arrived proof-sheets of Phœnix publications. His finely shaped hands and his ivory-white teeth were busily working. Adler, sitting upon the next chair, his arms

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propped up, watched him smiling, 'Like a shipwrecked mariner!' he said after a while.

'Now we can have a serious talk,' he said, when the young man pushed aside the empty plate and finished his glass. 'You will stay here the night; that's settled. I will inform Malwine of it by and by. . . . If you wish to remain here longer, it will depend upon yourself. Listen to what I am going to tell you. I have inherited you from your father. But, of course, only if you are such as I take you to be. The father of your aunt, your grandfather, was an extraordinarily high-spirited and noble-minded man; from him you both have your frame, your face, Aunt Annamarie and you. Whether you also have enough of his soul remains to be seen. I once hoped so. Then I gave you up. Fate has now placed you here. Try again. You have been taken with my ideas, you say. That would be a good beginning. You remember that at her deathbed you told me: "Had she been my mother and you my father. . . ." The father you can still have. I am courageous, am I not? I imagine you would disgrace neither *me* nor *her*. If you now ask yourself, unsparingly, and then tell me: yes, I belong to you, and will remain with you—then I shall take you, Emil.'

They were sitting close to each other; Emil stretched out his hand as if he wished to grasp that of his uncle; he let it drop, however, got up and moved away a few paces. Various sentiments had been expressed upon his face whilst Adler was talking to him. First confusion, incredulous amazement, uncertain emotion, followed by a curious restlessness and quick reflection were all readable on his countenance; his eyes had wandered round the room, his lips were distorted by a curious smile. Suddenly he stepped forward with a

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passionate, somewhat theatrical, movement, and fell on his knees. Uncle, what a man you are!' he exclaimed. 'On my knees I must—— no, no, let me; I can't tell you otherwise. Even now I can't do it; I can't conceive it yet; it overwhelms me—my heart is too full. Not that you wish to assist me in my extreme need, I am not talking of this; but that *you*, the great man, the thinker, the Redeemer, the man who has written this—who has inspired me—that he does not give me up, that it is *he* who is saying: come to me, I shall take you——'

'If you are thorough, Emil——'

'This I am, uncle! I don't look it, I know it. I have disgraced you—but if you, you the prophet of mankind, take me up once more, then you will be surprised, uncle. I tell you there are powers in me. . . . I have always respected you highly—but now much more, more than ever; no one can be more inspired than I am, can admire you more. And I understand you perfectly; believe me, upon my honour—no, not honour, the word is not suitable—believe me, I understand you thoroughly. You wish to find in me an adherent, a "follower"; you will find one in me, I give you my word! all my powers——'

'Enough, stop!' said Adler somewhat angrily; he forced himself, however, to smile. 'What stuff you are talking. . . . You understand me thoroughly. . . . Don't get intoxicated by your own words; it is the too-ready eloquence of the Wieses. Get up in any case. This is too much theatre for me. I shall have time enough to believe in you, if you stand the test. Get up above all!'

Emil got up and smiled; everything changed so quickly upon his face. 'You are right, uncle,' said he, 'I behaved

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like a child. It must have been due to my great excitement; I rattled away, too, like a child. It is well that you stopped me short; do it always, uncle. What I really wanted to say in all modesty, as befits me, was simply that my good will is there. If something can be done with it, then you will do it. I put myself entirely in your hand; I belong to you; I am your creature!'

'But the socialists, Emil——'

The young man smiled contemptuously: 'Don't talk about it, uncle; it was only so—I have told you already: despair! I belong to *you* now!—— But talking of despair . . .'

He pursed up his mouth as if to whistle, swinging his right arm; then he made a few steps in the direction of the door as if he intended to go. It was only, however, an expression of care and restlessness; he came back at once. 'What is the good of all this, uncle,' he said, with a desperate smile. 'I am lost. Debts! Even if you paid part of them —and that would be just like you—you can't pay all. It would be too much. I am lost!'

'Your debts!' replied Adler. 'I never thought of them, of course——You damned rascal! So you have obstructed your life. How much do you owe?'

Emil beat the air with his clenched fist, uttering a sound that seemed to portend nothing good. 'How much? Can't say it myself. Don't know it. I must ferret them out, and count them up. I shall do it, naturally, but it's of no use. You can't help me!'

'Too much?'

'I am afraid so. I should, of course, prefer to say no, I hope not too much. I cling to you, my deliverer, with all my soul; I can't think of despairing again after this deliver-

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ance. But I must not expect it of you—great and good as you are. Let me go to rack and ruin!'

What eyes he has, thought Adler; they are not sincere: they only pretend to despair heroically, magnanimously; but all this while they are entreating me, and appealing to me. He is not a Karl Schweitzer. . . . I shall not get another like him again. I knew it, though: Emil is not pure and uncorrupted. But the poison shall be driven out of his blood; this will be my work. They will be surprised at the 'master,' the maker of men, they will make eyes, Lorenz Wiese and Doctor Schweitzer. They want to belittle me. Nothing troubles me. I know myself. He brooded so long that Emil began to be afraid that all was lost; but now Adler approached him solemnly, and placing both his hands upon his shoulders as if he was taking possession of him, said, 'I have inherited you, and am going to keep you. It is hard for me. I have little money, and in the opinion of the world, I am now acting like a fool. But I don't mind. To-morrow we shall reckon up; if I can pay all your debts, I shall do it. First, however, you must promise me solemnly: not another penny in debt! And, Emil Wiese is dead, Emil Adler, the man to be, takes his place!—now we shall go into the drawing-room to the ladies. They have not seen you for some time. Don't kiss my hand. I don't like it. You are now like the Phœnix; you have risen to life again from your dead ashes. Do me honour, Emil!'

III

Schweitzer was returning home the next day from his medical round; he was not tired, although he always used to

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walk, but his step was dragging, limp, and lifeless; he felt no joy in going back to the rooms which he used to love so much. Entering his room he saw Hans Bergmann at the window; he had not seen him for some days past. Hans, his legs crossed, was writing with a pencil in his pocket-book placed upon his knee. He greeted Schweitzer with his head, and scribbled on.

'What are you doing there?' asked Schweitzer.

'Writing music,' replied Hans. 'One moment, I have finished.' He closed his book and put it into his pocket. 'I was waiting here for you,' he said, 'when an idea suddenly occurred to me. Rather funny, Karl, at home I can do nothing; sometimes a splendid idea, a charming motive; but when it comes to writing it down, there is always an interruption; a *billet-doux* from a little lady, or an appointment, or simply the fact that I am staying with Hans Bergmann. This fellow is decidedly my ruin. He is always engaged upon some secondary matters. That is the reason why the space between *Bergkrystall* and *Bergpartei* in Brockhaus's *Conversationslexicon* is still vacant. In future I shall come to you to compose. . . . But, Karl Schweitzer, now tell me!—— I am here for this purpose. What have they done to you?'

'Forbidden me the Easter Island,' said Schweitzer, smiling.

'Don't smile so magnificently; I am beside myself. Last night I come to the Adlers' absolutely unsuspecting; there I find the ladies looking so *peculiar*; the little one's eyes are swollen and red with crying. Miss Malwine takes me aside —have no fear, we were very circumspect—and tells me what had happened between you and the "master." I was astounded! I said: would you mind repeating it; I don't

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yet understand it. Then father Adler came in and—and I was coward enough, a slave of the so-called conventional custom, and said nothing.'

'What could you have said?' asked Schweitzer, taking a pipe from the desk; but, casting a disapproving glance upon it, he shook his head and put it back.

'What could I have said? Something monstrous, something terrible I ought to have said; I ought to have knocked him down, this King Saul, his condescending friendship. I ought to have shouted into his face—*con brio maestro*. You did not know what you were doing when you quarrelled with Karl Schweitzer; together with this simple doctor of medicine, you have also lost me, the great vacant space between *Bergkrystall* and *Bergpartei*! But instead of all this, we sat there and conversed——'

'The better, little Hans,' said Schweitzer, but closed his eyes and threw himself upon the sofa.

'How so, the better? Consideration for the ladies; the old nonsense. Manly pride cowering before a woman's apron! I shall write to him now. I shall——You will move out now, Karl?'

'Yes, after this——'

'Naturally, I shall put a stop to the wild stream of my melodies, and help you in it. . . . Excuse me, Karl, if I appear to be talking so much nonsense. In reality I am in a very serious mood. I shall now write to him to look out for another David. Devil take this great man, if he is such a fool! He who breaks off so abruptly with you, I have nothing to do with him!'

'You will not dare to do it, little Hans,' said Schweitzer, apparently very calm. 'There is no sense——'

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'I shall not dare?' asked the musician. 'Ah! that's funny——'

'No, you will not.'

'I will not dare?'

'No!' thundered Schweitzer with all the 'Krupp's cannon' in his voice. But casting a glance in the direction of the connecting-door, he added in a subdued tone: 'I am obliged to you for your good intention, little one; but there is no sense in it. Those over there want you. For my sake, Miss Malwine should not lose you, her life is not so cheerful; and the master, too, he should keep his David. He is not a fool but not a very happy man, with whom I very much commiserate.'

Hans had risen; he turned towards the wall connecting the two houses and with a light, low voice, as if Miss Malwine was sitting over there, said: 'Now attention, miss, I am going to thunder in my turn.' Then he turned to Schweitzer; the cheerful, spiritual face seemed to blaze in fury, he shouted as loud as he could: 'Nothing is so repulsive as people who are always in the right!' Then quite softly, almost in a whisper, he continued: 'You are right again. Notice how quickly I have perceived it. It is the influence of the "Easter Island" always to be noble and great, a complete man! Such is now my motto. It is a damnably hard one for me. You will find it easier; naturally, I am annoyed; that's why I shouted. But again you are right; I am wanted over there. Malwine told me so herself. Yesterday, when I left, she whispered: "Don't you leave us too. It may still be all right again between your friend and my father. It will come all right. Please stand by him!"'

It was a painful, miserable, jealous feeling with which

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Schweitzer was now battling. 'Did she tell you that?' he asked.

'Yes. In her touching contralto voice. Nevertheless, I wanted—— But as you yourself have that magnanimity, then I will not resist, especially as there is great consternation among the women over there. King Saul has a new Karl Schweitzer; and what a one.'

'What do you mean?'

Hans sat down beside Schweitzer upon the sofa-arm. 'Pull yourself together, Karl. I once told you about an old love or fancy of little Malwine. The old flame is now trumps over there!'

'Emil Wiese?'

'Yes—He is really growing pale—To recall your colour at once, I shall add quickly: Dear Malwine is quite upset. Father Adler brought him into the house; is going to adopt him; I am afraid he is also going to pay his debts. Emil Wiese is evidently going to be saved and purified. There was very good wine last night, just as on our first evening; the young man that is to be purified drained many a bumper. He is justified in doing so, however; I saw that he can stand a great deal. I envy him this quality; nothing else!'

'What sort of fellow is he?' asked Schweitzer carelessly, taking up the pipe and apparently very calm, but he only packed the cold tobacco a trifle closer, his eyes still riveted on Hans.

'I'll tell you that in three words: kind of caricature of myself!—This makes five words. The whole evening this fellow made me feel quite uncomfortable, for I could not help thinking: take away a piece of gentleman and add in its stead a piece of scamp and I am just as disagreeable a

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creature as he is. This fellow is also jolly, entertaining, an idler and thoughtless; he is good-looking, too—better looking even than I am—only lacking my charming intoxicating long legs. Even his moustache is the same as mine. And with all that I detested him mightily. Why is this so? I pondered over it and grew quite pensive. To-day I have a *Katzenjammer*, a moral one, I mean. It is his fault, too, that I was suddenly seized with a composing fit; altogether mighty resolutions are now swelling my bosom. I must become as dissimilar from him as possible. What do you think? Of course, you don't know him. But this cuckoo that has intruded among the nightingales over there shall at least prove useful to me. I am going to swallow him often as a pill in this sense; *recipe, probatum est.* And so you intend moving out? When?'

'I don't yet know, Hans,' said Schweitzer, putting back his pipe; he had not lit it. 'Again look out for a house—again wander about—all this is so dreadful. I—don't like it. But it will have to be done very soon!'

'Thank heaven,' Hans exclaimed in a pleased tone of voice, 'you, too, are weak-minded for once; or as I call it, mentally lazy! —— But whenever you require my assistance —don't spare me—don't care about my music scribbling, my restless activity, be selfish, cruel, inexorable. By the way: shall we tipple together to-night and cheer you up?'

'Thank you, my dear Hans,' replied Schweitzer, patting him upon the shoulder with such emphatic cordiality that Hans nearly broke down. 'To-night I am busy. But very soon!'

'You ought to know: I am sacrificing myself. Yes, but don't smile in such a lofty, superior manner; I am quite

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serious about my new melody. I am going to take Emil Wiese as a sort of kola-nut for stimulation. As far as you are concerned, Karl—it will be all right. Anyhow they will never subdue you. Good-bye.'

Hans took his hat and light overcoat and left; Schweitzer accompanied him as far as the top of the stairs and came slowly back. 'They will never subdue you,' he repeated mentally, standing still almost sadly. 'Oh yes, it's very nice if other people take one for such a giant; you straighten your back and stiffen your knees then. But, nevertheless, the world is not beautiful to-day. The whole Adler-dream is over. Malwine as if she had never existed. She is flanked by Hans and Emil Wiese to the right and left. Oh, I should like to swear, and how!'

He walked towards his room. At the farther end of the short corridor at the connecting-door, he heard some one knocking, first timidly and carefully, then quite audibly. Schweitzer first thought he had been mistaken; but the knocking was repeated, this time louder still. Something white, rolled up, appeared in the keyhole, as if pushed from the other side. 'Uncle Gee-up! Uncle Gee-up!' chirped a fine, doleful voice.

'It's my little Clare!' he exclaimed much moved, and immediately walked up to the door. The child had evidently heard him, for now she whispered: 'There is a letter in it. Can you see it?'

'Oh yes,' he replied.

'Your bass voice growls so loud. Take it then, Uncle Gee-up, and read it!'

'I have it,' he whispered, pulling out the little roll of paper.

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'Go to your room then and read it!'

She evidently stole away; he entered his room. Little Clare's letter was not closed but folded. She had written it in large characters and hastily, but it was quite legible:

'DEAR UNCLE GEE-UP!—I have just returned from school and am writing you this letter. Father has forbidden Malwine and myself to talk to you. But we shall see. I am very sad. I love you now more than ever. I'll write you every day a letter if you like it. But you must certainly send me a reply; put it in the same door at a quarter to one, before we take our meal; I will fetch it then. I love you, you may believe me. Last night I cried in bed. But afterwards I fell asleep. Dear Uncle Gee-up!

'YOUR WHEELBARROW.'

On the last page there was a postscript:

'Imagine, Malwine was walking about yesterday repeating all the time: "It's my fault, it's my fault!" But she wouldn't tell me what she meant by it. Sometimes she is so funny. She does not know that I am writing to you. Nobody knows it. But I do it. YOUR CLARE.'

For a while Schweitzer stood still with the letter in his hand; but he was moved too and was not ashamed of it. Then he sat down at his writing-desk, took up the smallest sheet of notepaper he could find and wrote in big, clear characters:

'MY DEAR, GOOD CLARE!—That you so much love me, I am heartily glad to hear. I love you too, very much indeed, as if you were mine; as if you belonged to me entirely. But a

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father's wish must be obeyed; Wheelbarrow, don't creak. If you are not supposed to speak to me, you must not write to me either. I think so at least; ask your sister; she knows what you may do and what you may not; she only does what is right. We will have no secrets from her; show her this letter. I am sad too, Wheelbarrow, but I hope for the future; we know nothing about it, but the future knows a great many things about us. These dear rooms, our circus, our lion's den, our robber's forest, I shall soon have to leave. It cannot be helped. You and your sister I shall never forget. If your sister is of opinion that you may write to me once more, then put your letter to-morrow morning in our letterbox when you go to school. Otherwise farewell, my beloved child. I kiss you a thousand times.

'UNCLE GEE-UP, also LION ——.'

Schweitzer was not disappointed in his secret hope. When, the next morning, he saw from his window little Clare running off to school, her letter had already been written and placed in the letterbox. He went out and found it neatly rolled up in the keyhole. As soon as he opened it, however, he felt a mighty shock. In the large space between the lines of the child, the elder sister had added many observations in her painfully diminished handwriting; the whole presented a rather motley aspect, but it pleased his eye as if it had been the most beautiful picture. His heart beat wildly. He walked quickly to his room, but on his way he read as follows:

'MY SWEET UNCLE GEE-UP!—You see, Malwine too says: To write is not to speak——'

(Here there was already the first interpolated note in

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Malwine's hand: 'I did not say so exactly, I only thought; father has not forbidden Clare quite distinctly to write you a farewell letter. And so I am writing too.')

'And I write you now again cheerily; that is to say, not cheerily but very sadly. For it is nonsense about your removing; Malwine says so too!'

(Between the lines Malwine had written: 'I have not expressed myself exactly in this manner. But I ask you not to do it yet!')

'First of all you have taken the house for six months and paid your rent. And besides you must not leave; Malwine says so too: All will be right!'

(Malwine had added: 'Of course, I have not said so exactly. I only hope so. Don't you?')

'I am sad, I don't want to write any more. Cousin Emil wanted to play with me to-day, but I did not like to. I don't like him at all. Malwine likes him better.'

(To Schweitzer's relief Malwine had written on the top of this line: 'The difference is not very great, I think. Clare is only a little naughtier.')

'And so you won't leave, lion. I kiss you a thousand times, and then three times. Alas! and now I must not write to you any more. But Malwine says, You should write me again——'

(Here Malwine wrote: 'O you little Clare! I did not say so. I only thought, he will undoubtedly write to you once more. I only said so to console her!')

'And now I am sure you will do it and I won't cry any more. I am now singing like Tyras. I can do it now as well as he.

'YOUR WHEELBARROW.'

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On the vacant space there was written in Malwine's hand: 'Oh, I wish I could tell you how ill and unhappy I feel; for it is all my fault. I have acted so stupidly, so stupidly when I talked to my father. Please forgive me. I wish you would write again to Clare and tell me that you forgive me and will not leave your rooms.

'To-morrow morning at nine in the letterbox I shall expect a note from you.

'I have promised myself solemnly to repair what I have spoiled; to be as brave, as firm and as strong as—if I were you. It will be necessary. Difficult times are coming into our house. I am not going to despair, however.'

She had not signed 'Malwine,' but simply a timid 'M.' Schweitzer looked at it for a long time with small, burning eyes; at last he drew it to his lips and pressed a long kiss upon it. She had written to him! She herself! It was her handwriting, her 'M.'

He sat down at the table and replied at once.

'My beloved Clare!—I am sending, for the present, this last letter; but if you could see your sad lion just now: he is laughing all over his face—why? because he evidently believes better times will come. He is waving his mane. He is roaring. He is roaring majestically from his leonine heart. I shall not leave, but wait for better days. We shall be brave, like men, Clare, we all together. In your second letter you made a blot. I forgive you, however, I forgive all those who wish to be forgiven.

'Remain faithful to me! I remain near you, as near as one possibly can.—In faithful love!

'Your Uncle Gee-up.'

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IV

With all his grim earnestness Schweitzer had thrown himself into his work. The beautiful days for which he had hoped had not yet appeared. March had gone and two-thirds of April had followed; great changes had taken place in nature, but none in the Adler family. The young 'Phœnix' continued to live there, hated most heartily by Schweitzer (who only saw him from his window), used as a stimulus by Hans Bergmann, feared by the ladies and taken care of by the master of the house with all the fidelity of his manly pride. In the street Adler did not appear with him; Schweitzer never saw them together; he hardly saw the philosopher at all now, for the latter began to avoid even the twilight and wandered only at nightfall upon his ship. But late in the evening he appeared among the young people round Malwine's barrel. The 'David' too had to be present; he loved his joviality, and often wished for his play; sometimes even he liked to set the jolly Hans against the other 'Lebensfreudiger,' against Emil and to instigate a duel of humour, whilst he looked on with merry eyes, like an old, carousing king seated in his armchair. Otherwise he was easily lost in meditation; the gloomy pallor of his noble countenance increased, the fleshy cheeks grew wan and thin. The spring had not rejuvenated him; the first silvery grey appeared in the wave of hair above his forehead and on his temples.

One afternoon Schweitzer was again sitting in his room, surrounded by his medicines and books; he avoided his house in the evening, but the whole day—all the time that is left to him by his patients—he worked almost as restlessly

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as his neighbour, trying to forget everything. Suddenly the servant entered and announced a visitor, that surprised him. Old Frau Adler wished to speak to him. Since his quarrel with her son he had seen the daughters from his window only surreptitiously, and with the utmost cautiousness; the grandmother, however, he had met several times in the street; he had greeted her respectfully, but had never spoken to her. What did she want now? He rushed out into the ante-room to meet her.

The slim figure stood there modestly, almost timidly; yet there was something noble and dignified, something of the nun too in the old lady. She greeted him with a soft, almost girlish, bow, asking him whether she disturbed him. He should tell her candidly, for if so she would call another time.

Schweitzer had blushed (the devil only knows why! he thought; perhaps because he discovered such a likeness between the old woman and Malwine in gesture and bearing); he assured her, however, that she did not disturb him, and invited her to come in. Her grey, melancholy eyes began to smile. With a light step she entered the room and sat down upon the sofa as she was asked to, sitting, however, upright and erect; a peculiar trembling movement against which she evidently fought was visible round her lips.

'You are surprised,' she began; 'you are naturally thinking: what does the old woman want? It has ended so sadly, after such a quick and beautiful friendship. . . . As if we were all dead. My son has even forbidden the children to have anything to do with you; he could not forbid me this . . . Nevertheless I am here without his knowledge. It is —it is about him. Dear doctor—I am his mother. It is perhaps strange, but for the mother the most ripe, the greatest

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man always remains the child. You see, I—I care for him now just as forty years ago. What nights I pass. . . .' She suddenly put one of her fine hands—now in black gloves—upon his arm, saying, whilst her sunken eyes were directed at him inquisitively: 'Do you hate him now?'

'Dear lady,' replied Schweitzer (his voice was rolling too loudly he thought, and he subdued it), 'had you known me a little longer, you would not have asked this question. I can only hate something bad and mean. For your son I shall always have a feeling of reverence and respect. I am only sorry that—that it has happened thus!'

'You see, that is what I was hoping for,' she replied; 'on the very first evening I thought that you were such a good man, I mean a thoroughly good one, one in whom Christianity ——although you are as little a Christian believer as my son.'

'Dear lady,' said Schweitzer, 'I think nowadays things have come to such a state that there are as many good Christians *outside* the Church as within it.'

The old woman smiled mildly; out of politeness she did not contradict him. 'That's why I have ventured to . . . You respect my son and you honour him; and, believe me, he too is not your enemy. He loved you so much. It has only —come so suddenly over him. . . . He misses you now; and he also regrets it; he is craving for your society. I know it, I have heard it. Once I listened at his door—I was so restless, so anxious about him—and I heard him talking to himself quite aloud; my dear, dear doctor (her voice began to tremble) he does it often now. He spoke of you. He wanted you back. He scolded you too; but then he called you back, as if you should return. He called you by such

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endearing names—oh, it was so touching, Herr Doctor. No, he does not hate you. He only has his pride—the great, great pride; it surrounds him like a wall, like a coat of mail. He will never make the first step and say: Come back, I was wrong. This, only a Christian can do. You are not one, you say; you are not a believer, but you are softer than he is—and you are younger too; is it not so? You could take your heart into your hand and make yourself small to a man like my son without hurting your pride, you could call him again "master" as you used to, and tell him in your kind voice: I have been wrong a little, let us be friends again!'

Schweitzer reflected a while, looking into her grey eyes. They had sunk deep into their sockets, seeming to have done so as to be nearer the soul, which now shone through them so directly.

'Oh yes,' he said after a while, touching her hand gently, 'possibly I could do it. Of course, I don't quite see that I was wrong, but if it were of any good for you, for him, for anything—great God, what would one not say in such cases! And we physicians get accustomed to treat people like sick children.——Excuse me, I ought not to have said that; it must hurt you for your son. I withdraw it. But—you have certainly not come to me for the sole purpose of reconciliating us in general. What could he miss in me? hasn't he the others? And then—your face. How deeply you sighed just now; something is troubling you. Tell me frankly what it is. It must weigh like a load upon your heart. Why do you so eagerly wish me to come back?'

'O God!' she exclaimed, and two big tears came into her eyes. 'How quickly you feel and notice things. . . . Yes, yes, it is true, I am telling you all this as a selfish mother. I

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am not ashamed of it though; I am too unhappy to be ashamed. Yes, I want you to come back to—to look at him, to be his physician—to observe him, my God—and to tell me how all this will end!'

She had risen, had opened and thrown back her short mantle and was wringing her hands. He had expected this denouement and was not surprised. 'Dear, good——! he said gently, but calmly, 'would you please consider another point before you continue to speak. There are more than thirty physicians in this town. I am almost the youngest of them all. There are experienced professors of high reputation——'

She shook her hand with an expression of fear upon her face. 'No, I don't want them. They are *strangers*, and should not——! Besides, he does not know them, he would not allow them into the house. No, no. Only if a real *friend* ——and you have been his friend; you can become one again. Nobody, nobody but you!'

'You are mistaken, I am afraid. What should I——'

'You should tell me what it is!' She interrupted him. And forgetting the womanly shyness by which she had been swayed when she entered his room, she clasped his shoulders, her hands were trembling, her knees too. 'Dear doctor, help me! I am alone, I have nobody; I could not speak of this to the child, to Malwine. I am torturing myself to death. You should tell me whether my son is sound here—here——!'

She beat her forehead.

'But, dear lady! Why do you think——

'Herr Doctor! Herr Doctor!' she exclaimed in a doleful voice. 'How am I to explain it otherwise? How is it possible —say it yourself—that a man like my son, a *man* like *my son*, should do such things? Such a wonderfully clear and

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intelligent head—excuse my saying so—a man with such lofty thoughts, brings into the house this fellow. First he quarrels with you—but I shall say nothing of this; men do strange things when they are excited. But then he brings this fellow into the house—such a demoralised man—and is throwing his money away at him, he is treating him as if he were his own son. He initiates him in all his ideas, as if he wanted to make a second Helmut Adler out of him; and he allows this leech to suck him, he does not notice it, or does not wish to. . . . And besides! O Herr Doctor! How he talks to himself. How he sits there. How he wishes to get away from us, somewhere into solitude—God alone knows where! And how his eyes often stare at me. . . . Herr Doctor! he was my pride. I have placed him so high—above the rest of men. It is my punishment for my pride. . . . But help me; he is my son! my child!'

She looked at him through her tears, he stood there so big and so strong, like a pillar; suddenly she sank upon his breast. Schweitzer was almost frightened to feel her so near to him. He held her a while with gentle hands, so that she might feel safe with him. When she had at last cried her fill, he put his hands upon her shoulders and carefully pressed her down upon the sofa. 'Now we shall talk about it,' he said in his soothing, determined voice. 'But please lean back, you always sit so erect. Have you noticed any *new* cause for alarm in your son, that you are so despondent? Please tell me; or is your anxiety perhaps due to the increase of his—— well, of his whole attitude as I knew it?'

'Oh, it is getting worse every day,' she replied with a sigh; she was again sitting erect. 'Quite new? I don't know. But this Emil,—he told me once himself, "Mother," he said,

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"he is lost." And now he treats him as if he were his own son; Emil's father himself goes about saying, "My brother-in-law is not in his right mind." To hear this as a mother. . . . But if it were not true, I would not care but laugh at it. Great God! I can't laugh. It is to be seen in his eyes—in his words—great heavens, how is it possible!'

Schweitzer took a chair in front of her. 'Please, please, control yourself!' he said, gently stroking her folded hands. 'As far as this Emil is concerned——'

'He is throwing away his fortune on this good-for-nothing,' the old woman broke in. 'Oh, it was only very small, and now it is all gone. Were it for a great purpose, I would say nothing, but the child—I mean his daughter. He does not see the world as it is, doctor, he does not know what he is doing. Excuse me if I am sobbing again; it is so hard to speak against my own son——but I must tell you everything if I wish you to help me. Madness has perhaps been lurking in him for some time. So many ideas are crossing my mind, I rack my brains and think so much—and I hit upon many things. He has not inherited it—that I am certain, but as a boy.——Once, very curiously, his eyes seemed as if they were gummed up; he was blind, could not see for twenty-four hours. O my God! what agonies——'

Schweitzer took hold of her hand. 'Then it passed?' he asked, smiling a little.

'Yes, then it passed,' she said, drawing a deep breath. 'It passed off mercifully, and has not occurred again. . . . But many years later—he was fourteen then—I heard a terrible rattling noise; I was in our little garden, I rushed into the house and there he lay unconscious at the foot of the stairs, his feet upon the steps, his head upon the floor. He had

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slipped on the top of the stairs and fallen back, and his poor head, doctor, knocking against every step; that was the noise. And his poor face—like dead——'

'You must excuse me if I interrupt you again,' said Schweitzer calmly. 'That happened more than thirty years ago?'

Frau Adler nodded. 'Yes, thank God! But if you had seen him then;—and how peculiar he was all the day and the next. He complained of his head, he felt sick, would not speak or think. It was then that I suddenly felt anxious: O heavens, if his brains——'

'But it passed, did it not?'

'Yes, it passed.'

'Well, then, why torment yourself, dear lady. Such things don't recur after thirty years.'

'Is this quite certain?'

'Quite. Did anything worse happen in his boyhood?'

She shook her head.

'But let us drop the boy,' he continued, 'and talk of the man. Many things he does seem peculiar; to you he does not see the world as it is, you say; he is excited, dreaming; he longs for solitude; he stares at you like a ghost. But my dear lady, you are aware of what is going on in him. Do you imagine that with such thoughts like his one walks about like any ordinary man? Don't you think that the mothers of all those great dreamers, founders of religion, reformers have not also wondered at their sons? We shall say nothing of the mother of Jesus, but the mothers of Buddha, Pythagoras, or Mohammed—to mention only these—don't you think they often clasped their hands and tormented themselves: "What has come over my child?"'

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Frau Adler looked at him doubtfully. 'Do you really mean it? Is it your solemn, earnest opinion, Herr Doctor, should it really be nothing else?'

'I am not saying it is so, but it could be so.'

Again she shook her head, with a renewed disconsolate look in her tear-dimmed eyes. 'But this Emil!' she began anew. 'To hope that something would come of him—to nurse and cultivate this weed as if it were a lily—Herr Doctor, such a clear head! and actually ruin himself for this fellow. O my God! do you call this sanity and common-sense?'

'It need not yet be the contrary,' replied Schweitzer. 'Those who look into such a distance often overlook what is nearest to them; and very clear heads often believe what they ardently wish for. But allow me another question; you said, if not for the child. May I ask what——?'

'What our Malwine is doing? Yes, Herr Doctor, you may know, of course, for she really does it in *your* sense, as she says. How the child is plucking up courage, who would ever have thought it of her. She used to be so timid—or no, not timid, but so hopeless; she was crestfallen, did not believe in herself, made herself out to be very insignificant, and let things take their course. Of course, she was so young! But when this new fate came, this Emil, and we all noticed that my son was throwing everything away for him, and completely I lost head and heart—for oh! dear doctor, life has broken my spirit too; or it may perhaps be a certain anxiety for my son, I don't know. . . . But what was it I was going to say? I don't remember any more. These last weeks have made me so—so stupid——'

'You said: "When this new fate came——"'

'Emil, to be sure, and I became despondent—Malwine

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pulled herself together: I was amazed. She did not irritate or annoy her father—not that—but she patiently and calmly awaited the propitious moment, was very loving and tender, and when we were sitting together one evening, we three by ourselves, and he was very kind and gentle with his "good daughter" as he called her, she put her arm round his neck and said——oh, what did she say? I cannot remember her own words. She was now managing the household, she said, and everything in him was great, large, and generous, and so was his hand too, and if it should continue, this generous hand will soon have given away everything. How should she then manage the household, she asked. He heard all this and smiled. In a word, without any falsehood, but with jesting and laughter she coaxed from him all that there still was in papers and money. She should now manage everything, he told her; should take the interest and superintend the house as well as possible, and nobody—not even her father—should interfere with her. She would sit upon the hoard like a dragon, she replied,—great heavens! the hoard is very small. But she is actually sitting upon it. This little thing—of course she is now grown up—she does her work well, so quietly and so firmly, it is a real wonder. Nothing but work all day long, for I must also earn, she says, otherwise it won't suffice. You know how her quick, artistic fingers work—she can do something with them. Oh, she is quite changed. She even carries herself differently—really—she has quite different shoulders, I sometimes think; she walks so straight, so naturally. . . . Oh, my dear doctor, what stuff I am talking; you must think, this vain, loquacious grandmother can't stop.—It is so stupid, too. But when it is so dark round you, it does one good to perceive some light. And our light is

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Malwine. Otherwise there is so much darkness, Herr Doctor.'

'You are certainly not talking too much of Miss Malwine,' murmured Schweitzer without looking at her. 'But there is something else;—excuse me. . . . Miss Malwine must also earn, you said, and she is keeping the house as well as she can. Pardon me—then she might possibly be in difficulties——'

Frau Adler blushed like a young girl and shook her head.

'For heaven's sake, dear lady, don't think me obtrusive;—but you are treating me as a friend; may I not speak as one? Should you be in a difficulty——' He tried to smile as cheerfully as he could, and pointing to the wall between the two houses, added, 'I am certainly the "nearest"!'

'Thank you,' she said cordially, pressing his hand. 'Difficulties! No, thank God! we have not yet come to this. Malwine told me last night: "No worries, grandmother, we shall manage."——'Alas!' she continued, getting up—she folded her hands and raised her eyes to the ceiling—'how could one talk so long of it—when the danger is so great? Herr Doctor! My son! I wanted nothing but to entreat you——'

'What can I do?' he replied, shrugging his shoulders in spite of all his pity. 'He refuses to see me. Why? because he imagines I had instigated his daughter to watch over his health, because I interfere. Granted I come back and all goes on well, we are reconciled; what will we have gained by it? As soon as I dare utter a word "as a physician," then all is over again.'

'Yes, yes, yes,' she said, nodding sadly; 'I see, it would be over again. But you could *observe* him, couldn't you, without saying anything. Your eyes are different from mine, your know-

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ledge is different too; "He is a born physician!" my son once said to me—you were on good terms then. If you could only *see* and *hear* it would mean so much. You could tell me then: yes, I believe he is ill, something must be done to save his mind——or if you could console me: let him go on, he is quite clear-minded, he knows his way!'

She looked at him with a hopeful glance; her eyes grew dim again. She looked like a *mater dolorosa*. Of her deepest grief, of her inmost thought: God punishes him for his unbelief, for his apostasy! she could not speak.

Schweitzer took her hands and warmed them in his, for they were cold. 'Dear lady,' he said, 'you have my word. As soon as you can inform me: come to us, he is in a good mood, I hope for reconciliation! I shall come instantly, and will make myself out to be as bad as I have never done before—but in such a manner, of course, that he shall not despise me—and it will be well perhaps. If all is right, then I shall be there again to see and hear how it is with the master. I shall certainly not deceive myself nor you either. Please consider me till then your physician, and I prescribe you the following recipe: in equal doses patience, hope, courage!'

'You are——you are like a dear son,' she said softly. 'Yes, yes, I shall take your prescription. . . .'

She was still holding his hands: when she released them, she made a timid, shy movement as if she wanted to clasp him in her arms; but her courage failed her. 'I am going!' she said quickly. 'How long I have kept you. Good-bye. But what am I doing? I have not yet replied to your words. Oh, my confused head. Yes, of course, just as you say. At the first opportunity I shall send you word. How curious, dear doctor, that your eyes, so firm and determined, are yet so

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good. One is frightened at first before your frame, your voice. . . . But she is still chattering! you must think. Great grief makes one loquacious when the heart is so full and heavy.—But I am not going to say anything more, only: Thank you!'

She pressed his arm, wrapped herself up in her short mantle and slipped away quickly, so as to descend the stairs without his escort.

V

The day was declining; but it was not yet dark. Adler knocked at Emil's door; the latter, who was yawning on his sofa, hastily jumped up and turned the key in the door. Adler entered: 'Why do you lock yourself in?' he asked in astonishment.

'I wanted to work undisturbed,' replied Emil.

'But who disturbs you here? We live like in a cloister.'

Emil felt inclined to nod and to sigh at this; but he only pointed to the books and papers upon his table and said: 'I always like to lock myself in.'

'Well, just as you like!——I wanted to ask you to come out for a walk with me, not at my bat's time, but by day. The sun gives me no rest, the weather is too beautiful. April the 22nd, but it is just like May!'

'May is on your face, too, uncle,' said Emil, taking his hat. 'You look so cheerful. Something pleasant must have happened to you.'

'You have good eyes!' Adler replied cheerily. 'That is to say, as far as men are concerned: you read better in faces than in books. Well, it is perhaps best. Come along!'

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They went out and descended the street towards the strand. On the other side of the river the cornfields shone beautifully green in the sun. The river looked as blue as the cloudless sky; the distant forests just coming into leaf were coloured with the fragrant violet.

Adler, whose step was not so elastic as three months ago, yet walked like a young man—he felt so at least—he even began to whistle.

'What is that pleasant occurrence that happened to you, uncle?' asked Emil, when they had reached the gate.

'Curious youth!—it is nothing in particular. But I was glad of it, nevertheless. The first sum from the sale of my Phœnix publications; all expenses deducted. The editor, properly only my agent, has sent it to me to-day.'

Emil listened more attentively. 'Much?' he asked.

'Great God! no, not much; four hundred marks. Only because it is a beginning, I am glad of it.'

'So you will have some pocket-money, uncle!' said Emil banteringly. 'You need not ask Malwine for it; she keeps you on rather short allowance——'

Adler knitted his brows, and the young man, noticing it, said no more.

'Don't talk so awkwardly,' Adler snapped. 'If I have handed over the purse to the child, it's my business. I am always the master to do as I please. Besides, pocket-money, these four hundred are not pocket-money. They don't belong to me at all. Everything that my publications bring in is destined for the Easter Island. I think you were aware of that?'

'I had forgotten it, uncle. This unselfishness is just like you——'

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'Are not you capable of it?'

'Oh yes, I hope so! Aunt Annamarie's blood, you know, uncle.—But as we are just walking in the spring sun which is apt to inspire us with the love of travelling—have you ever thought of becoming an itinerant preacher? Your publications—very nice; by and by they will get into the hands of readers;—infernally slow process though. But if you were to travel about yourself, expound your own ideas to assemblies and meetings—the *living word*, uncle——'

'O boy, boy!' exclaimed Adler. 'How often will you miss the point!—In meetings . . . What has our idea of the future to do with the great mass; our idea will have nothing to do with the mass; it aims at a removal from, an exodus from, humanity, at a *selection*. That is just the curse of our age that it only lives for the mass.'

'I didn't mean it thus, uncle.'

'Let me finish!' the easily irritated Adler went on. 'I had enough of your masses; they are always close in on you and take away your breath. You might despair of your thoughts, of your ideas, and of your hopes when all these meaningless, aimless countenances without any ideality in them surround you. Look at these thousands of coal-heavers, carriers, sailors, fishermen—what is it they most ardently desire? what is it they have most at their heart or in their minds? To earn four marks a day—as for the rest, do they care a hang about the human race? Oh yes, of course, but of the people of rank. . . . A cursed expression. . . . They require fine *phrases* to their bread, these people of rank; they have grown accustomed to the sweet poison. Without a dozen high-sounding words a day they cannot live: liberality of mind, tolerance, humanity, culture—above all culture! culture, the sweetest, sugar-coated almond,

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to be taken three times a day. Give the parrots culture; that is to say *their* half-culture, so dear to them; without this fashionable poison they could not die. . . . No, I even prefer the coal-heavers to your people of rank; the former die away without any fuss, at least. Oh, I am sick of your masses, they drive you away from the world!'

'But still it could——'

'What could? I tell you they are driving me away from the world! Besides, I am altogether tired of living among men and in their towns and cities; the walls, the high buildings, they oppress me. The eyes of men do not understand me, their ears do not listen to me. They lead a stupid life engendering ape-men, pampering, back-biting, ruining and condemning each other; and if by chance one man appears among them, one who wishes to uplift them, to make them greater and better, they sneer at him: "What does he want? Are not we good enough for him? Why should we become better?"—oh, I should like to get away from them, away into the mountains, into solitude. If I can't yet go on the island, I would at least go into the mountains in the meantime, to live for, and work at my improvement, my humanisation for the future. I have no desire to remain among the incorrigible ones; they gnaw at our own noble impulses, at the very roots of the future life.'

'But you lead a solitary life enough,' said Emil. 'Do you intend to retire into a cavern?'

'And why not?' asked Adler. 'For he who wants to give himself up entirely to his ideas, to bury himself in his own thoughts, a cavern is good enough. Often, at night, when I am lying awake, finding no sleep, I ask myself in my yearning anxiety, Whither? Whither could I go so as to develop my

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ideas, to grow into them, to listen more attentively to the voices of the past, and the future of history and development? But whither, whither? Where is my cavern?'

Emil cast a furtive, timid glance at this 'wild dreamer.' He would not contradict him; but after a short silence he came back to his original idea. 'I understand all this perfectly well, uncle, I only think there might be another way. The masses. . . . I will have nothing to do with them, of course; but how are you to find and to select your men? That is what the masses are for. You appear before a meeting, uncle, people of all classes and conditions, socialists too—why not, what does it matter? You know none of them, you are only looking for the man of the future—very well! You address the meeting. You, as it were, throw out your ideas among them, like the sower in the Bible. The masses yawn, they shake their heads, or laugh and jeer at you, and go home. Two or three remain, they come up to you, grow enthusiastic for your ideas; these are your men. So you go from place to place. You search for your men with the lantern of a Diogenes. Is it unpractical, uncle? Am I right or wrong?'

Adler paused—they were walking along the embankment now—and contemplated his vivacious nephew, his spiritual son, with an approving glance.

'It's an idea,' he said slowly; 'not bad for your years. Perhaps, another—but it is no plan for me. I am stifled in the midst of the crowd of half-brutes. I feel like Gulliver among the Yahoos. I am drawn to a cavern!'

'Then send me out, Uncle Helmut!' said Emil, now boldly revealing his secret wish. 'Of course, I am nothing as compared to you; but you have lifted me up, you have

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inspired me with your ideas and your spirit—you have given me a new soul. I can express myself well, you say. Send me out as your apostle . . . you might furnish me with a kind of authorisation—and give me money—for I shall require money——'

'Restless blood!' Adler interrupted him, gently tapping him with his stick. 'That is what you were driving at. It draws you into the world; it is just the reverse with me!'

'Not into the world but——'

'But into the world! To display the power of the jaw of the Wieses, and also to roam about a little. . . . Yes, yes, you may shake your head; I know you. All of you think me blind and deaf, but I am not. Your restless, unsteady blood I see it in everything. Even in the very mistakes which you overlook when reading my proofs, in the extracts you are making for me from historians and naturalists; superficial, my dear Emil, superficial——'

'Who could improve himself in one day, uncle? You require patience; I want time. I was too far gone in dissipation!'

'Was? Look me full and square into the face, boy with the firm, open gaze of Aunt Annamarie. Is it all over now?'

'What, the dissipation? How can you ask, uncle——'

'But I do ask, nevertheless.'

'Well, then, I tell you, upon my honour and eternal happiness, it is quite over.'

'By Jove! a great oath. Then I must be silent. Otherwise I have a letter here, anonymous——' He touched his breast pocket.

Emil shrugged his shoulders smiling contemptuously. 'An anonymous letter?'

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'Yes. But I must show it to you, nevertheless. The man writes as if he knew you and your life perfectly well. Curiously enough, he knows a great deal about you. Myself he evidently takes for a big fool, for trusting you. Well, what does he say? That you continue your old mode of living with a little more caution, that's all. Gambling, expensive sweethearts——'

'May I read it?'

'Please.'

Emil took the letter, glanced at it without moving a muscle of his face, and tapping it with his forefinger, pointed to the bold handwriting: 'This has been written by Lorenz Wiese, my so-called father. The hand is disguised, but I know it too well. Lorenz Wiese evidently cannot get over the fact that I am still above water. He prophesied for me a "swift and terrible catastrophe," the old Schopenhauerian, but it has not come yet. Shall I tear up the letter, uncle? There is nothing true in it!'

'Don't speak so despicably of your father,' said Adler gloomily. 'You are of his blood, after all. To tear up the letter proves nothing, the chief question is, does the letter hit you or does it not?'

'You have heard it; it does not. I have not touched a card since I have lived with you, and I have no expensive sweethearts either. Here is your letter, uncle. There is not a word of truth in it.'

'Very well, then, it's all right!' said Adler quietly, and put the paper back into his pocket. 'Let us look at this steamer.

From the foremast a black, white and red flag was floating in sign of salutation, whilst the second mast had a blue

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pennon, upon which the name of the ship, *Rjukan*, was fluttering; at the stern hung the red, blue-squared Norwegian flag.

'I know this ship,' said Adler, looking along the vessel and up to the tapering masts, which were formed, as is often the case among the 'men of the north,' in the shape of spears. 'It's a herring steamer from Bergen, it comes here once and sometimes twice a year. You can tell by the smell what is its cargo.'

Emil turned up his nose. 'I can't say that I like the smell of herring——'

'There are very good reasons for it!' said Adler laughing. 'Herring and *Katzenjammer*.' His face suddenly grew serious and his eyes opened wide. From the deck cabin of the *Rjukan* a figure had just emerged, a figure which one might naturally be surprised to meet on a steamer. At first Adler thought he saw a monk, but he soon perceived his mistake. It was a bare-headed man clad in a simple garment of greyish brown, floating down almost to his feet; it had wide, long sleeves, no collar and no girdle; a simple wallet of the same material hung by a ribbon over his shoulder. On his feet he wore sandals, somewhat like the old Greeks, with the only difference that he also wore stockings. The brown hair, combed back, was long and thick; the face was bearded, lean but of a healthy bronze; the forehead protruded over the eyes, and the nose had finely dilated nostrils. This unexpected stranger, emerging from the Norwegian herring steamer as from some ancient Athenian boat, this modern Diogenes or Socrates seemed quite unconcerned of the world around him. He took leave of the captain with a few words and simple handshake, cast a last glance at the

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ship and a first at the town and its high towers, and seemed to be looking for some means to land.

'Has the fellow no hat?' observed Emil half-aloud.

The steamer had not yet thrown out its gangway, and the Diogenes stood undecided for a while. Few people were on the embankment, but a small crowd of 'strand-boys,' always up to mischief and inclined to scoff at something uncommon, had gathered and was now passing uncomplimentary observations on the 'long-bearded woman.' The sailors and cabin-boys were laughing too. The captain stepped forward and evidently ordered them to put the stranger on land. Immediately they threw out the gangway. The stranger ascended to the embankment, a sailor threw a small parcel after him, which he caught deftly. But on land he again seemed undecided. The boys gathered round him, like sparrows round bread-crumbs, and laughed straight into his face.

Adler had been gazing intently at this strange pilgrim; he disliked the soft, mild sufferer's look which he cast at the naughty boys. Yet there was something so spiritually distant from the world, such a deep melancholy earnestness in the half-closed eyes of uncertain brown, that the philosopher was touched. The man took his parcel under his arm, passed his hand over the somewhat narrow forehead and seemed to meditate. Then he walked on between the boys, evidently not yet knowing where.

One of the boys, the boldest, pushed forward, and began to tug at the long sleeve of the stranger. This was decidedly too much for Adler. He suddenly stepped forward, thrust the boy aside, and cast so imperious and threatening a look at the lads that they quickly dispersed.

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'Excuse me,' he said, addressing the traveller and lifting his hat; 'you are a stranger here. I should like to help you if I may. Do you continue your journey to-day?'

The man without a hat cast a glance at the boys, and then shook his head.

'No, I intend leaving here to-morrow,' he said in a voice which sounded either weak or tired. 'I have a long way before me; I am going to Bavaria, into the mountains.'

'And you have found no shelter as yet?'

'No,' the other replied, with a smile of peculiar resignation. 'I cannot go into the large hotels: they are too expensive. I must find places that are very cheap.'

'H'm,' muttered Adler, casting a doubtful look at the strange costume of the traveller. I wonder what will happen to him, he thought, if he walks through the streets in search for some hole?

'Will you do me the honour?' he asked. 'Will you be my guest till to-morrow? You will otherwise get into some trouble; you have had a beginning with these boys.'

The stranger looked at Adler attentively with his world-removed dreamer's eyes, eyes that were evidently acquainted with mental work too. He seemed to start back at first, and then to be attracted; his face, however, did not endeavour to hide his alternating impressions. At last he stretched out his hand, took Adler's right hand and pressed it. 'Again an exception!' he said, with a smile. 'Thank you, dear sir. I accept your invitation. I shall not trouble you very much, for I require very little; I can sleep anywhere. Had you only seen my sleeping-place on the steamer! You are living in this town?'

'Yes; where else?'

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'I thought, judging by your face, that you were living somewhere out of town, that you could not stand it here. I could not. But, of course, millions do so. And so you really want me, dear sir, to accompany you?'

'If you please,' said Adler, taking a few steps forward. 'The distance is not great. How did you come upon this steamer, if I may ask? It is not a passenger vessel.'

'No,' replied the stranger; 'there was no room for passengers either. I took up as much room as a dog. The captain took me out of so-called pity; he would not let me pay. I am not spoilt, dear sir. Diogenes lived in a tub, and I have often thought when I have passed a large brewery in the mountains, and seeing those gigantic empty tuns, in such a tun I could also live. It is not so difficult at all. Nature has not told man: you shall require as much as possible, but, on the contrary, taught him—the civilised man has only forgotten the lesson—you shall require as little as possible.'

Emil suppressed an exclamation of disapproval, and moved away a few steps; he did not quite relish the idea of walking beside this 'worldly Capuchin monk' along the strand. Every passer-by stopped and looked at him. Everybody smiled. Adler, to whom the new event and the new man had opened an endless vista of thought, did not care; but he often cast a sidelong glance of mistrust at his companion. There was evidently very little body in this brown Capuchin. His chest was narrow, almost sunken it seemed; there was neither vigour nor youth in his gait; yet the man must be under forty. He, as a man of vigour, did not like it; but still he was amazed: did not this man possess more than muscular strength? He was travelling in this strange

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costume over the world. Everybody laughed at him; he was aware of it, but he did not care. He only said: I am right; and so he was. This was a wholesome, natural costume, worthy of man; our eyes were only spoilt—spoilt like our pitiable tasteless ape-man dress. He was the man! not we.

He was silent for a while, and at last said: 'Now I think of it, absent-minded man that I am, I had quite forgotten to introduce myself. My name is Adler. I am living here as—how should I say?—as a private literary man. This young man is my nephew.'

'Johannes Westenberger,' replied the other, by way of introduction. 'From Bavaria.'

'How did you come to Norway, if I may ask?'

'I ought not to have done it,' the other replied bitterly; 'but I have been deceived. Somebody who met me in Bavaria, a liberal and high-minded man—that is to say, I took him for such; now I think of it he is only a muddle-headed, unreliable fellow, changing his views very quickly—wrote to me:—"Meister Westenberger come over to us; here you will find like-minded men, here you can convert hundreds of others to your ideas." He also sent me the travelling expenses, for I had no money. I went there. But he had deceived me; you know how people often are: they believe what they ardently wish for; and if it turns out otherwise, they lose heart and fall off themselves, just because the thing did not succeed. I have met with a great deal of scorn, but have found no followers. I was glad at last to get away. People do not know where their salvation lies. And when they are told of it, they don't believe it. To-morrow I make for home!'

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He strode on, ascending the street; his head was slightly bent, his gaze fixed upon the ground; he saw neither men nor houses. 'Please,' asked Emil out of curiosity, 'what do you mean by like-minded?'

Westenberger did not seem to have heard the question, for he did not reply. Adler, too, was silent—deeply occupied with his own thoughts. Thus they walked on in silence until they reached his house. 'Please step in,' said Adler, now awaking from his thoughts; 'here is your hotel for to-night. By the way, you will be hungry, I suppose?'

Westenberger nodded assent. He even seemed to smile. 'I think that it is the sea air, dear sir,' he said at last; 'otherwise I eat very little. I could not get so easily accustomed to the ship-biscuit either.'

'Well, then, we shall have our supper at once instead of waiting an hour!' exclaimed Adler, quickly ascending the stairs. 'Emil, take the gentleman into the dining-room, I shall see about the food.'

VI

Ten minutes later they were at table; Malwine was quite accustomed to fall in with the father's sudden ideas and fancies. Westenberger looked a little more attentively around him; with silent sympathy he contemplated the old woman who presided at the table with such erect and dignified mien; little Clare, who was almost swallowing the enigmatical guest with her eyes, forgetting her supper; the pensive, pale Malwine, and the cheerful animated face of Hans Bergmann, who had already been entertaining the ladies on the piano. Emil, who was sitting near Westenberger, handed him the

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cold meat and the boiled eggs. Westenberger, however, raised his hand a little, as if to say: that is not for me, passed the dishes on, and took for himself the red radishes which were placed before him.

'I thought you were hungry,' said Adler.

'Yes, but not for meat!' he replied, smiling in his peculiar way. 'I don't eat these things.'

'No meat at all?'

'No. How strange that even a man like you, who seem to know everything, to judge from your eyes, should be surprised. Why should I eat meat? Nature did not intend me to. Nature has not created all these beautiful creatures so that they might be slaughtered and devoured by us; it has placed before us numerous fruits. There, eat, the table is laid!'

'Fruit!' exclaimed Emil, making a wry mouth. 'Nothing more than fruit?'

'Yes; is it not sufficient? We can live nobly and magnificently on fruit—here in my wallet I always carry some fruit with me, it is empty just at present. Every animal exists for itself. Man becomes neither superior nor better when he swallows his four-legged fellow-creatures; on the contrary, he becomes more bestial.'

'Rather odd!' exclaimed Emil.

'What is odd, dear sir?'

'That you should tell us all this whilst we are at table eating meat. You see I am just taking some. The young lady is also taking, and the old lady too!'

'That proves nothing,' replied the other quite unabashed. 'You don't know how you would all be, how much more perfect, I mean, if you had never lived on animals. But you also forget that you are living on fruit too. If you are wise

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and moderate, if you possess a clear mind, an easy, free spirit, if you can control your passions it's due to a fruit diet.'

'Are you quite sure of it?' asked Hans, with roguish earnestness, across the table.

'Quite!'

'Not even eggs?' asked Emil, who was just breaking one.

'No; they belong to the hens.'

'And no milk either?'

'You take it away from the mother who must nourish her calf with it. Did nature intend it thus?'

'But pardon me, dear sir,' said Adler, whose astonished gaze was directed upon this strange pilgrim, 'I quite follow everything you say, it interests me; such an ideal vegetarian would be of my own spirit. But what is to become of the strength, sir? What will become of the superabundance of life, the mighty mental power, the keenness of the senses, the fearless sense of enterprise—in a word, of the superior man?'

'Without living on meat, you mean?' asked Westenberger.

'Yes, yes!'

'Nature gives you an answer, dear sir. Look at the horse, the most beautiful of all animals! Look at the elephant, the most intelligent and the strongest! Neither of them live on meat. In the elephant, nature, as it were, has put a large point of exclamation: look, that is the highest that the animal kingdom has reached! What is it he requires? nothing but rice. Why should it be different with humanity? Certainly not, sir. I believe humanity can reach her highest scale only if she gives up her degenerate habits and returns to nature.'

'H'm!' murmured Adler, meditating and staring upon the table.

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Emil smiled.

'May I ask,' he said, 'whether it is for *this* doctrine that you were trying to find like-minded men in Norway?'

'Yes,' replied Westenberger; but he turned from the incredulous young countenance to the deeply serious Adler and continued in his somewhat monotonous voice: 'You see, I myself, I have come to all this only by way of necessity, that is the ordinary way of nature. I lived like the others, I smoked and drank, suddenly I lost my health. So I said to myself one day, either perish miserably as a useless, aimless man who has ruined his goal, or begin life over again. And thus I asked myself: what does nature want with me? I will do all she requires of me. Thus I came to my present mode of living. I have but one aim in life, the aim that removes me from the beast of prey or makes me better than the superior animal. Ever since I have been healthy in body and also in soul.'

'Yes, yes!' Adler suddenly exclaimed, so loud that little Clare started.

Westenberger raised his head for an instant, but then continued calmly: 'That is also how I have come to this dress; I aspire to nature in every respect. People do not like it; I am quite aware of that. They gaze at me with astonishment, as if I were some wild animal. They do not suffer me to live in peace; I have experienced it everywhere on my way. And so it will be to-morrow and the day after, until I reach home; in my forest, in my solitude!'

Adler started to his feet and stood motionless, his eyes sparkled and his face had grown pale, the lips were parted. Westenberger, who had winced nervously, looked somewhat

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anxiously at the pale man with the large tense eyes. Involuntarily he cast a glance along the table to observe what the faces of the others indicated. But the ladies were quiet; little Clare tried to smile, Hans Bergmann stroked his moustache as if everything was in perfect order; Emil took his glass and drained it.

'You are living in solitude?' asked Adler after a profound silence.

'Yes; in the mountains, near a deserted quarry, there I carve my images, sacred and otherwise; there is no human being for miles. If you know the Walchensee, about fifty yards from its banks.'

Adler shook his head. 'Nonsense,' he said. 'Now you are joking with me. How do you come to the —— to the Walchensee?'

'Why not?' asked Westenberger; 'I don't understand you. Why should I be jesting? I have lived there nearly a year.'

'Really!' said Adler, his eyes fixed on the table.

'What is there so remarkable in it, dear sir?'

Adler shook his head and then passed his hand over his forehead. 'You are right,' he muttered. 'There is nothing strange in it. It—it only affected me. Solitude—at the Walchensee. . . . There my happiness once began, that is all. There I became engaged to my wife.'

'Who is no more?'

'No, no more. On the Walchensee we rowed, we sang and sat in the moonlight. Where is your solitude?'

'Of course not on the west side where the main road runs, neither is it in the south, for there a footpath leads from the main road to Jachenau. Only on the east it is quiet; there

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is first the island Sossau—but I do not live there. Then you arrive at the last bay of the sea at the mouth of the Jachen; at its north side, in the forest, there I live. There is an old deserted quarry. There was an old wooden construction erected most probably for the working men; I have rented it from the peasants and have made my abode there. There I work and live.'

'For heaven's sake!' exclaimed Bergmann. 'The whole year round?'

'Yes, of course; how else?'

'But winter must also come, sir. And, if I am not mistaken, the Walchensee is rather high.'

'No, you are not mistaken,' replied Westenberger, with his monotonous calm. 'It is situated about two thousand six hundred feet high above the Kochelsee. Winter naturally comes there, but what does it matter? I live conformable to nature and am hardened.'

'He is living conformable to nature!' exclaimed Adler. 'That's it! Oh, you young men! That's it.'

Emil observed: 'But you said a wooden construction.'

'Yes, why not? In Norway, which I have just visited, and in Sweden nearly all the houses are of wood. Vigorous and healthy men live there. If they would only return to nature in everything else. . . . But the man had deceived me!'

'Can you also heat your dwelling?' the grandmother now asked, with friendly concern.

'Oh yes, I have arranged for that.'

'But what about your food?'

'I have my provisions. When I require anything I go to the next village, Jachenau less than half an hour's distance.'

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'Jachenau,' Bergmann interrupted. 'Yes, I have heard of it. There are jolly people there, and pretty girls.'

'Leave the pretty girls alone,' said Adler in a severe tone. He had resumed his seat and was quite absorbed with the new man, whom the sea had sent him. 'How can you talk about girls now; here sits a *revelation*, Herr Bergmann. One who knows what is to be done; one for the Easter Island. I won't let you go as yet, sir!'

'You won't let me go?' echoed Westenberger.

'Not so soon. You have to tell me a great deal more, I think. It is fate that has brought you to my table. Your solitude, I envy it. But you need not yet go back. Besides, you had left your solitude; you are returning much earlier than you intended, is it not so?'

Westenberger nodded.

'How much earlier? How much time would you have for Norway, if things would have gone on as you expected?'

'Then I would not have minded the time, perhaps months, dear sir.'

'Months!' exclaimed Adler. 'Then you will stay here for months! You have no idea what you have found here—no, don't nod; you haven't yet any idea. Not Norway, but more than that. Don't contradict me, it's settled. You will fortify yourself here, for you don't look very flourishing; then you will return to your solitude; perhaps some one else will come with you. Here is my daughter, the mistress of the house, she will take care of you . . . and so this gentleman, Malwine — he intended staying here till to-morrow; I thought, in my study—he will stay here some time now. Give him my bedroom; I shall sleep on my sofa. Don't let him want for anything.'

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Hallo! thought Emil. A new guest! If this chap is going to be fed up here. . . . He looked again at him. A starved Nazarene. . . . What do the women think of this? He turned his head and felt a kind of shock. Malwine had risen, her pale face was quite colourless now; the eyes looked dull. The lips were pressed together, the fine nostrils dilated; she was looking at her father. But she felt that all eyes were directed upon her; a faint hue of red mounted to her cheeks, and a nervous quiver passed over her whole frame. Forcing herself to smile, she said, 'Wanting in nothing; of course not. Your bedroom; yes, of course. I shall see to it at once. Will you only have the kindness, father, to step out with me. I should like to say something to you, only three words. It won't take a minute.'

Adler rose, and looked at his daughter fixedly. His eyes were threatening; he seemed to guess what she wanted to say.

'Three words?' he asked, 'couldn't you here——?'

'Then I would not have asked you to come out. The gentlemen will excuse . . .' She turned to the others with a faint smile, 'I shall bring you back my father in a minute.'

Adler muttered something incomprehensible; he pushed his chair aside and walked out. What is it? thought Emil. Methinks she does not want the fruit-eater here. She is afraid he might follow my example and want to borrow a heavy sum—she does not want him —— Neither do I. I don't like rivals. He must go back to his Walchensee.

His intelligent eyes looked about the room. The old woman sat like a statue, as if thinking of nothing. Hans Bergmann was whispering jestingly to little Clare, and Westenberger was peeling an orange.

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You are right here,' said Emil, leaning over to him, 'there is nothing above this sort of fruit. Please, will you spare me a minute or two; you could finish your orange afterwards in peace. You are most probably thinking: a strange family—everybody has to say something in confidence. But I must tell you something, I cannot help it. If you please.'

And taking Westenberger by the arm he led him politely but quickly towards the window.

'You see the thing is this: my uncle is the best and the most wonderful man in existence; that's why I love him so much and am taking care of him, for he won't do it himself. Excuse the question, but have you no other suit than this?'

A nervous tremor passed over Westenberger's face: 'How that?' he asked.

'Please, not so loud; I mean, have you no modern, ordinary suit?'

'If I had one I would not wear it. You have heard——'

'Your principles, of course. But it's terrible in the town we are living . . . You don't like, I imagine, to have mud and stones thrown at you, do you?'

'You are asking curious questions, dear sir,' replied Westenberger, stroking his beard. 'Well, I certainly don't like it, but I think you live here in a civilised German town.'

'A seaport, sir; you have had occasion to observe it, I think. Walk through the streets in this dress and —— I assure you, it won't look the better for it, when you come home.'

'Well, I shall have to bear it, dear sir.'

'Yes, but my uncle, your host,' complained Emil, with an air of deep anxiety, 'he wouldn't bear it. He is of

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such a passionate temperament, he must punish every insult and especially if it is levelled against his guest. My uncle, you must know, will rush out to the crowd and——'

'Then I'll stay at home and won't go out,' interposed Westenberger.

'Yes, that you might do for once; if you leave to-morrow, but not if you stay here months. That's why I am talking to you; of course, it would be so awfully nice for my uncle and for all of us, if you could remain here longer—but your dress, sir, and the people here. I once saw a hundred boys actually pelting with stones and mud an eccentrically dressed woman.'

'Then I will only go out when it grows dark.'

'But, my dear sir, it's all of no use; you have been seen, you are already known. They are a tough lot here, they will lie in wait for you for hours. It's never dark for them, you must understand. When the people here learn that the mad chap—forgive the expression, but that's how they talk—that the bearded woman is living in the beautiful house with the gables, but does not venture to go out—then there will be riots, sir. The evening! That's what they would prefer. Then they are free and have nothing better to do than to pay their respects to the "bearded woman." You ought to hear then how the window-panes will clatter.'

'I hope you are exaggerating, sir——'

'I wish I were,' said Emil, nodding; 'but the occasion is too momentous. Besides, the window-panes are of no account, it's my uncle I am thinking of. He knows no bounds then. . . . His house besieged? his guest insulted? his windows broken in? In an instant he would be among the crowd, and even if there were thousands, he will curse—they don't like it either—they'll strike—he won't stand it.

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Do you think he will come back alive? He will lay about him madly; like a wounded lion he will rage among this rabble until—well, until, oh, I can't say it; you can imagine it yourself.'

Westenberger made a wry face and his countenance fell. 'That's true,' he replied. 'Your uncle looks very choleric—somewhat uncanny.'

'Say he is passion personified. That is the only reason why I am talking to you, that's why I could allow myself, in my years, to talk to you about such a delicate matter. But, of course, I am also aware with whom I am dealing. You are not a man untrammelled by conventions and above prejudices——'

'Please, please don't,' said Westenberger, with a gesture of his shaggy, veined hand. 'If I have once convinced myself of a thing I require no fine words, for I use none myself. Besides, I would really prefer to leave to-morrow rather than stay here, but this—fiery gentleman, your uncle, actually compelled me to stay, brooking no contradiction; "It's settled," he cried; he also had to tell me a great many things, he said. . . . But, of course, under the circumstances, I would rather not remain. For his own sake, I will not do it, for, as regards myself, I don't mind it at all; I have often given proof of it.'

'That I can see,' said Emil smiling, quite genuinely this time. 'You are a born martyr. And so you will tell him——?'

'That I am going to-morrow? Certainly.'

'But, of course, without——'

'Without mentioning anything you told me? Naturally.'

'Thank you, dear sir. You are saving my—— But here

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he comes. I can hear him.' With astonishing alacrity Emil moved away and glided behind the table. There he began to pace up and down, his hands on his back, as if he had been walking thus for some time, unsociable, impolite, deep in thought.

Adler opened the door and slowly entered. He was almost as pale as Malwine had been a while ago; his brows, his swelled forehead, his rolling eyes expressed nothing but intense wrath. It made one feel uneasy to look at him; one could really imagine the god of thunder, Thor, his prototype of whom he often dreamt, personified in his wild countenance. But he was evidently suffering himself under this anger; for a while he could not speak. He paused at the door. At last he approached Westenberger.

'My daughter will look after you,' he jerked out, with a visible effort. 'I hope you will stay here—a long—long time.'

'Dear sir, don't hope so,' replied Westenberger. 'I have considered the matter. You have received me in a very friendly manner, as perhaps no one else ever did; I thank you most cordially for it. But to-morrow I must leave. It will be time.'

'How do you mean it will be time?' queried Adler, throwing back his head in surprise. 'Did not you say months?'

'Oh, as far as I myself am concerned, I have plenty of time, but my wife——'

'Your wife? You have a wife? You never said anything about her.'

'There was no occasion for it. Besides, I would have said something, but you were always interrupting me. But it is a fact nevertheless, dear sir, I have a wife.'

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'Where is she?'

'At the quarry. She and my only disciple, my follower; he is also a stone-cutter like myself. Why do you look so gloomy, dear sir? I should have liked very much to stay with you. I have not heard from her for some time, whilst I was away in Norway. The last she wrote was: come back. I have now thought of it, and I therefore think it's time I went back.'

Adler looked wildly round him. It was still thundering and lightening in him. He did not trust the others as it seemed; he looked in the direction of the door, as if his daughter might have had a hand in this; but he shook his head at this nonsense. But the old woman. . . . He fixed his gaze upon her intently and so long until she became aware of it. Involuntarily she flushed and then grew pale again under this fixed gaze, of which she was afraid. His brow puckered, as if he intended to say, I know you now. You have given him a hint during my short absence, you made him understand that it would be better if he went. You women, I know you. You dare to do everything. You meddle in everything. You think me mad. Ah, how mistaken you are. Were I mad I—I would crush you, I would, with the hammer of Thor. For there is nothing you don't dare to do; you irritate me beyond human endurance. But I must show self-command, self-command. I must show them that I am not mad. Patience, once more. There are strangers here. I must now be as sharp as the others. I must laugh.

He laughed aloud. 'This is really unexpected,' he said. 'He has a wife. I thought you were living like a perfect hermit, but no, he has a wife. Young and fair, most pro-

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bably. . . . He is smiling. Well, of course, then I will say no more; it naturally draws you home. My mother will have confirmed you in your intention. You see, that's how the women are. Well, so to-morrow you must go. Then we shall at least be merry to-night; a glass of wine, Mr. Hermit, you will not refuse, I hope. Wine comes from grapes. Yes, and when I introduced you to the musician, you said you yearned for music. Young David, to the piano. Something of Beethoven. You must cool our hot blood.'

Hans Bergmann preceded them to the drawing-room and took his seat at the piano. Westenberger and the others followed, Adler motioning them impatiently. Then he followed himself. He tried to enter the room with the cheerfulness of a contented patriarch, but on his way he suddenly caught hold of the door so violently that it shook and creaked.

VII

This oppressive evening was followed by a still more oppressive day in the Adler household. Westenberger had left and Adler had returned from the railway station; he avoided his family and retired to his own room; they could hear him there conversing aloud with himself; sometimes, too, driven by his inward restlessness, he walked out into the passage and paced up and down. The grandmother and the children took their meal alone and in silence. Emil was away. After supper, Clare, on whom the oppressive stillness weighed heavily, went to bed, and Malwine, seized by an ardent desire for solitude, retired to her room, which, in

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better days, she had decorated with the artistic work of her own hands. But now she began to take down some of the decorations from the wall, the chest of drawers, and the table, and, dusting them, put them carefully away. A lamp was burning, but the full moon also flooded the room with its light. The pale radiance of the shimmering moonbeams seemed to increase the sense of melancholy that lay on her heart. Mechanically she approached the window and pressed her forehead and then her cheek to the moonlit window-pane. Subdued youthful wishes, an ardent girlish longing for happiness stole into her household cares and worries; she felt the full weight of her twenty years and sighed softly.

Emil was at this moment ascending the street with his quick stride. He passed her, turned the corner, and evidently entered the house. She followed him with her glance and shook her head. She had loved him once. Loved? Well, just as a foolish young girl would love, taking the matter very seriously, ready to suffer and to die for her sentiments. How did it happen? she wondered. Why did I love him? Because he was my cousin and I had no brother? No, that was not all. Even then he played his mad pranks, which I so much liked; I longed to do the same, but I could not; that 's why I loved them in him, as if he did them for me. His mad pranks and—his pretty, nice words. Well, that's it. That's what made him appear so irresistible to me, that and his pretty speeches. I took them seriously, for pure gold. He was so enthusiastic for everything 'noble and great.' Well, he is enthusiastic still, and my father believes him. Only I don't any longer. His soul seems to me like a cold frog, the very thought of it makes me

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shiver. That's how it has ended. Is nothing true? Is everything going to end thus?

There was a knock at the door—'it's father,' she said at once, and a slight tremor, a quiver, running through her frame. She was ashamed of the feeling, however, and shook it off. At her gentle 'Come in' the door opened; Malwine had not been mistaken. Adler's face was flushed but not so much with excitement as with embarrassment, his gait was not so erect as when he was angry, and his gaze, too, was not fixed directly upon the girl, but roamed unsteadily about the room. He noticed the decorations she had taken down and the empty walls, and a question seemed to hover on his lips, but he did not ask it.

'And so you retired to your room, so soon!' he began; 'grandmother told me. You were not yet going to bed, I presume?'

'No,' she said. 'I had something to do.'

'To do . . .' his glance grew dark. 'You have indeed something important to do: to make reparation! It has been haunting me all the day.' He put his hand to his forehead: 'It is creeping in me, like a caterpillar, is gnawing at my honour. That this, too, should happen to me! to me! And from my own child!'

'What have I done, father?' she asked in her caressing voice.

'She asks. Last night. To call me out and to tell me: "Father, it can't be done. . . ." What can't be done? May I not entertain another guest in my house? for how long? not for years surely; for two months at the utmost. We can't do it, we have nothing. A guest, too, who lives only on fruit, a modern Diogenes! And when, in my mad wrath that this should happen to me, I had at last had my will. What

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do I find when I return to the dining-room? He had considered the matter; he must go. There was the old woman, the grandmother, changing colour; whilst the daughter had been wrestling with the father for the supremacy, she, the ally, had managed it with her woman's wit and told him that it would be better if he went. I ask now: what is it? What does it all mean? how has it happened? I used to be master in my own house; I was respected and even feared. And now—what is it you want? What is it you want? Out with it! You there! What do you take me for? I am not mad; no, I am not. But you are driving me mad with your questions and your looks and this whispering. This war you are waging against me. You and the grandmother!'

Malwine shook her head. 'How you talk, father!' she replied gently without complaint. 'Who is waging war against you? Grandmother, you say, persuaded him; you think so, but I am sure she has not done it. Ask her——'

'Ask you! You! Whilst you are planning your stratagems; stratagems are permitted! The grandmother, being of a more timorous disposition, manages the stratagems; whilst you, the brave—you have suddenly grown so brave of late, heaven knows how—you proceed straightway with your attack. "It can't be done, father; we can't afford it—fruit for the hermit."'

'No, it is not only that!' she broke in. 'I thought if he remained some time, how will it end? Your kindness, father, your generosity is boundless and they are taking advantage of it. He will follow Emil, I thought, and say: I have nothing, I want money——'

'Do you know the man so well?'

'No. Do you know him, father? You only saw him for

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the first time, you had never heard of him. But in the first hour——'

'Have I a guardian? am I not allowed to do as I please?'

Malwine folded her hands. Then she replied in a gentle voice, as if this would pacify him: 'Father, we can't afford it! Dear father, it is so. I told you so yesterday, but you would not listen to it . . . When you handed over to me what was still left—alas, you had given away the rest out of kindness and generosity. You, yourself, thought that it was very little. We are not living on the interest, father——'

'What are we living on?'

'On my work as well. I work as much as I can, but they pay so wretchedly. I sell whatever I can; these things too.' . . . She pointed to the artistic decorations she had taken down. 'Dear father, I am doing it so willingly! I am proud of it, that I can assist in some way. My only thought is how to do better, how to earn more. But even if it suffices—I don't yet know—it will only suffice for *us*. You can't give away money for others. That is over, dear, good father. That is the reason why I felt such a shock yesterday—why I had this anxiety and worry—and was compelled to annoy you. . . . Forgive me! I am sorry!'

Adler cast a sidelong glance at her and bit his lip; there was evidently a load on his mind. 'You had to annoy me,' he retorted: 'that's how you talk; that's the way of women. You don't like to do it, but still you do it!——That you have to work, for contemptible brass, is very hard for me; I did not want this; it—it cuts me to the quick. I shall think, I will not rest till I have remedied it; this should not be. But—all that you say does not alter the circumstances. You must make reparation for yesterday. . . .'

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He rubbed his fingers, made restless gestures with his hands, which she failed to comprehend. He was evidently battling against an inward oppression.

'To repair?' she asked anxiously. 'How that?'

'You must—you must submit to the unavoidable, you must submit. Emil told me of it this morning already; now he is here again. Another—old debt. You know I had decided to settle it completely; half a work is worth nothing. I had vowed it to myself and—to your mother to save this Emil in this respect, if possible; to free him from his faults and from his debts. I thought I had done the latter part . . . well, why do you grow so pale? You don't yet know how much it is. Unfortunately it has not yet been done. A last remnant has come up; an old——'

'An old, you said?'

'Well, you hear it. The light-minded rascal had forgotten a couple of loans without signature, upon word of honour, and they naturally creep up.'

'He lies!' cried Malwine, who could not restrain herself any longer. 'How can you believe him? He lies!'

'Please consider your words before you utter them so loud——'

'Father! It is no old debt, it is a new one. He has gambled again and lost. He has his—— Oh, I don't wish to say what. And now he comes again to you, this disreputable, insolent fellow. He relies upon——'

She faltered.

'Upon what?'

'He hopes that you will trust him. Father! I entreat you! Open your eyes! —— No, I don't mean it so, don't start up. Listen to me, I am your child, I am not lying to you,

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I am telling you the truth. He has his old vices and makes new debts——'

'How do you know all this?' he interrupted her. 'Who told you all this?'

'I have it from the old Miss, that is staying with Uncle Wiese.'

'Ah. The old gossip has been prating!'

'No, she has written to me, I never see her. In all its disgusting details she has described his life; I was ashamed of it, and did not like to show it to you.'

'Sweethearts, women then. . . . How long is it since you received this letter?'

'Three days——'

'So! About the same time—no, only the day before yesterday—I received a similar but anonymous letter. The father himself wrote it; Emil says so. He accuses him of the same vices——'

'And you don't believe it——? Father!'

'No, I am so stupid, so blind, so God-forsaken, and don't believe it. I stick to Wiese, the son; he assures me on his honour and eternal bliss that it is not true: no, it is not true! Wiese, the father—he does not lie; why should he? He only swallows everything that is reported to him against his son; he wants him to go to ruin in my house just as he did in his—he believes it. Should I be surprised at it? I know men well enough. But I—I have my vow; I adhere to it. I know exactly Emil's vices and am battling against his light-mindedness, but that he is lying to me like a scamp you must first prove to me. But prove to me rather at once that I am not in my right mind, that I must have a guardian, that you are the masters here!'

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'Why these terrible words, father?' said Malwine, a tremor running through her frame. 'What shall I say? how shall I speak? you choke my speech. And so you believe that it is an old debt. . . . How much?'

'Five thousand marks.'

'Good God! How can you think, father—— Not five marks even can you give away!'

'Not five marks?'

'No. You knew it, dear father; you have only forgotten it. . . . I beg of you, remember it. When at that time you listened to me so kindly, and, nodding so friendly, said: "Very well, you shall now manage our small fortune, mine is a dangerous hand"—it was such a bright, hopeful hour——'

'A lucid moment. What?'

She did not reply to this, but continued: 'Then I already proved to you how poor we were. You were very much perplexed, you had not imagined it. And you took all the valuable papers yourself, without my having asked you for them, and put them in my hands, saying: "There is the miserable rest, I don't want to see it again!" And then you added with a kind smile: "A father's curse on you if you ever touch it or let any body else touch it; should even Helmut Adler come and ask you for it, you must not give it to him, I forbid you. This is family estate!" And when I had counted it up—dear father, do you remember?—you gazed at me fixedly and said: "But what are we going to do now? It is too much to die and too little to live upon!"—I shall manage it, father, I said——'

Adler nodded. 'That's it. I remember it. I shall manage it, you said. It reassured me. Women are so anxious about money-matters, I thought; if Malwine herself

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says that she will manage it, then it is not yet so bad after all. And then as I had many other things to think of, I banished these worries from my thoughts——'

'That is what you ought to do now, dear, dear father dismiss these worries about money from your mind. I will rather work day and night—but not a penny can we waste or give away. Tell him that it can't be done! The family estate is sacred and must not be touched, it is so small already. Help yourself as well as you can!'

Adler started up. 'I cannot tell this to Emil,' was his solemn reply: 'I have taken charge of him; he is here!' He pointed to his breast. 'Besides, I have promised it to him already; it is settled. Only this one more sacrifice we must bring and no more!—Take the key and hand it to me.'

Malwine's heart stood still; the moon suddenly seemed to grow dark. Then her heart began again to beat wildly; a painful, anxious feeling swept over her. She suddenly thought of Schweitzer, and it seemed to her that his long-haired, bronzed countenance was gazing at her with inquisitive eyes; she pulled herself together. Leaning against the chest of drawers she replied: 'I have put it in the bank. But don't hope for to-morrow, father. I shall not give it.'

'What are you saying? You will not give it——'

'No,' she said, smiling as well as she could; 'I am not going to hand it over to you. You know: Even if Helmut Adler —— —— I am under a father's curse.'

'You are not going to hand it over to me?' His voice had suddenly grown harsh; he cleared his throat.

'I cannot do it; I must not. It is family estate——'

'How often will you repeat it? I understand you perfectly

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well. I am not yet in my dotage. But don't you hear that it is settled, that it must be done? A father's curse,—I will shield you against it; don't fear. Give me your receipt from the bank; to-morrow you will get another.'

'Not a penny, father,' replied the girl, with a desperate smile. 'Oh, you are cunning now—you are talking like a Jesuit—but I am not going to be taken in. I stick to what you said then. Give it up, sir. I am Helmut Adler's daughter and shall be as hard and as firm as a rock!'

Adler uttered a sound that made her tremble in every limb. He moved his shoulders, dug his nails into his cheeks, gazing at the girl utterly disconcerted. Was that his timid, silent child?—'Hard and firm as a rock.'

He repeated these words and a wave of anger swept over him, the vein on his forehead swelling visibly.

'It is enough now,' he said. 'Put an end to this, do you hear? You are confronting your father, who commands you to hand him over the receipt!'

She shook her head. 'My father has forbidden me to give it to any one——'

'That child is driving me mad—My father—Helmut Adler's daughter. . . . Whom do you take for mad? Him who is now standing before you, and whom you intend to hold in, or the other who voluntarily placed himself under your guardianship?—Methinks the other must have been stark mad. He did not know what he was doing when he handed over to this girl —— —— It is a very maze! My brain is reeling! Give it up, sir. . . . My father has forbidden me . . . I annul all this, I annul it. I am the master here! You are my child! You have to obey! Do what I tell you!'

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'Dear father, I cannot, I cannot.' She wrung her hands in despair. 'Do understand me! We are poor, we are on the verge of destitution. To spare you the cares and worries I avoided telling it to you, but now I must: we are utterly destitute. Much as I may work we can only just scrape together enough for food, but when the other expenses come: dress, schooling, servant's pay—my dear father, we have it not. I am economising, I am economising; but I cannot manage it. His debts were too heavy. . . . He is not your son. Tell him so; tell him that you have a mother, and a child only nine years old. You need not tell him anything about me; I do not require you; I could help myself if necessary; but the others. . . . You had taken the others upon yourself much before you took him. You must help the others first!'

'Help! help! Don't hammer at me with your words; my ears are ringing. I must help humanity; of that I am certain!'

'And so you should! So you should!' she cried. 'But not him; he is past help. You have wasted on him so much that now poverty is staring us in the face. You have heard——'

'What have I heard?' he interrupted her, his hand fumbling in his hair. 'I have heard nothing. Your words rush and roar in my brain; you talk and talk. What is the use of so many words——'

'Father! Then I will say no more——'

'It is enough! Woman's wiles—conspiracy! I know you. Catch him! Throw the noose round his neck, ensnare him. He is dreaming, he is going out of his mind; he is paying other people's debts, consequently he must be mad. Into

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the cage with him. Under the woman's yoke. And to whom is all this happening? Who is the victim? The man who had torn himself from all the old ties, who had freed himself from the old gods, who had flung away all the old crutches, and weeded out all superstitions—it is the leader into a new world. It is round him that these serpents are winding themselves; tiny, hissing, female heads try to rule over him. . . . The other one too! The old woman! Behind my back she goes to the long neighbour, the doctor, planning and plotting with him;—Yes, yes, yes! The dreamer, the madman, he knows more than you imagine! She has been seen going into his house; Emil has heard it. . . . I cut myself adrift from all this! Away from your snares! There are ships, trains, balloons. By land, by water, through the air I shall fly away from you before you have caught me and crushed me. I am the Phœnix, the Phœnix!'

He stretched his hand out into the air. His words drove the blood from Malwine's face. Convulsively she gripped the projection of the chest of drawers to support herself, until her heart began to beat again.

'Father,' she said in a faint voice. 'What words are these; they are killing me. Oh, do compose yourself. I do not wish for anything except to be your child!'

'Oh, you submit at last? You realise at last who you are? Then prove it. Come here. Do what I tell you!'

'The receipt——'

'Yes, the receipt!'

'But understand!—O God! I cannot do it——'

'You cannot do it?'

'No,' she uttered in a firm voice. 'I, too, have

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vowed to myself and—to my mother. I have no right to protect you; but little Clare — and the grandmother. They have been intrusted to me, by yourself, by fate. This mean fellow shall not make beggars of them. He lies, he lies in every word. If you help him to-day, he will come again to-morrow. Oh, how I hate him! he is poisoning you, is inciting you against your own mother—Oh!—shall I dirty my conscience, break my word given to you, break my vows for his sake? No, I shall rather die, father. You understand everything, everything, don't you see this? Father! dear father!'

'Is this your last word?' he queried.

'Why do you ask? I have no last word against my father——'

'Answer! answer!' he cried in a hoarse voice. 'Yes or no, will you do what I command you?'

'What I must not, I am not going to do!'

'Well, then, listen to *my* last word!'——

He thrust his head back; with a strange, distorted expression, which made her heart stand still, he gazed into her pale countenance.

'I am not going to curse you; what would it mean . . . It is only for the superstitious and the fools . . . But here I raise my hand; do you see it, this hand? I take it away from you, you mean, ungrateful, rebellious creature! Keep your mammon; that's all you are clinging to . . . What am I? What is my work? What is my future to you? You do not care for all this—and we, too, we do not want you. You are only drags hindering me on my way. I, too, like the others, had nailed myself to the house, to duty. What is your gratitude? To rule! To rule over me!—Away! I

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fling you all away. I am free! free! free! The last chain is broken! Now at last I can see my way clear.'

He turned to the door.

'Father!' stammered the girl, whom breath and strength were fast forsaking. She tried to detain him, but could not move. As if in a dream she still heard and realised how he flung open and violently closed the door; then all her senses grew languid and she fell unconscious on the floor.

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SIXTH BOOK

I

It was the second day of Adler's journey. He had rushed away from home in the darkness; the night train was just leaving for Berlin and Leipsic when he reached the station. He got in without luggage, but with four hundred marks in his pocket. It was a tedious journey with endless stoppages; he arrived in Leipsic towards morning, and by the evening reached Munich. He went to a hotel where he rested for the night, but he did not sleep. His heart lay heavy and oppressive within him. The next morning saw him again at the station, where he took train for the mountains—the train that was to carry him to 'liberty' and freedom. He passed the Starnberg and the vast lake; he recognised the hill, the green island of his remembrances; it was the Rothmanns-height where, at the sylvan festival, he had met his Aurora, his young Annamarie, and had given her his overflowing, wondering heart. Now, as then, he travelled to the Kochel-see and the Walchensee; it was the same journey southwards, but Annamarie was only a memory now, a dream. The day was one of sunshine and mildness after a day of dulness and rain. The long range of the bluish mountains lay there in festive array as if waiting for him. He saw it grow and come nearer and he looked at it with eager, burning eyes.

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The restless feeling that animated him was the desire not to think backwards. A firm heart, an obstinate mind! Away into the mountains, into solitude, there to muse and prepare for his great work. He left the station. A carriage took him to the Kochelsee. Here an oppressive feeling seized him. It was here that he had met Annamarie for the second time. The smooth surface of the silvery lake lay cheerful and pleasant at the foot of the mountains; and above it he saw the winding main road leading up into the mountain solitudes and to the Kochelsee. Adler dismounted with the satchel he had bought in Munich, filled with washing, and other indispensable apparel, and began to climb the mountain path. Oppressive and yet softening remembrances, at once painful and sweet, swept over him. Yonder to the right where an Alpine torrent discharged itself with a roar into an abyss, he had seen Annamarie in her bright dress. Thus followed by the shadow of his dead wife, Adler toiled up the mountain until his eye could range over the Walchensee. He descended to the banks of the lake. In the huntsman's cottage, not far from the main road, he borrowed a boat and rowed out upon the lake. Again the wave of remembrances swept over him.

It was here that they—Annamarie and he—had sauntered together along the banks of the silvery lake. Their young hearts were full, but their lips silent—until he began with a sigh,—and ended in a kiss.

Yonder, in the wayside inn at the bay she had embraced him—no, she stood there clasped in his firm embrace, her slim but vigorous frame trembling in his arms.

'Yes, for life, for life,' he heard her say. . . . 'O Annamarie!' he suddenly exclaimed; the words had

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escaped him and he was almost frightened at the sound of his own voice. He did not repeat them, but pulled in the oars, and burying his face in his hands he sobbed violently.

Yes, for life, for life, he thought. Where is she now? Where am I? A terrible feeling oppressed him; it weighed upon his soul and body. His senses were aflame, his heart full of yearning, with a keen pain gnawing at it: 'Dead, dead,' he sobbed. 'Everything is dead. Those blissful days, Annamarie, her life, all dead. Dead, all that she had left him, the house of their happiness, the children, her children. . . . Her children! away from her children!' he was struck with terror. 'I have abandoned Annamarie's children,' he cried. 'Where am I? On the Walchensee? Have I no children?'

If the spirit of Annamarie came now upon this lake and asked: 'Who is rowing yonder? Why did he run from the world? I left him children; has he abandoned them? Has he abandoned the children of his beloved? There he is rowing on the Walchensee, where I once gave him my heart, where once his happiness began, where the troth was plighted of which those children were the issue. And he is not returning to them?'

His limbs shook. He threw himself upon the bench, hiding his face, down which the tears were streaming. 'Return!' he exclaimed. 'What am I doing here? What is the hermit down there to me? What do I care for humanity, for a generation that does not yet exist? One Annamarie did exist—and now her children have remained. Can I abandon them?'

He lay thus a long time. The minutes passed and grew

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into hours. His thoughts were chasing each other in his brain, his very nerves were aching. Suddenly, like a drowning man emerging from the water, the cold and firm resolve that had brought him hither emerged from the tide of sentiment and pain. The weak hour had passed. Separated from everything! Prepare for the great work! He drew himself erect, pressing the arrow of martyrdom into his flesh as if it belonged to his work. Taking up the oars he rowed on. At the last bay he landed. 'I shall take back the boat to-morrow,' he said. He marched into the wood until he came to the quarry where Westenberger dwelt. Supreme silence encompassed him here; he felt himself cut off from humanity and the world in this solitude. The gate leading to Westenberger's little garden was closed. The hermit was not to be seen. Shall I enter? thought Adler. Shall I call out or knock?

'I am here!' he suddenly heard a voice behind him. His strung, exhausted nerves trembled violently. He was ashamed of it and flushed; reluctantly he turned his head. The grey-brown figure of a monk stood among the bushes; it was Westenberger; he wondered where he came from. But the hermit was even more amazed than Adler; motionless and rigid, as if carved of wood, he stood there for a while. His head was bare and in his hand he held some grasses. The two gazed at each other; Adler would not speak; he was oppressed with a feeling of awe.

'You here?' Westenberger first broke the silence. 'I would never have expected it. Yesterday I returned, and to-day you are here. What brings you?'

'Fate anyhow,' replied Adler; and suppressing a confused, choking feeling, he walked up to Westenberger and

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stretched out his hand. 'Where have you been just now? I did not see you.'

'Yonder on the ground,' said Westenberger, smiling in his peculiar way. 'I am studying the fresh young grass. Spring is sprouting here too. But you? What is——?'

'I tore myself away from the world, I felt a longing for this solitude. Have you room for me? Will you have me? I told you when you left, I should perhaps follow you soon.'

'Yes, so you said,' replied Westenberger; 'but I did not believe you.'

'Now, you see that it is so! You nodded, and pressing my hand said: Well, keep your word! You belong to the Walchensee! Well, here I am. Am I welcome or not?'

'How can you ask; what I then said is true also at the present moment. I do not waste many words. We do not require them here. I was mute with astonishment a while ago, but not as you imagined; you seemed suddenly to have come as a substitute. . . .'

He passed his hand over his forehead, and paused.

'How so, a substitute?'

'I will tell you. Dear sir, I am alone. She has left me.'

'Who has left you?' asked Adler, as if awakening from a dream.

'Who? My wife. I told you then, that I had a wife.—— Why are you staring at me? Have you forgotten?'

Adler looked upon the ground and then gazed into the air. A wife. . . . He had quite forgotten. He had not thought of such a thing all these days. How could it have slipped from his mind? how could it have happened to him?—Something similar had occurred to him recently; with Malwine; quite

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right, with Malwine. She was telling him of their poverty. . . . But his anger had wiped it all out, had swept it clean from his memory. . . .

He beat his forehead whilst thoughts were chasing each other in his brain.

'Whether I had forgotten it?' he replied. 'Pardon me, yes, I really had forgotten it. Curious times—excitement . . . too much restlessness in my mind. . . . Your wife has left you? Why did she leave you?'

'Because she was faithless and wicked! She went away with my pupil of whom I told you. She left a note saying that the life here was irksome, that she was young and wanted to live, to return into the world. When she followed me here, she had said that she did not want the world, that she wished to get away from it and wanted to live with me only.'

Adler stood still for a while. Is he unhappy? he thought; must I pity him? He had almost lost the conception of reality. Everything was so changed. The monotonous voice of Westenberger still rang in his ears and he analysed it carefully. It had sounded bitter but not sorrowful.

'How do you feel?' he asked at last, directing his firm but soft gaze at his companion. 'Does this event weigh upon you?'

'I must bear my cross,' replied Westenberger; 'I have borne it all my life. It is a little heavier just now. But what can I do? I must bear it.'

'Yes, of course!' muttered Adler. 'You call it a cross.' What is this man? he thought again. Is he a hero? He does not look like one. These languid eyes of the dreamer, this sufferer's voice. And yet he walks his way over abyss and mountain!

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'We are now equal,' he continued after a while.

'Equal? how that?'

'Broken loose. Separated from men. I too—I am away from them!'

The languid eyes of the dreamer gazed at him searchingly, but Westenberger asked no questions.

'I have lain all blame upon my wife,' he said at last. 'But I am not quite free from blame myself. I was not perhaps created for a wife; not everybody is suited for a married life. Had she simply told me: "Johannes, I cannot stay here any longer, let me go," I would; but she has told me a lie, she has deceived me. That is how it has been going on all my life. Nothing but lies and deceit. It is horrible. That is why I sought refuge in solitude!'

'Are not you deceiving me too, sir!' he suddenly added, looking at Adler. 'I trust you, sir. You are the last man whom I trust!'

'And so you may,' said Adler calmly, although at the moment the hoarse voice of the martyr displeased him. 'I want solitude just as you do. But I am tired and weary. . . . Will you grant me a place of rest in your house for the present?'

'As long as you wish. I have plenty of room now. It is growing dark. Do you want to sleep? In summer I go to bed at sunset.'

'Yes, I should like to sleep,' said Adler, with a slight groan. 'Once more a healthy, natural, deep, dreamless sleep—a divine thought. Have you already had your supper?'

'No, not yet. But you know, there is neither meat nor fish here——'

'Yes, of course, I know it. I shall try to live like you.

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Well, my host, will you give me board and lodging for the first time. I shall pay what you think proper. I should like to pay in advance.'

Westenberger raised his arm : 'What are you talking?' he said with a deprecatory gesture. 'You are my guest at present, we will consume my provisions. But money I will not take.'

Well, thought Adler, turning his head as if looking towards the north, homewards. Do you hear this, Malwine?

He nodded to the hermit, almost touched.

'What can I do?' he said, 'a man like you has his own ideas. I will not contradict you. And so I am your guest for the present. Afterwards we shall see. How my knees tremble. . . . Dear sir, let us go into the house.'

Westenberger nodded silently and went towards the house. He opened the door.

'There is good air in here,' he said; 'the door stood open all the day long. There are still some rays of the sun that were caught, inside. . . .' He laughed; it was the first time that Adler heard him laugh. It sounded strange and muffled. They entered the middle room; to the right and to the left doors led into adjoining rooms. The wooden walls were only partly papered or covered with ornaments and wood-carvings; in a corner rose a carved image of Christ, beautifully painted. It was the Saviour on the Cross. In the midst of the room stood a low table surrounded by chairs, all carved from plain wood.

'Sitting and dining room,' said Westenberger, with a slight smile.

He approached a small chest in the corner, brought a basket containing bread and apples, and placed it on the table. 'The last apples,' he said. 'Brother, take and eat.'

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'Thank you,' said Adler, surprised at being addressed as 'brother.' His hunger was making itself felt. He sat down—what a relief for his tired limbs—and ate with an avidity which he tried to hide; he was ashamed of it. Westenberger took a seat, but he ate little. From time to time his gaze wandered about the room as if he were looking for his wife. Adler contemplated the low table; Malwine's artistic barrel, round which they had sat and caroused many an evening, was about the same height.

He shook his head and knitted his brows: I must not think any more of the child! Outside is the world, here is the Easter Island. He had stemmed his hunger but not his exhaustion.

His limbs, tortured by a heavy pain, yearned for sleep. 'Your night-meal was good,' he said. 'Where shall I rest for the night?'

Westenberger did not reply; he seemed to be praying silently. Then he rose, and, opening a door, said: 'You must see my workroom, which is at the same time also my bedroom.'

Adler rose and followed him with lagging footstep. At the back stood a large, wooden bedstead, with a grey cover on it. On the spacious window-sill, through which the last light of the waning day penetrated, he saw a great number of wood-carvings, finished and unfinished, painted and plain. On a large table lay the implements. Above it rose the image of the crucified Saviour. Another image was in the corner over the bed. Among the carved work, too, there were many crucifixes, with pale, suffering faces. Everywhere the Cross!'

A wild anger began to stir in Adler's breast. The anger

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of Thor, of Woden. Where am I? he thought. Are we monks? But he was too weary to continue his thoughts. Silently he left the room, only appealing to Westenberger with a glance which seemed to say: show me my cell! Westenberger understood the look of appeal. He opened the door opposite: it creaked on its hinges. It was the smallest room, but otherwise was exactly like the others. Here, also, were implements for carving on a bench in front of the window. A grey cover was spread over a narrow bedstead; a smock-frock was thrown on it. The faithless disciple! thought Adler. Laying down his wallet from his weary shoulder he threw it on the bed.

'You are welcome, brother,' said Westenberger, pointing to the couch. 'Why say "sir" to each other; it serves for those outside; here it has no sense. Sleep well.'

'I thank you, brother,' replied Adler after a short hesitation, and offered his hand. 'You are right. Good-night.'

It was growing dark very fast. The host lit a candle stuck in an ancient candlestick of forged iron, nodded, and left the room with noiseless tread.

Adler looked up to the evening sky and then glanced round the room. It was cooler here; he shivered with cold. But he thought only of sleep and rest. Taking off his coat he threw himself upon the bed. Sleep was already hovering over his heavy, drooping eyelids; even without his poisons, the lack of which he had felt during the last nights, he seemed to be sinking into the sweet night of oblivion.

And Emil? the thought crossed his mind, whilst he was closing his eyes. How could I have left him behind? What will become of him?

I do not know, he thought, waving it all away with his

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hand. I had quite forgotten him. . . . 'This lost fellow,' he now heard Malwine's excited, trembling voice. 'He lies in every word!'—Her tall, slim figure stood before him, he saw her pale but firm countenance and her grey eyes blazing with a fire he had never seen before. He tossed restlessly on the bed. Who would have looked for it in the child? Who would have thought——?

He sighed softly. As if it had heard, Sleep raised its pinions, left the eyelids and hovered as if in raillery round the throbbing head. Again he lay there without rest. He tossed about as on that night in Munich. Only from time to time a dream phantom pierced in through the window, the eyes, into the brain, distorted itself to nonsense, to some caricature, and evaporated like smoke in the air.

II

The next morning Adler rose with limbs rested but with a weary and confused head. On entering the middle room he found a bucket of fresh water at the door; on the table he saw a coffee-machine and a piece of paper at the side of it. Westenberger had written on it in pencil: I am going into the wood. There is coffee in the machine; you have only to light the lamp. Once more you are welcome to the Walchensee. Adler lit the lamp and whilst the coffee was boiling he washed himself. Then he ate and drank. An ever-increasing restlessness in his mind—which for weeks had gradually been growing like a small cloud—drove him into the open air. He did not see his companion and was rather glad of it. He walked about fifty paces and reached the lake, wandered along to the end of the bay and

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mounted the hills that separated the Walchensee from the Isar valley. Deep silence reigned about him. The sun shone from a cloudless sky and sent its warming rays through the clear atmosphere. But from the south-east a small black point, indicating the *Fœhn* storm seemed to rise as if hidden by a thin whitish veil. Adler's glance travelled from the vales beneath him to the Tyrolean mountains that frown on the Walchensee. Sideways there was the lake. And suddenly a double house with Gothic gables appeared on its sunny surface. What nonsense and chaos the brain can conjure up, he thought. He waved away the gables with his hand and they disappeared. But his head went on dreaming; there was no rest for him. A painful oppression weighed on his breast. Something must happen, he mused. . . . What must happen? The thought had crossed his mind once during the night in the restless stillness. There was no rhyme nor reason in it; what should happen? To escape these tortures he returned to the hut. The sun stood high on the firmament; it was noon when he had reached the quarry. Through the open window of the 'workshop' he saw Westenberger at his work, carving a wooden Christ. He approached and greeted the 'brother.'

'It is time to eat,' said Westenberger, holding out his hand. 'But people who fare as we do are free and independent, whilst the others are slaves of the kitchen. Have you been visiting the neighbourhood?'

'Yes. It drove me into the open. But, tell me—brother. . . . Why are you always carving these crucified images?'

'I must live, and they sell!' replied Westenberger, absorbing himself again in his work. 'I do secular work as well, you may examine it; there are knights, gentlewomen,

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Walchensee nymphs,—but they are not eagerly bought. If I had money I would work in sandstone and marble; but what can I do here in this solitude? and so I have to resign myself and do what I can. "Take your cross upon yourself!" is written over my door.'

'The cross! the cross!' muttered Adler. He looked at this 'martyr' with the narrow forehead and the half-closed eyes, and suddenly saw behind him the same head but magnified many times—a gigantic vision. On looking closer he saw that Westenberger had traced his own figure in carbon on the wall at the side of the largest of his carved images. Over his head the hermit had designed a crown of thorns; the eyes were turned upward, and an expression of suffering and resignation was spread over the countenance. A tear lay on the left cheek.

'It is you?' asked Adler, knitting his brow with sudden displeasure.

Westenberger nodded.

'What gave you the idea of painting yourself thus? Has the world not enough of one Redeemer?'

The sculptor looked up from his work.

'I do not pretend to be a Redeemer,' he said. 'What an idea! I am no Redeemer, but all my life has consisted in suffering. Following in the footsteps of my prototype, I have tried to bear it. Often when I thought I would succumb under the heavy burden of my cross, I gained new strength from visions that I saw; over the water, the rocks and mountains, and in the clouds I saw the martyr of Golgotha bearing his cross and suffering martyrdom. So do I bear it too, the crown of thorns. It is neither blasphemy nor pride. I only wish to express how I feel.'

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'What suffering have you experienced in your life?'

'Everything. Ever since childhood. Because I was a more delicate, dreamy child the others despised me, used to beat and to maltreat me——'

Adler started. 'Well, and what used you to do? You used to beat them back?'

'How could I?' replied Westenberger. 'They were stronger!'

'That does not matter. You had hands and feet and teeth, and could defend yourself. It helps, too, when the eyes are blazing with wrath, when the indomitable will—— Did not you feel it?'

Westenberger shrugged his shoulders. 'Not all people are alike, brother. I began to feel at that time that the world with its roughness and misery was only a trial; there was a drawing in my room bearing an inscription which went right to my heart: "Take your cross upon yourself!" Even then I took refuge in art——'

'As a boy you did it?'

'Yes. I had learned to carve images, from a pious sculptor of Christ. I once dreamed of becoming a great artist. What am I now? I do not know. As far as feeling and sentiment are concerned, I am certainly above the others. I often have noble visions and dreams which the others, being deeply immersed in mundane life, have not. But I cannot express all my ideas with these implements at my disposal. That is also a cross!'

Adler silently looked at Westenberger's works.

There was certainly feeling in them; but a morbid, suffering, and pious feeling which displeased his heroic spirit—a peculiar, crude mixture of comprehension and ignorance, of

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power and impotence, such as he had never met before; he was at once artisan and dilettante, something of a cloister-brother.

'What other suffering did you experience in your life?' asked Adler, breaking the gloomy silence.

'What suffering did I not have?' queried Westenberger by way of reply. 'My heart was despised, but I say nothing of it; such wounds heal after a time. But then the war of sixty-six came, the brother war. I hate the murder of Germans by Germans; but my father said that it was unnatural and that I ought to take arms. But I refused——'

'Were you not obliged to join the regiment?'

'No, I had just been freed.'

'You were healthy though?'

'Certainly; that was my misfortune. They all said, and especially my father: "He is afraid of blood, he is a coward!"—and the stigma remained. It was hard to bear. It was perhaps the heaviest cross. But I consider war madness, so I said to myself——'

'Then——'

'Yes, even then, and I bore it. It was then that I felt a desire to get away from bloodthirsty men and from the despicable world.'

'Why did you stay?' asked Adler, a grim smile flitting over his countenance.

'I had no idea where to go at that time. Unfortunately I did the reverse; in order to please men and not to be despised by them I tried to imitate them, and plunged in sin until I became quite disgusted with my own self. I felt a double disgust; disgust with the world and disgust with

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myself. I had also lost my health, until at last I came to the two that could save me: the Redeemer and nature!'

'Why the two? I thought nature had redeemed you. Why the other as well?'

'Nature cannot redeem the soul. Soul and body are two.'

Adler smiled, but said nothing. He found it more and more difficult to converse with this 'brother.'

He looked up. The sky had grown dark; the sun was covered. 'Clouds,' he muttered.

'Yes, it is getting oppressive,' said Westenberger. 'I think we shall have a storm.'

'Storm? before the month of May?'

'There are storms here also in April. It might also be a Fœhn storm that is drawing near.'

Adler nodded, 'I think so too.'

'Now tell me, you redeemed man; you are living here, but to what do you aspire?'

'Aspire? I have no aspirations. I have reached my goal.'

'You have reached your goal?'

'Yes. I do not understand you. Are you thinking of the future life? Of course, it is the last goal. I am preparing myself for that. This life is given for that purpose.'

'This life? It is nothing for itself?'

'It is a preparation, a trial. What else should it be? We have to learn to suffer and to be patient.'

'To suffer; to be patient!' Involuntarily Adler raised his hands; a wave of anger swept over him. 'Why did you leave the world, then? Nothing prevented you from suffering there. That is all you require. In my house you said that nature should make a man of you again: that is why I liked you——'

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'That is the outer man,' Westenberger interrupted him.

'Well, and the inner man? What will become of him? To what does he aspire? You talked of "ennobling"; that is why I clung to you. He is living on his Easter Island, I thought, in order to become a thorough, purified, complete man—— What are you doing here?'

Westenberger grew confused, and did not reply. He pointed to his work after Adler's last question.

'I am not referring to your crosses, nor to your cross!' exclaimed Adler. 'Why are you living here, I want to know. Snails, blindworms, and earthworms also live here, just like you. I ask you what you are doing here; I trust you wish to become better than you are—— Answer! Answer!' he cried in sudden wrath, as the other remained silent. He caught hold of him, shook him, seized him by the throat as if he wanted to throttle him.

Westenberger tore himself away.

'What is the matter?' he stammered; Adler's aspect frightened him. 'Are you mad?'

'Mad?' asked Adler, looking round and shaking his head.

He grew red to his forehead, and to the whites of his eyes, and then went pale again.

'Yes; what was it?' he said after a while, frightened at himself.

'Forgive me—the excitement. A sudden impatience came over me when you remained so silent. Please forgive me, and have no fear; I am quite in my senses. I was only angry with you. . . . What is it you are doing here? What are you living here for?'

'What for?' queried Westenberger indignantly. 'First of all, to have rest; please do not deprive me of it.

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Why talk so violently? I am living here just as it suits me. I require nothing from the world except a quiet place where I may live undisturbed, and prepare myself for the next world, for the true life that is to begin beyond. And you, have you anything else in your mind?'

'I?'

'You talked on that evening of the great future——'

'Did I mean *your* beyond by it? I do not dream this child's dream any longer, you cross-bearer. Here, upon this earth, that is where the future of man lies. That is the future for which I am living, for the true life of man here on this earth!'

'How do you live for it, if you fly from men? Methinks, if this is all you wish for, you would have done better to have remained among men. He who has no "beyond"——'

'You don't understand me,' Adler interrupted. 'I do not intend to bury myself. I only wish to gather strength in the retirement; then I shall go back into the world, to my work, to help my brethren. But you? What is it you want? To hide yourself like a sick dog. You do not care for the others; you only care for your own rest; you wish to dream away the rest of your life, mirror yourself in your sea, and see how well the cross suits you, the cross which you exhibit like a badge. You are ogling with your heaven saying: "Look, I am your best, your tamest child. . . ." You are no man! Now I know what you are!'

Westenberger tried to smile, but he only made a grimace.

'This is quite unexpected,' he said. 'The other two left me, but in their place I have now got a teacher, a preacher in the desert: just what I wanted. He will teach me to know myself——'

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He paused, amazed at the sudden change in Adler's countenance. The fire had disappeared from his eyes, and they were staring to the left. Westenberger followed Adler's glance, and was not a little surprised himself. At the quarry in the corner stood the musician whom he had seen in Adler's house, Hans Bergmann. There he was, clad in a short jacket, his overcoat thrown over his arm, and his face flushed as from sharp walking. Taking off his hat, he came nearer.

'Bergmann!' Adler now exclaimed; he had been staring at him for a while in utter bewilderment.

III

'Yes, it is Hans Bergmann,' said the musician, with laughing eyes; his gaze travelled carefully from one to the other of the excited countenances.

'Good-day, gentlemen. I had lost my way when I suddenly heard your powerful voice, master; the district is splendid as far as acoustics are concerned. Very warm. The landlord in Jachenau sends his compliments!'

'How do you come here?' asked Adler, knitting his brows and looking suspiciously at Bergmann without offering him his hand. 'What do you want at the Walchensee?'

'That you can imagine, master,' replied Hans. 'You have run away. I followed your example.'

'You have been sent here,' cried Adler. His voice trembled. 'You have been sent after me!'

'Frankly speaking,' said Bergmann, 'I was prepared for this remark. It is so obvious. But have no fear, master; I may be intrusive, but I am not here as a detective. I had the

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intention of going into the mountains when I heard at your house——'

Adler interrupted him. His voice sounded firm and threatening.

'Please, spare your words, I can tell you exactly what happened. You came into my house—my daughter called until she was heard—and she told you: "My father has left, he is out of his mind; go after him!" You have consulted together. Where can he have gone to? Well, where could he have gone but to the Walchensee? And as the gallant knight of the ladies, as the friend of that Doctor Schweitzer who has put himself up as the master in my house, you left and followed. . . .

'My respects to you for this gallant service; it is such a long journey. Good-day to you, Herr Bergmann. Farewell!'

'Farewell?'

'Yes. I wish you a pleasant journey! Give my regards to the landlord in Jachenau!'

'Excuse me, honoured master; I cannot go so quickly. I must first bring your boat back——'

'What boat?'

Hans Bergmann smiled cheerily (though he did not feel at all comfortable).

A man from Urfeld came to the landlord in Jachenau asking after a gentleman without a boat; the boat, he said, belonged to him, the gentleman he did not know to whom. The boat had left Urfeld yesterday afternoon with the gentleman, but had not returned——'

'The deuce, yes!' said Adler, passing his hand over his forehead. 'The boat in which I came—— What is it I wanted to do with the boat? It had escaped my memory.

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Everything escapes my memory now. I wanted to bring it back——'

'Do not distress yourself about it, master; I shall do it for you; this afternoon. You will tell me afterwards where it is; rowing will do me good, it makes me grow stout. And so from the description of this man from Urfeld I recognised you. To the quarry, I said, there he is——'

'You have been sent after me!' exclaimed Adler.

'Please not so loud, there might be acquaintances in the main road. Now I most solemnly declare that I have not been sent, but came of my own free will. Why should I lie? You forget, master, that I am a born vagabond. Besides, two love-affairs in which I am entangled make my presence in your town impossible. As I said, I have run away. I have brought my fiddle with me. I shall play something if the gentleman will allow me to. Tyras I had to leave behind in the north; his best friend, Clare, is acting as mother to him——'

He stopped, seeing that Adler had started violently at the mention of this name. Was it stupid? he thought. Have I again been talking too much?

'You have not been sent?' asked Adler again, after a short silence, without referring to Tyras and the child. 'But what is going on in me?' he continued. 'I feel as if something was burning in me. A heavy feeling of discomfort is sweeping over me.'

'It is the Sirocco, master. In Jachenau they told me it was coming. I have felt its approach on my way here. It is here already. It is playing on my nerves just as I am playing on my fiddle. Look!'

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He pointed to the sky. An almost dazzling grey had weaved itself like some veil across the firmament. The mountain summits were still uncovered, but they were gradually changing their aspect. Sky and earth looked heavy like lead. There was no stir in the atmosphere, the trees stood still.

Adler looked up and around him. 'Very possible,' he muttered, 'I feel it too. But is it only the storm? Something else is troubling me too, I think.'

'It is hunger, perhaps, that is troubling you, master. Or have you lunched already?'

'No,' replied Adler, his gaze fixed on the ground. 'Hunger? It is possible. Hunger. Perhaps. I do not know.'

'You happy man: you do not know. As far as I am concerned, I can take an oath before any judge that I am hungry.'

'Well, then, you must eat with us,' said Westenberger, approaching the window. He had taken off his apron and put aside his implements; his brown eyes were smiling kindly. 'It is time to eat. If you have visited the "hermit on the Walchensee," then you must also be his guest. But, of course, you know we do not fare here like tigers!'

'No, like apes!' retorted Bergmann. He bowed to Westenberger in mock solemnity. 'I thank you, dear sir. I have been taught never to refuse an invitation to a meal when I am hungry.'

'Then will you please come in.'

The hermit went into the middle room; the door stood open. He placed on the table fruit and bread, apples and oranges which he had brought from Munich two days ago.

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He also produced a stone jar with fresh water and three tin goblets.

They sat down, Hans between the two who despised the world. He took up an old newspaper and spread it out on his knees in lieu of a napkin.

'Tin goblets!' he said, with a tone of admiration. 'A very touching drink, water. I have not drunk it since the days of my innocence!'

'That must be long ago?' asked Westenberger.

'Ah, the hermit is making jokes!' laughed Hans. 'I must make a note of it, that one may be cheerful and a hermit at the same time!—I do not know how it is, but this orange seems to me more attractive than your honest bread.'

'I thought you were hungry,' said Adler, who had approached the table with philosophical calm. 'The wise and true man avails himself of all his senses and partakes of all pleasures, but they do not rule over him. It is he who plays ball with them and masters them. The world belongs to him; he is at home everywhere. He always feels as if he were at a banquet, on the Olympus, a god among gods. Don't you yet feel like it?'

'Yes,' replied Hans, 'but——'

'That is the "but" of the common herd. The common herd are slaves of their habits, and weep and cry when they miss one of them. That is why they remain so like the animal. The wise man is above these requirements that drag him down to the earth. He enjoys the best on this earth, but even the worst can become, if he wishes it, the best for him.'

'You are right, master,' said Hans.

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Westenberger raised his head slowly.

'Of course he is right. But that is just why he ought not to be unjust against others——'

'Against whom am I unjust?' Adler answered querulously.

'Against your brother, against me. Whom are you praising just now? The wise man who has conquered his desires, and to whom the world belongs because he does not want it. You are praising me because I live in this fashion. And yet against whom were you furious a while ago? Against the wise of the Walchensee, against me!'

'Because you only live for your own self——'

'Do I only live for my own self? Where did I come from when you first met me? Did I not come from Norway, where I had been working and spreading my doctrine?'

'Only for the outer man——'

'No, say I, no. Also for the inner man——'

'But what kind of inner man?' cried Adler, his countenance flushing again. 'What kind of inner man? The tame, resigned man who thinks he conquers the world by running away from her? Your inner man is not the highly developed, the strong and noble man, it is the feeble man, tired of life, tired of struggle, dreaming his dream of a beyond and sleeping away his reality; the man who lies down in his coffin whilst still alive and awaits his death!'

Hans smiled and nodded. 'Tell him, master; instruct him. That is what you are here for. Just as you have instructed me and others——'

'Your inner man!' Adler began again with a sweeping, contemptuous gesture. 'There is nothing vigorous, nothing European in him. He is a Chinaman, an Indian, a man

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who is afraid of a beefsteak, whose body, and, consequently, also his soul, are stunted and pining away. He is your inner man, who ought to be surmounted, overcome, conquered and destroyed so as to make room for the man of the future!'

Alas! thought Hans. He is instructing a trifle too violently.

'Yes, yes,' he said: 'your banquet is excellent, but I miss the "Krebssuppe." The Krebssuppe as they make it in the north, with peas and——oh, with tiny little meat-balls. He was undoubtedly a good man, the inventor of that soup.'

'It was the devil himself,' replied Westenberger, who had finished his meal. 'It is the devil who sends you these ideas. Meat-balls you may call all those desires and instincts which ought to be overcome, which man ought to give up. Then only the free man appears!'

Adler started to his feet.

'Then the man of misery is complete,' he cried excitedly. 'Then we have the despiser of life, the preacher of death, followed by the "very free man" who says: "Let us not bear children, let us end the world!" It is the work of the devil, resignation. Everything that is quivering with life is of the devil in your opinion. At everything that is great and mighty, powerful, magnificent, independent, you shake your heads and say warningly: "Take care, the devil is in it." When we feel exuberant with bliss, and are laughing with joy and pleasure of life, then you whimper and whine: "Alas, alas, the devil is in it!"—You have *invented* him, then *go* to the devil! or better, go to your eternal life that we may be rid of you. Good luck and a happy journey!'

A rather uncomfortable house! thought Hans. 'Your

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meal, Mr. Hermit,' he said aloud, 'is very exciting for the imagination.'

Westenberger shrugged his shoulders. 'Your fleshly desires——'

'The free man!' cried Adler again, tossing his mane. 'You, the free man! you are only——'

'Master!' Hans courageously interrupted him, raising his arm. 'You are right, but the Sirocco—— Your boat. Listen how the south wind is rustling among the trees. I promised the man from Urfeld to bring him back his boat. It is high time, before the real *Fœhn* sweeps over the sea!'

'Yes, it is time,' Adler assented. 'You will have trouble, I am afraid——'

'Trouble, with the boat? Not yet. I shall row along the bank. From Urfeld I shall go to Jachenau and have my night meal even if there be no "Krebssuppe." Then I shall play something on my fiddle to the lads and lasses——' He paused with the most innocent look in the world; he hoped, however, that the word fiddle might produce some impression. And indeed the two philosophers listened attentively.

'Quite right, you brought your fiddle with you,' said Adler.

'Yes. I think you love music too, Herr Westenberger?'

Westenberger nodded. 'And especially the fiddle. . . . Why not come to us to-night and play something; you said before——'

'That I would play something to you and then continue my journey!'

He is afraid of the other, thought Hans. They feel uncomfortable in each other's company. That makes me popular. I am first fiddle. 'Shall I come?' he asked aloud. 'Will the fiddle be welcome?'

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'And the fiddler too,' replied Adler. 'Unless you prefer the lads and lasses in the Jachenau——'

'Master, I have my ambition. There is a finer audience here. And so till to-night. But now I must really go. Will you kindly show me the boat?'

'You really want to——'

'Take it back for you, of course. I dare say you will find where it is——'

'We can walk along the bank until we reach the spot where it is,' said Adler.

'Yes, you are right, master. And so, au revoir, Mr. Hermit. That is the best of your banquets: one feels neither heavy nor tired. Otherwise I never row after meals; to-day, however, I feel that I could row down the Bodensee. I praise you as highly as that wonderful host, the apple-tree in Uhland's poem. Many thanks.'

IV

The *Fœhn* had risen, slowly but steadily; from a hardly perceptible rustle it grew to a wind, and at last became a storm. It passed over the Walchensee, lashing the smooth water into foam-crested waves. Adler saw Hans leave in his boat and then remained standing at the edge of the precipice lost in thought. The foaming water did his eyes good, the rustle of the storm pleased his ears. Thus he stood for hours. At last he looked round, remembered where he was. His head was on fire; his restlessness drove him hence. Something must happen, he thought. Something must happen.

He struggled through the bushes and penetrated into the

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forest. There was no path; once or twice he fell, but, heedless, he continued his way until he reached an open space overlooking the lake. Nothing but waves and foam were visible. The banks on the other side were hidden by an overhanging mist, and the houses in the village appeared as dark, formless shadows; yonder he had once passed the days of his happiness; it was there where Annamarie had become his bride. Well, yes. Once! once! Life passes like the wind. It changes. Yesterday calm, to-day storm. Adler lifted up his arms and shouted wildly, so that his voice rose above the roar of the storm, out into the waning day:

'Pass along,' he cried; 'pass over the world, you mad spring wind. Lash the lake and break the trees; crush everything that comes in your way. You are the spring wind! You have the right of rejuvenescence! When you are gone, then something will have been done; the world will be rejuvenated.'

He thought he heard, in the midst of the storm, a peal of strident, wild laughter; he grew angry. 'What are you laughing there for, you? Why are you raising your shrill voice, like the gulls? "laugh at him, he is mad." My head is on fire, but I am not mad. You are mad, you who are fostering the masses, so that there is no room for the great and free man! You, yonder! you soft-hearted creature! You are so good and so noble, tripping so charitably from sick-room to sick-room, finding out everything that is broken and invalid, everything that nature had thrown into the ditch, everything that can neither live nor die—let it die, then, in God's name!—but no, you are whining, it should live, live! You, gaoler, there, you old grey-bearded fellow, who are so proudly exhibiting the medal upon your chest, given to you

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for your services as officer of the king, upon whom are you looking down? Upon the new inmate in the prison-cell, the murderer? You ape in uniform! In him there was the future! His wild, exuberant strength found no outlet, it lacked liberty and independence among the tamed apes, and so it grew diseased, lost its balance, and struck out wildly. *He* could have become the bridge leading to a new humanity; *you* are only rotten wood. But you laugh and scoff, you gibbering ape: "In with you into the cage!"

'And what are *you* shouting, you seducer of the crowds? Freedom, equality for all. No more injustice, no property, therefore Communism; no one high and no one low; a paradise on earth! But do you know what you are doing? Of man who ought to become a god, you try to make an ant; that no one may reach the summit, because you are jealous, you dog, you call to the hundreds of thousands: "Drag him down, pull him back!" And in order to make them obey you, you inspire them with envy and hatred; you shake their entrails until all that is good and healthy in them falls out. Your place ought to be in the cage, you murderer of men!'

A wild, jubilant rage swelled the breast of the unfortunate man; he raised his voice; he disburdened his full heart and his overwrought brain. At last exhaustion came over his body and soul; night had set in. He looked up, as if awaking from a wild dream.

He would go back to-night, but to-morrow he must leave. No, he could remain no longer with this Nazarene, this hermit. Why had he come hither? He shook his fist; then he shrugged his shoulders and turned back towards the east. To-night once more to the quarry, but to-morrow away from here.

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Whither? What does it matter, he thought. I shall follow my destiny. Fate will show me my way, the way of the Phœnix!

It was dark night when, after a long and toilsome walk, he reached the hermitage. Adler knocked at the door, then opened it, and entered. At the table sat Westenberger and Hans. Hans Bergmann jumped up, and coming to meet Adler, stretched out his hand with his usual smile. Suddenly, however, he retraced a few steps, his smile vanished. 'How you look,' he exclaimed; but immediately regretted his words.

'What is the matter?' asked Adler in a hoarse voice.

'Nothing—I only said so. In the first moment I thought——'

'I seem to have frightened you, nervous youth.'

'Sit down,' said Westenberger, addressing Adler; 'you have been away for some time.'

Adler remained at the door. He shook his head. 'There is no air here,' he said. 'I must go out.'

'For heaven's sake!' exclaimed Hans in a fright. 'What will you do in the open air? It is not an Italian night, master.'

'I will not enter the house,' replied Adler, growing impatient.

Hans did not reply. Looking straight into Adler's face, he said at last:

'Allow me one question, master. Will you remain here all the night?'

'No; but I am not going into the house.'

'Listen!' Adler continued, 'how the lake is surging. It is playing ocean. How it is beating against the rocks!'

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'Yes, it is just behind the hut, master. We stood on it this afternoon. It is a flat rock overhanging the bay.'

'It is my viewing-place,' said Westenberger.

Hans tried to laugh. 'Let us have a look at the view now!'

'Yes, let us go,' said Adler seriously. 'There we can sit and eat, and there you can also play us something on your fiddle. Let us go!'

It will be a lovely night! thought Hans. I wish I were with Karl Schweitzer!—'Are you coming, Sir Hermit?' he asked.

'I don't mind anything,' said Westenberger sullenly.

'Take your lantern and your fiddle,' said Adler, in his deep, calm, commanding voice. 'Then it will be all right.'

They went out. The storm had increased. It was pitch dark.

Adler advanced to the edge of the precipice and looked out into the night and the storm.

'He must come,' he suddenly exclaimed. 'The world cannot thus come to an end. Sometime, somewhere, he must and will come.'

'Who?' asked Hans timidly.

'The great man, the Redeemer. If I myself am only his dream, his desire, his hope, then he must himself appear one day. In a better and stronger time. The mighty and superior man who will *create* what I only wished for. He will redeem us from the powerless, mouldering ideals, from the weakness of feminine pity, from the craving for non-existence and obliteration—in a word, from the half-man!'

'He will come, master——'

'Who will lead us over into the kingdom of the future!

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When man will really appear as the god of the earth, when a new aristocracy will reign, the aristocracy of the really noble ones; when honour will be the bread without which life will be impossible. He will be the Moses for the new land; he must come one day.'

'And he will come,' said Hans after a while in a subdued, respectful voice. 'But, please, let us sit down and eat; the table is laid.' He made a table of a rock, spreading over it the paper with provisions which he had brought with him. Then, taking his violin, he added: 'Your band is also present. I am going to play.'

Adler did not listen to him. He threw a glance at the 'brother' squatting on the ground.

'He will come,' he continued, 'like the storm in the night. Like the wild *Fœhn*, raging, purifying, and creating. He will pass over the cowardly, weakly human herds like the barbarian of yore, the mighty noble man, and plant new life upon the rubbish of an old civilisation. Do you see him, young man? this hero of the future? I can see him. Full of strength from top to toe. An iron body as the dwelling of a strong heart; his brain like this wild lake out of which the restless thoughts will surge forth. There will be nothing in him of the sickly, fleshless, and starved corporeality of the pious, weak-willed souls who have wasted away their bodies in eternal fasting; nothing of their sentimental pity with the Eternal worthless; only by the great and mighty love for rising humanity and the hatred for the mean and low will the man of the future be swayed.'

Westenberger cast an irritated look at Adler; he was trembling with excitement and anger.

'You are mistaken,' he said. 'The hero of whom you

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are raving, this athletic robber, who laughs at pity and tramples on weakness, is——'

He paused, at a loss for words.

'Well, what is he?' asked Adler. 'What is he?'

'The inveterate, incarnate egoism, that's what he is! Egoism, nothing more.'

'You—cloister brother!' said Adler, with deep contempt.

'Music! Music!' called Hans, who now began to feel uneasy. He snatched up his fiddle, and began to play one of Adler's favourite pieces. For a while it seemed as if the strains of his music, which sounded weird in the midst of the raging storm in the darkness broken by the flickering light of a lantern, silenced and soothed his two companions. 'They are listening,' thought Hans; 'I shall play on madly, I shall play till the dawn of the morning.'

Suddenly, however, a strong hand was placed on his arm. Adler had come nearer.

'Leave this chord-whining,' he said. His voice had a monotonous, muffled sound. 'I must say a word to this feminine man.'

Instinctively Hans placed himself before Westenberger.

'What for, master?' he said quickly. 'Let him alone.'

'I must speak to him! Do you understand?' Adler pushed the fiddle aside. 'He is always talking his slave-morality, his feminine virtues. . . . Renunciation, abstinence, meekness, disgust of life—all this is good for slaves and cripples, but not for men. He should look at me; he refuses. You! You yonder, who are cowering on the ground! He is the right mixture of the slave and the priest; the two arch-enemies of our great idea. With united forces they have raised the morality of weakness to the throne.

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We must redeem and free ourselves from you and your equals! Yes, from you, you. . . . Ah, at last he is getting up. You have tamed and maimed the divine force in man, you have daunted and curbed the divine force in man, you have checked his will, imprisoned his desire for freedom. We must free ourselves from you, redeem ourselves!'

'Now I know you entirely,' said Westenberger, who now stood erect. His lips were quivering. 'That is the morality of the assassins.'

'What morality?' cried Adler.

'The morality of the assassins, the order of murderers, whom the crusaders once discovered in Syria. Their secret doctrine was: "Nothing is true, everything is allowed." That is *your* doctrine too.'

'You Nazarene! what do you understand about it? A great day will come in the world when this doctrine will be true.'

'You dare to say so! Then you really are—then you are——'

'What am I?'

'The Antichrist!'

Adler, who was somewhat staggered at this word, threw his head back, stared for a few moments, and then laughed aloud. Hans stepped forward. 'You are right, master,' he said quickly; 'you are right to laugh. It is ridiculous. But why don't you eat at last? Leave that fruitman alone; you won't convert him. Take one of the fried fishes I have brought with me.'

Adler uttered a sound; it was a sound inarticulate and wild, it was not a word. He bent down, took one of the fishes, and bit in it.

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'The fruitman!' he suddenly exclaimed. 'You are right; he must also have some fish——'

'I did not say so.' Hans interrupted him.

'But he must. Out of my way. Here is your fish, you renouncing priest. We will make a man of you. Here, eat.'

'I won't!' replied Westenberger, pushing Adler aside. 'Are you mad?'

'You will eat, brother. Your day has come. You will eat, brother; otherwise I shall at once relieve humanity of you and throw you into the lake. Take, I tell you, and eat!'

'Do you imagine I am afraid of you? Methinks the madness of the Cæsars has come over you. As they once said to the Christians: "Sacrifice to me, I am a god!" so you intend to force me——'

'Take, I tell you!'

'Go away and let me alone. I have nothing more to do with you.'

Suddenly Adler threw the fish into the lake, seized Westenberger with both his hands, and began to drag him towards the precipice. A cry of agony escaped Westenberger's throat. 'Help! help!' he yelled.

Hans seized them both, and pushing himself between the two, he stammered: 'That's enough, master.'

'Away, I say!' said Adler in a hoarse voice. 'If you care for your life, go out of my way. He must go!'

'You will not kill him . . .' And Hans seized Adler with both his arms.

Westenberger, thus protected by Hans, freed himself. In doing so he upset the lantern; they were surrounded by utter darkness.

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Adler saw that his victim had escaped him. He uttered an angry groan. 'Away!' he cried to Hans. 'Away, I say! Away!'

'I will not let you,' said Hans, and with all his strength he gripped Adler. Suddenly he felt the latter pulling him towards the edge of the precipice. He held him as if in a vice, so that the frail musician could not extricate himself. The rock gave way, and with interlaced arms both were suddenly precipitated into the surging lake.

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SEVENTH BOOK

I

MALWINE sat in her room alone. It was not yet late; ten had not struck; but both Clare and the grandmother—the latter tired out and disturbed—had already gone to bed. At the lamp-light, bent over some poker-work, she felt herself an open door for the ever-moving stream of sad thoughts; but she was on guard against herself; she kept repeating some lines by Goethe, which she had recently learnt.

Who was walking there in the dining-room? she thought on a sudden, listening. Was the grandmother still up? Or was it the servant come back? Then she became frightened; she recognised the step. The door of the dining-room opened and her cousin Emil entered.

'Please do not get so aggressively pale!' said Emil, with a gentle and friendly smile, while he supported his small, well-proportioned form at the open door. 'Good evening, cousin. Once more do I enter this house, at last. I did so want to see how things were going. Am I so unwelcome?'

'You are my father's guest,' observed Malwine, holding the needle in her hand, 'therefore you are at home here. I thought, however, you did not intend coming any more, as you have been away since that evening——'

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'Yes, five full days—it was not neglect of you all on my part, but the reverse. I did not want to be a burden to my dear cousin, since I was convinced that my presence was irksome to her. As you just now rightly remarked, I am only the guest of your *father*——'

'You belong to the family, as he wishes it,' interrupted Malwine, 'so it is all the same whether he is here or not. We always expected you at table, for you told the servant to tell us that you would not have breakfast that first morning, but then we did not hear anything further. So we thought——'

'Do excuse me,' said Emil, with his head bowed low, 'do excuse me; it was not fair to let you hear nothing further——'

'Oh, please!' she said, cutting him short, 'you are quite at liberty, as you know, to do what you like. Hitherto you have always acted on this principle . . . That you did not return at night—that is your affair. I am only surprised that you returned *to-day*—— so late.'

'Is it already too late for you?' asked Emil quietly: his voice was somewhat uncertain, however; it seemed to Malwine all broken, or had she misheard? She looked at him more attentively; up till now she had really not seen him at all. His face was slightly flushed; somewhat puffed about the eyes, dejection in his look. Also it was not without a purpose that he was leaning against the door, near which he remained standing.

'It is not too late,' she said, with a quick raising of her finely arched brown eyebrows. 'If my father were here, it would be in fact early. I was only thinking—— Excuse me if I ask you quite bluntly: have you not drunk too much?'

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'What are you thinking of, cousin?'—— He laughed boisterously. Then he showed a serious, pained expression. 'I ought to feel offended that you should accuse me of being able to present myself before you in such a condition—but I have made up my mind: to-day, I shall take nothing amiss you may say. Therefore, continue! But one little remark: That I should drink too much—that will not happen any more. I have learnt to put up with a good deal. Better expressed, I have obtained great mastery over myself; more than you dream of. That is due to the good influence of your—— But where is he now?'

'My father?' asked Malwine, and became pale again. Till now she had listened to Emil's words, but did not find any more weakness or uncertainty in them.

'Yes, your unhappy father. I don't understand it. It must come out at last. . . . On that evening, recently, I was waiting in his room: he had gone to speak to you: he did not return. At last I saw the maid; she told me: He rushed outside; you, Malwine, were locked in, you knocked and knocked and called, then she opened the door. Bergmann came . . . He was still with you and the grandmother. I—I did not want to disturb you, I did not go inside. I thought, uncle has returned. But when the servant told me next morning that he had not returned——'

Then you saw that something had gone wrong,' said Malwine coldly, 'and so you retired to another haven; where I do not know.'

'I went to a friend,' returned Emil quietly, as if that was self-understood. 'As I said before, I did not want to become a burden to you—— But please, cousin, do not speak so icily, so terribly politely. I am still a kind of man.

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Once upon a time we got on very well together, we two. And the man about whom the trouble is, is, so to say, *my* father too—so you see how little I have to joke about. I, too, have a heart. Day and night I think of him and ask myself to madness: what has happened to him? what has befallen him?'

'Do you think *I* do not think of him?' broke from her. Her unnatural colour left her—she burst forth into quick-flowing tears.

Emil was silent a while, sighing softly. Then slowly and surely he approached her at the round table, and took hold of a back of a chair, but did not seat himself. 'Then behave a little kindly towards me,' he began again in a hushed tone; 'tell me one thing. The musician, Hans Bergmann, is gone. You and the grandmother have sent him on the quest—— Not so? Please do not remove your handkerchief; you need not speak; your silence means assent. The other one, Doctor Schweitzer, remains; he will advise you, help you, I think; you will associate with him again, since your father is away——'

Malwine, her face still hidden in her handkerchief, only now and again softly sobbing, shook her head.

'Don't you speak to him? Still that wall between you? That's touchingly obedient . . . But the musician, your emissary . . . You have sent him to the vegetarian on the Walchensee?—If you remain silent, it is good. So I thought. But how are things now? Have you got any news? Have you found him?'

She shook her head again. Then she raised her sunken forehead and showed him her dry eyes, clouded with an infinite sorrow, and shook her head again.

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'The whole thing is very humiliating to me,' continued Emil, rocking the chair to and fro. 'I should have been the next to look for Uncle Helmut; I should not have rested . . . But since you had no confidence in me, this stranger—— He has not written?'

'Not yet.'

'And no other trace of him? no indication? nothing?'

'Absolutely nothing!' answered Malwine. 'Absolutely nothing!'—she wrung her hands.

'So nothing at all yet! It is all the more painful to me, for it all happened in some way through *me*. This wretched money—even if it was only the last straw—it *was* the last straw, evidently. There is no need to nod; as long as you do not contradict what I say, it is enough. Ah, that money. It was—unattainable . . . Please do not get up; I do not say anything; I am only simply explaining the case; it was unattainable. But Uncle Helmut did not see it in that light. He did not *want* to, great-hearted as he is. I told him myself——'

'You? What could you say to him?'

'If you must deprive your children of it,' I said to him, 'I do not want it. Only if you can spare it, really spare it. . . . "I have it," he answered. "It belongs to my vow. It must be so. Don't worry about anything!" And then he went to you——'

'Can you swear it?' she asked, with a deep look of doubt in her grey eyes.

Emil lifted up his finger.

'Really! you can!'

'Yes.'

'Please, then, swear this before me — that it was *old*

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debts, that my father was to pay. "Debts of the old time," you used to call it—"the fatherless, the terrible time!"'

She looked at him searchingly, expectantly. If he swears this too, she thought, then I know that he has falsely sworn.

He stood, however, motionless, near the chair.

'That you do not swear?'

'No,' he said, 'no. I cannot swear that they were *only* old debts. . . .'

'But you asserted it was so to my father—liar!'

'Please, please.'

'I must tell you. You are corrupt to the very core!'

Emil pulled himself together violently; he answered nothing. He stood there motionless. After a while she heard him groan.

The sound was so strange to her in him, it pierced almost to her very heart. She looked at him; at that moment his melancholy face with the tightly-closed mouth reminded her in some mysterious way of her mother in the times of stress. She almost sighed, involuntarily. Both remained quiet.

'Let me say something in reply to that,' he began at length, first of all in a toneless voice, then, becoming quieter, with more sound in the voice. 'To the very core, corrupt!—that is easily said. But consider for a moment; a young man is not corrupt, only thoughtless; his thoughtlessness makes him weak; he comes to all kinds of vices and debts. He is saved; he reforms. Is there then no relapse? That is just the pity of it in this world that there are relapses; just as there are in the case of colds, rheumatism, so also in the case of the illness of thoughtlessness. So—fresh debts. One is ashamed. One was already on the good path.

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Shall one admit them? Shall one pain his deliverer, his benefactor? It would give him so much sorrow. It would give oneself so much pain. In short—one would rather not say anything about it yet awhile. . . . Just consider the matter in that light. What would you then say? "Terrible, such a *roué*!" or witheringly, pathetically: "A man corrupt to the very core!"'

Malwine was silent for a while. 'You admit then,' she said, 'that they were fresh debts you had incurred?'

'You would not have believed me if I had said they were only old,' he answered frankly. 'But I hope you believe now that I do not commit perjury. I confess it openly; there are *new* debts, there are *old* debts; a horrible mixture. I am a miserable man. But I do not say that to work upon your womanly feelings; I am too proud for that and I respect you too much. I only mention the fact. My life now pursues "its tortuous course" as they say here. It just escaped the first sandbank: but now the sea is running against it again, it will certainly spring a leak. Then follows condemnation and the breaking-up. But I deserve it; why did I choose this father? I mean my *first*; for the second—yours—him I cannot esteem too much. He would have brought me, as on a hair, through all the north-west and north-east storm, to harbour. But it was not to be. Sela!'

'What do you now intend doing?' she asked after a fresh silence, because she did not know what she had to say.

'That is just the question,' answered he, with an apparently indifferent shrug of the shoulders and a clear 'H'm!' 'I have not yet made up my mind. I can count it upon my fingers. But what does it matter to you? why should you . . . I am only here to-day, because—I could not stand it

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any more, to appear thus in your eyes. She curses me, she considers me a monster; that I knew. I am the cause of the whole evil, so she believes. And when my thoughts went back to the time when things between us. . . . Shooting is the only way out of it, I thought. I could not stand it any more!'

Malwine crimsoned; she fixed her eyes on the foot-stool, which stood half finished on the table. 'How was it between us?' she asked slightly haltingly. 'What fancy has got hold of you?'

'Well,' said he, 'I mean in regard to the friendship between us. Cousin and cousin. I do not mean anything further. Then you believed in me, so to say; you thought that I might still become the pride of the whole family——'

'I was then only a child!'

'Yes, a wonderfully clever child. Fifteen years according to the church register, but seventeen in reality! I know that when I spoke to you, I forgot the school-girl altogether; I poured out all my thoughts, plans, ideals, before you, as before a grown-up girl—an elder sister. I believed often at that time that I had a sister. . . . It was my best time.'

'Yours—most innocent perhaps——'

'I do not know. I do not want to make myself out better than I am; rather worse. . . . Ideals I had in plenty, that I know; I would have also had sufficient power to live for them, to conquer my thoughtlessness, if your father *then* had pulled me out of the water and had brought me into the house; and had I had you near me—the purest and best sister one could have—Malwine! things have gone badly with me!'

He turned the chair round so that the seat touched his

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knees; then he sat himself down astride, looked at the girl with her shining brown eyes and sighed. 'What might you not have made out of me, wonderful girl. I was under your influence. You were well disposed towards me too. Would that it so remained!'

Malwine, more yielding, lifted her thought-shrouded eyes and glanced at him. He began to smile. It was meant to be a sorrowful smile of dejection, but suddenly something in his face, about the curl of his moustache, strongly displeased her. She experienced a peculiar feeling; she thought she saw at that instant her neighbour of the next room before her, Dr. Schweitzer's face with its aquiline nose came before her. In that connection Emil's frivolous smile was out of all harmony. It was false; it was unreal. She rose, without knowing why, and brought her two hands down on the table. 'How much more do you reckon you owe in addition to the old debt?' she asked.

Emil stared at her. 'What do you mean by that?'

'I merely ask—evidently you come to me for money. You are making one more attempt to see whether your old powers of persuasion have any effect on me; whether I am still to be softened by your flatteries. How much is it?'

'Malwine,' said he, collecting himself, 'you have become foolish, by God! It is the spirit of my father that must have worked upon you. The high opinion he had of me must have passed from his letters to you——'

'From his letters? How?'

'Doubtless he wrote to you about me, as well as he wrote to your father. If he himself did not write, then it must have been through that mummy, that stony hag of an old maid—his godmother. She thinks she has a chisel, too, with

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which she can knock up a portrait of me; an exact copy of nature. That must have been the likeness which just now was hovering before you!'

Malwine still remained erect. 'All this talk—has it not some practical object?'

'You are cruelly insulting, I must say. I only wanted, first of all, to pour out my heart before you, to appeal to the past, to see whether your terrible coldness towards me is not to be melted. For I cannot stand it any more.'

'But you said "first of all,"' she interrupted, 'so you want something else, too.'

'Who said that?'

'If I am mistaken, excuse me. So our conversation should be at an end now—and I bid you good-night. I am very tired and want to go to sleep. Good-night!'

She let her work remain on the table and turned towards the door. Emil shuddered, his face darkened. He made a sharp movement which she could not but notice.

'What do you want?' she asked.

'I?'

'Yes, you. You were feeling in your pocket just now.'

'I? I did not mean anything by that. But what is the sense of your running away now, before we have finished our talk——'

'Ah, so you do want something after all!'

'In the devil's name, yes. But not as you think. Things are not merely white and black. . . . I wanted to speak to your heart, if that were possible; for—I am your friend. Had you at least listened to me in a friendly way—I don't ask any more—I would have appealed to your reason; you may call that, if you like, "a practical object." It would

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possibly have pleased you, because your heart, as daughter—but you are not listening.'

'Oh yes,' she answered, 'I will listen again. Tell me!'

'It concerns everything at the same time; it has to do with my moral and my physical salvation—but that does not matter to you—with your father and myself. He has gone from you, because you did not obey him; in short, owing to the five thousand marks. His poor head is overstrained, weakened, you know; at any rate, in great danger. Probably you have fears for his life too. . . . I say this because I want to *help* you. God knows, I am no monster to hang myself on him. That at the same time it would be *my* advantage does not alter the matter.'

'Say what you wish, I implore you!'

'Then listen quietly,' said Emil, who now stood opposite her. 'The five thousand marks were too much for you. Let us cancel the *new* debts—half. Those are disgraceful debts, I admit that; I ought never to have incurred them. I must do my best, carrying them about with me until with honest work I get rid of them; I must postpone those for a while, I can see. But if I do not pay the *old* ones, I am lost at once. Please, take this literally. Lost! two thousand five hundred marks. If you can let your father know—they are paid!—if I can confirm it; if I can say "everything is right now"—then his anger will vanish. He will come back. You save your father, your own peace of mind, and me!'

'Do you not see it?' continued he, after a time, while poor Malwine, winding and clasping her hands, stood in painful irresolution. 'You must bear your responsibility in mind. It is a matter of conscience. One has only one father.'

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'No, I will not do it,' said she suddenly. 'I can hear again how your tongue stammers and stutters. You must have drunk courage up to say such a thing to me. . . . I am to bring my sister, my old grandmother to poverty, perhaps to see them starve, in order that you can go on with your drinking! That I will not do. God will help me in another way.—My father will—what do I know. That would be a sin. Certainly I cannot do it!'

'Not even half?'

'No!'

'Malwine! You are abandoning your father?'

'Let my father be in peace,' said she in quivering tone. 'My duty as child—that I must arrange with myself. You, you have—don't mention his name to me more!'

'Thank you; at your highness's service. You wish then to cast me into despair.'

'What is your despair to me? You wanted it so!'

Emil laughed outright; it was such a strange, rasping laugh that it cut into her soul. He fumbled again in his pocket; this time he let it remain longer than previously, it moved, it became clenched. 'Whether my despair concerns you or not? That you will live to learn!—I wanted it so, say you. Your words please me, in fact. They make my task easier; you inspire me with the proper passion against you. Whether it concerns you or not, that you will learn.'

'What is in your mind?' she cried out; her sight left her suddenly. She wanted to go towards the door, but she could not find the direction. She only felt that Emil was approaching her with his smell of wine about him.

'To get out of the world, nothing more,' said he; 'this time, however, not alone. I want company. . . . If you do

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not help me, then I have only *one way*; but I would rather not have to choose it. I would only go to the dogs, I know. That I would loathe. But I have sworn over a bottle of wine: if I take the journey, so do you. You have racked me all these weeks through your icy contempt . . . and you kept your father away from me—so say your last word!'

Malwine, concentrating all her will-power, threw off the cold mist of fear; she was again possessed of all her senses in her head. She saw Emil standing before her; in his right hand she saw a small revolver which he had pulled out of his pocket.

'Help!' she cried out loudly.

'Unhappy girl, be quiet!' he muttered. 'It concerns your very life. I am not joking. First you and then I. If you cry out, I fire!'

'And if I do not call——'

'If we come to an understanding, then not. Otherwise, certainly I will not miss——'

'Help!' she shrieked again, as loud as she could; it was horror of death, it was wild courage. At the same time she sprang at Emil and seized his right arm; with her two hands she raised it aloft; he will then shoot in the air! she thought. Loudly she still called: 'Help! Help! Help!'

'You are mad,' stammered he for rage. 'It will not avail you anything. Let go. . . .' In surprise he became still and listened. A mighty crashing noise fell upon the senses of them both. Outside, something fell together, on the landing, quite close; or something had burst in pieces. The partition-door! thought Malwine in that instant. It seemed to her as if it had to be, as if she had foreseen it.

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'I am here! I am coming!' called out a familiar, thundering, hearty voice.

As tame elephants at the word of their master break down walls, throwing their mighty bodies against them, so had Schweitzer, roused through that cry of help, with irresistible, destroying power, crashed through the party-door. A few seconds more and he had torn open the door of the salon and his burly form appeared in a velvet jacket, with head uncovered. He came upon Emil like a storm, seized his arm that had just freed itself, held it so that the other cried out and fastened upon his hand. With one twist, which Emil could not withstand, he loosened the weapon from his grasp. Then he threw it behind him.

'You murderer!' he cried, almost breathless. He lifted his hand as if to strike him down. Emil's small figure bent and escaped him. When he with the eyes of a madman in despair looked at the revolver, Schweitzer stepped back and stood before it like a wall. 'Don't move,' he said. 'Don't touch it again, or I will beat you down!'

'What do you want?' hissed Emil. 'Strike on! It's all the same to me. Shoot, that will be better.'

'No,' said Schweitzer, collecting himself. 'But outside with you! Down the steps! Out of the house!'

Malwine's look of entreaty quieted him. She lifted up her hands to entreat for Emil, for the good name of the house. He smiled in deep seriousness and nodded.

'Who are you to order me out?' asked Emil, clenching his teeth with this humiliation. 'You? What right——'

'Will you go?'

'No.'

'You will go——'

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'No.'

'Well, go then!'

With two strides Schweitzer was by Emil's side, seized him under the two arms and lifted him up from the ground. Then he carried him, huddled up and struggling for breath, like a child through the open door. He carried him over the landing to the staircase; there he let him fall.

II

Schweitzer remained standing on the top stair until he heard the door of the house close. Then he went back with his echoing stride to the salon. Malwine was standing in the middle; her arms were hanging down, she was pale to the lips, as if exhaustion and unconsciousness had at last come now that she had no more need of her will-power. When she saw him enter, there came a slow red, at first just a tint, then becoming stronger, into her oval cheeks, like a joy-pennon; at the same time tears forced themselves into her big eyes. She wanted to say something; she could not. She laughed. It was a soft, trembling laugh; the most enchanting Schweitzer had ever heard. He remained standing and listened. It ended all too soon. She lifted up her hand, yet pale, and repressed her tears.

'Why do you laugh?' he asked, in order to say something.

'At the sight . . . how you carried him out. . . .'

She looked at him admiringly, like a child that is happy. She laughed again, softly, tremblingly, in the sweetest tones of her alto. She made an unconscious movement as if she

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wished to imitate the carrying-out process. Her slender, tall form quivered a little. Schweitzer looked down at her; he had a feeling he could not define; a powerful wish seized upon him to take her, too, in his two arms and lift her up. He would not carry her to the stairs, but to his room. . . .

He shook back his long hair. 'Why did he want to shoot you?' he asked, again quite calm, externally, as if they two had met every day.

'I do not think he could have been in his senses,' she answered, making some excuse. 'I was to save him . . . pay his debts. . . . But it seems as if I too am not myself. I have not thanked you! O God!'

'Please, do not do so; do not deprive me of the pleasure. You could not thank me as well as your laugh just now did. Fortunately I was at home and in my study. . . . Then I heard through the wall that "Help! help!"'

'What did you imagine was happening then?'

'What I imagined? Nothing. I simply ran to the door——'

'You burst it through?'

'Yes; what could I do? I *had* to.'

'Of course. I do not mean that. But how were you able to manage it? I cannot understand it. Such a strong door. How was it possible?'

'You are overrating the door, my dear Fräulein. It was evidently badly put up. But think of it: to hear your voice—calling for help—I hear it still in all my body. It was *your* voice, yours . . .'

The big brawny figure shook. He murmured something else, as if in his deep tones his physical unrest was evident.

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Malwine reddened. She drew out her handkerchief to dry her eyes that were still moist, and so hid her face.

'Yes—I had not heard your voice for some time,' he said, after a deep silence. 'One knows nothing; I should never have thought that I . . . on such an occasion——Well, there is now no door more between you and me. We have seen each other again. What shall I now do, Fräulein Malwine? Shall I go?'

'No,' said she in a tone of decision, showing her face; it was shining with gratitude, with emotion. 'You must not go yet. . . . What will happen later I do not know; I am still his daughter. Oh, when he hears of it, he himself will. . . . But I cannot be sure. Now you must——'

She broke off; in the doorway stood Line, the servant, a shawl over her shoulders, evidently hastily dressed, with excited face; she was astonished to see the two.

'Fräulein, what is it?' she asked. 'I was just going to bed; then I heard . . .'

'It is all right now,' said Malwine, her cheeks again full of colour; 'Herr Doctor here—he came in good time. I will tell you everything to-morrow. You can go now. Was grandmother disturbed?'

'I did not hear her moving,' answered the girl.

'Well, then, go quietly to bed!'

Line said 'Good-night' and disappeared. She withdrew slowly, hesitatingly; it was very hard for her to go to her lonely room with her curiosity thus excited and her nerves all out of gear. Malwine fought against a womanish, narrowing feeling and smiled at Schweitzer as she approached him.

'I have not shaken hands with you even,' said she, holding

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hers out. 'And you cannot go from us like that, you, our best friend, without having even seen your favourite, Clare, your—— Do you want to see her?'

'That is an excellent idea,' said Schweitzer moved, pressing her hand so tightly that the contraction of her face showed it. 'I have not seen the child so long——At all events, it would be very difficult for me. Where is she then? Isn't she in bed yet?'

'Oh yes. What are you thinking of, you, a doctor, too. She is asleep. You cannot see her to-day except asleep. But I thought you would like to——'

'Oh yes! I ought to and I would like. You know me very well, it seems. If it is not too late for you, show me the way!'

'It is not late yet,' she said quietly. She lit a lamp and went out into the corridor, leading the way. He picked up the revolver, looked at it, and put it in his pocket; then he followed her. There came over him a peculiar feeling to be walking with her in that corridor, near her, in the quiet night. He hushed his footsteps. Before the door, behind which the little one was sleeping, Malwine paused; the reaction had come, she could not breathe. She leaned against the wall. Schweitzer bent to support her in an upright position; she, however, stretched out her hand and beckoned him away. 'I thank you,' she whispered. 'It is over. . . .' She stood so a few moments, then she drew herself up. She smiled at him. Softly she opened the door.

Little Clare lay in her bed placed against the wall on the right, beneath her little 'picture-gallery'; this consisted of framed photographs of her father, her grandmother, her

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sister; beneath them all, but nearest to herself, there hung a picture of Uncle Hottsch, which he had given her two months ago. The door leading to Malwine's room was open. The child had folded her right hand under her head, she lay upon her side and slept, imperceptibly breathing. Her face was a perfect apple-blossom, nose and forehead gleaming prettily white, the cheeks gently glowing, the lips cherries ready for plucking. The other wee hand lay on the coverlet, stretched out, the palm hollowed.

Schweitzer stood at the foot of the bed looking at his idol in silence, almost in the attitude of adoration, and shook his head wonderingly, with very joy, to see the child again. After some time he noticed Malwine's lips moving as if she were speaking; she was standing behind Clare's head, holding the light.

'Did you speak?' he asked.

'No—I did not say anything. I was only thinking. You are overjoyed.'

'Yes,' he answered smiling, 'that I am.' He stepped forward and took the little hand lying on the coverlet; it disappeared in his. Then he bent forward and kissed the child on the cheek, on the chaste little mouth, just where the red lips parted. Clare felt herself disturbed, drew her brows together—just like her father! thought Schweitzer—and cut a very wry face. Then she drew her hand in and passed it over her face, as if to drive away the cause of her discomfort.

'Silly little Clare!' said Malwine smiling. 'Yes, it sometimes happens so!' added she, but so quietly that he did not understand.

'What——?' he asked.

'Oh, I only thought . . . that one is very likely to act so,

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when one's soul is asleep, and one does not know what is good for one. It was only a passing thought. It is nothing.'

'Yes, yes, very true,' he muttered. 'I thought you were remarking about my velvet jacket with its smell of tobacco, since I stood so near you. I could not change it in my hurry.'

'Indeed, no,' she said cheerily, much moved. 'For the rest, I have not noticed this tobacco smell you speak of at all.'

'I smoke now very much less, Fräulein. Since our long conversation, you remember. I am trying to reform. But this coat will always——'

'I have not noticed any odour at all,' she repeated. 'So you smoke much less?'

'Yes.'

'But not *too* little, I hope? that it should give you pain?'

'Oh no. Only no sympathy. I think, too, I have mastered that habit of mine of——'

'Ah,' she breathed, casting a quick look at the little sleeper. Then she looked him full in the face, her honest eyes shone. 'I am also improving myself!' she said softly, yet with evident happiness. 'I am braver. I am so patient, take so much trouble now like——'

'Like whom?' he asked confidently, since she had broken off.

She pointed at him; she could not speak. Then she left her position at the bedside and nodded towards the little one as if they now had to go.

Schweitzer's bronzed skin became darker; that was his blushing from joy. 'Yes, yes,' said he quickly, 'you are right; I must go. I must go. Good-night. I thank you, my dear Fräulein.'

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'You—me?'

'Yes; because this has been one of the happiest evenings of my life. Sleep now in peace after your fright. Little Clare! Good-night!'

They went outside. 'I must look once more at the splintered door,' said Malwine, with a charming smile, giving her hand in parting. 'There we shall part!' She walked down the corridor with him, the lighted lamp in her hand. It almost slipped from her grasp, for as she passed by the last door, she shrank in terror together. In the salon which was still illuminated—the door was open—something was moving; she heard a man's voice coughing or groaning. 'O God!' she whispered.

'What is the matter?'

'Emil is there again!'

Schweitzer shook his head, smiling. 'He would not dare; I cannot believe that. But we shall see!' He passed into the room. Malwine remained behind him.

III

Schweitzer stood stock-still on the threshold, amazed. Upon a chair by the wall sat Adler, his black cloak buttoned across his breast, his hat on his head. His face was pale, made stranger by his drooping eyebrows and his fixed gaze. His dress, always so neat and trim, was completely disarranged; the sleeves and flaps of his coat were marked with great dirt stains, his boots and trousers were covered with mud. His beautiful hair was dishevelled, partly matted over his brows and forehead. He was leaning against the wall sideways.

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'Father!' cried out Malwine, who had seen him over Schweitzer's shoulder. She struggled a moment or two for air and then ran to him. Adler scarcely noticed her, but stretched out a hand as if to thrust her away; there burst from him a cry that was like a stab to her; she stood still. 'Do not touch me!' said he in a hollow, empty voice, not at all like his own. 'And you, too, do not come near me!' he added, with a glance at Schweitzer, whose presence did not seem to be strange to him, but only to disconcert him. 'Do not touch me. Your friend—Hans Bergmann—you will never see him again. I have killed him.'

'O God!' cried Malwine. Adler huddled himself together; he lifted his eyebrows. 'Silence!' muttered Schweitzer, struggling with the terror of the thing. He had become a greenish pale, but he suddenly raised himself to his full height. He took Malwine by the arm, using some little force to quieten her, and turned her round so that she looked at him full in the face. She saw his face, pale but determined. With a movement of his brows he imposed silence on her: 'Collect yourself; I will see to this!' Then he turned to the unhappy man who was still sitting on his chair.

'You have killed Hans Bergmann, you say?'

'Yes,' in a whisper.

'You must have had some cause, of course. Or did you have none? You shake your head. Where did you see Hans Bergmann?'

'Where? Near the Walchensee. I threw him into the lake——'

'Father! father!' cried Malwine again; she could not restrain herself. Schweitzer seized her arm again, this time

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so that he actually gave her pain, and said in a voice that somewhat quivered, but otherwise calm and deep: 'Please, leave it to me. Do not excite yourself. Only speak when I beg of you.'

She looked up at him. She trembled, but the sight of his wonderfully composed face, which nevertheless seemed to have aged by ten years, gave her some fortitude; his softened bass voice too. She could not help being astonished in all her terrible anxiety. The iron resolution in his features, his look, his mouth, recalled to her mind the times she had seen her father also so; but Schweitzer with it all was still simple, youthful. He was still pale; that Malwine could never have imagined him capable of becoming so pale. Then slowly the blood crept into his cheeks; it was as if he were driving his will into them.

'I believe you are making a mistake, sir,' he began in deepest seriousness, but outwardly composed, almost as if he were dealing with a scientific question. 'Bergmann is not dead.'

'Why do you think so?' asked Adler, lifting up his head.

'Because I know what a swimmer my friend is. I do not say he can swim the Dardanelles, like Lord Byron, but he can stand something.'

'But *that* he could not stand,' said Adler, shaking his head gloomily. 'The night was black; the water cold; high tide.'

'But it is not much to swim to shore, when one has fallen in from the shore. Or was it from a boat—— ?'

'No, from the bank,' answered Adler, who appeared to grow more and more astonished at Schweitzer's calmness. 'But it was rocky; very steep. No landing-place, right or

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left. I myself have lived through it. I, too, had to swim for it; a hair's-breadth and I had seen land no more. There was an overhanging bough; I drew myself up by it, with stiff fingers. Then I listened; not a sound. Do not speak any more! He is dead!'

Malwine wrung her hands; but she remained stock-still. It would have done her good if Schweitzer's iron fingers had clasped her again; she was almost waiting for it. But it was only his elbow that was touching her. Then he took a chair and sat himself down opposite Adler; for he had noticed that Adler was discomposed when he had to look up at his great height. 'Do not be afraid, sir,' said he. 'I am not going to touch you. I only wanted to remark: *you* swam, you say. Why did you do that?'

'We both fell in, did we not? I told you so before.'

'Yes—you said so. You struggled together——'

Schweitzer stopped, gazing at him, and listening intently.

'Struggled? I have not told you that yet.'

'No; I guessed it.'

'Guessed?—Well, yes. Because the other——'

Adler closed his eyes; he could not speak any more, evidently. Schweitzer saw now clearly how red his eyelids were, like those of a suffering man that has often longed for sleep, but had not found it the long night through. His face, so thin, covered with dust, with the wet hair all hanging, made a picture of the most poignant sorrow. Malwine sighed softly, she was standing behind Schweitzer's chair.

'Yes, yes, the other,' said Schweitzer after a short pause; he was trying to guess out the rest through his questions. 'The other one, Westenberger, that I think is the name of your colonist—my friend told me of him. Your quarrel was

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about this Westenberger. He was the beginning of the whole difference. You defended Westenberger against my friend. . . . No, no. You shake your head. It was the reverse. Of course it was. Westenberger is all to blame. . . . That's so, is it not? you will admit that?'

Adler stared at the young doctor; he pushed back the hair from his forehead. 'Is all to blame . . . you say so; but you do not know it actually. The other one, your friend, he is not to blame; that is quite certain. That is the reason it tortures me so. The Eumenides . . . you know, the Eumenides that followed Orestes—Oh, my dear doctor——!'

He bent himself forward, placed a hand on Schweitzer's knee, with a pitiful groan and an appealing look.

'Oh yes, I understand,' said Schweitzer without losing his self-possession, which gave him control over both father and daughter. 'Would you not like to tell me more, sir? When did it happen?'

'When? Three weeks ago; or three days ago; I do not know. There is something wrong with me, doctor; I forget the time.'

'That must not put you out, sir; it happens to many people. You have been working too hard, I think. Newton, the great Newton, when he had overworked himself, could not only not sleep, like you, but all sorts of curious notions came into his head. Then he used to take a thorough rest and was better again! Now, have you not *dreamed* the whole story?'

Adler began to tremble strangely. 'O doctor!' said he, his eyes wandering despairingly around. Oh, would that I had dreamt it!'

'All right then, not dreamt,' returned Schweitzer. He

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whispered over his shoulder to the listening girl, racked with apprehension: 'Believe me, Bergmann is not dead. I do not believe it! He ventured now to touch Adler. 'Pardon me,' he said in his cheery voice, 'you have some dirt on your sleeve. I know you do not like that. It is "against your nature" as you say. Allow me!'

He drew out a little brush from his coat pocket and rubbed Adler's sleeve, as if he were making an end of the only mark on his clothing.

Adler breathed loudly, sighing. 'Yes,' he said, 'it is against my nature. I did not notice it!'

'That is a common occurrence.'

'In Hamburg . . .'

'What happened in Hamburg?'

'I mean that I must have dirtied my coat when I was in Hamburg. I went about in the docks, near the ships——'

'Have you been in Hamburg too?'

Adler nodded. 'Yesterday; or to-day. Did I not tell you? I travelled from Munich to Hamburg; I intended to go to America! But when I was standing there at the docks there came over me a feeling of aversion to the ships, the big sea and America—or to life itself, if you prefer it—and I thought; no, home! let me make an end of it! And so I am at home. It is good that you are here, it is providential; you can now report the matter, that your friend has been killed and by whom; by whom. Do not look at me so. I am not mad, doctor. I do think I am mad sometimes; perhaps it would be better. Now that we are speaking to each other—you have such a pleasant soothing voice—I can think quite clearly, a thing I could not do before without weariness and discomfort. If I could only get some sleep,

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all would be well. But I cannot sleep. It is very tiring. "Balm of all souls, Sleep."'

'You will again get to sleep, sir; and to-day, too. Yes, yes, do not smile!—So it was a dark, stormy night, and Bergmann, as you believed, dead. Then you went away—not so? You were driven. You did not want to stop there——'

'No. I—went away——'

'Wandering about in the night——'

'Wandering about? I went into the wood.'

'Quite aimlessly?'

'I do not know. The night was long. And the day too—the day——'

Adler relapsed into silence again, his eyes closed, his features worn with fatigue, the loose lips parted.

'Do not excite yourself,' said Schweitzer, 'do not think of what is past, it tires you out. At last, you arrived at a railway station, on the Lake of Starnberger for instance——'

'No, not there,' whispered Adler again, hoarsely.

'Well, then, to Murnau or Weilheim——'

'Yes, to Murnau. I had something to eat there. I went to bed there, in a big room, in the inn. But I could not sleep.'

Then you took train for Munich——'

'Yes, quite so—you describe it all——'

'I am only guessing at it, sir.'

Adler looked at him with his big dark-ringed eyes. 'Then you have a good head. A remarkable man. Five and twenty—not so?'

'At your service.'

'And in this matter—the whole evening——'

Suddenly a tremor passed over his face. Seized with

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nervous unrest, he said, 'Stop now! I must stop. That is why I am here. Report it, lodge information!'

'Pardon me, sir; we have not come so far yet. I do not believe he *is* dead.'

'You do not believe it?'

'No. *You* saved yourself, why not *he* too? You are a splendid swimmer, as you have told me before; he swims splendidly too. And he clung to life, that I can tell you. Had you remained there the night, you might have seen him in the morning——'

'No,' said Adler, and shook his head.

'You might have seen him, wet like a dog—or *not* wet—coming through the wood——'

'Doctor! doctor!' burst from Adler. 'Do you think so? I cannot. It is quite impossible!'

'I assure you, it is not impossible! but you are too worn out, your mind cannot carry you so far. I can quite see that. It would be the same with me. A friend of mine at the university could never think, when he was in an exhausted state, that he was called Ferdinand Müller—which was, of course, his name. Get a good night's rest, sir, and you will find it will be all right again.'

'Sleep! I can never sleep again.'

'Oh yes. And to-night, too. I can bewitch you, sir. I will take care of that. He went to the door of the dining-room, as if to begin at once, and opened it. He beckoned Malwine to follow him. They entered the room; Adler remained in his chair. The moist incredulous eyes of the pale girl rested on the doctor. 'Ah,' she said softly, 'just look at him. So tired, his soul has no peace. As soon as you go he will sink into himself again—no sleep—and what will he do then?'

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'I shall not go,' answered Schweitzer in equally quiet tones, 'before he falls to sleep. And in any case I shall remain here all night.'

'Where?' she said surprised.

'His bedroom adjoins his study——'

She nodded.

'Well, then, I shall use his sofa; of course, after he has fallen to sleep. His bedroom door I shall leave open. I would only ask you for a blanket, I shall not undress. What are you astonished at?'

'Do you intend doing that?' she asked. Her lips and voice began to tremble.

'Why not?'

'For the man who——?'

She broke off.

'How can you be so simple,' he returned almost harshly. 'Pardon . . . that escaped me. Still, your remark was childish. For first of all he is your father. . . . Please, a blanket. Have you got one?'

'Oh yes.'

'Well, that is arranged. The only question now is to see that the matter comes right!'

He went back into the salon, Malwine slowly followed him. Adler in the meantime did not appear to have been disturbed; he still sat in the same stiff attitude. Schweitzer stepped before him, bent as if before a lady with whom one is to dance, and offered him his arm.

'What do you want?' asked Adler.

'What do I want? To keep my promise, to conduct you to sleep.'

'You are a fool. You cannot do that.—You are still very young!'

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'Only you wait!' said Schweitzer calmly. 'How can you give yourself up to despair in that way? that does not suit you at all. Nothing is impossible to such a man as you, I think. You once told me that your ideal of a man was the old Fritz, the "unconquerable." Well, it is told of him that even after the greatest disasters he would not miss his sleep——'

'But I am no longer Helmut Adler,' muttered the unhappy man. 'Something has come in between. . . . My will, my powers are——'

'Let me explain,' interrupted Schweitzer, 'that is very simple; *exhaustion* has come in between. Just look at the matter from a scientific point of view, professor: because your nerve force is used up, your will at the same time is gone. I will lend you mine. To-morrow you will return it to me.' He smiled, although faintly. 'Come, take my arm, please. Or will you have something to eat first?'

'No,' answered Adler, in his stony seriousness. 'I had something on the way. In Hamburg. I do not know.'

'Yes, but a sleeping draught we must take for all that. . . .' Schweitzer signed to the girl with a glance in the direction of the dining-room. 'I prescribe half a bottle of wine!'

'You prescribe for me——? I did not know——'

'Am I not your family doctor?'

'On the contrary . . . I know exactly how the matter stands. I recollect very well. We——'

'Quarrelled, you will say,' broke in Schweitzer. 'Yes, once. What does that matter? Grass has grown over that since. Time, *tempus edax*, "voracious time" has eaten up that estrangement. I am still going with you to "Easter Island."'

Adler moved his head slowly from side to side. 'That is past,' he murmured. 'There is no "Easter Island" any more.'

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'Oh yes, there is. But here comes Miss Malwine with the wine. Please, drink!'

Malwine came from the dining-room with a bottle and glasses; she placed the tray upon the round table. Schweitzer poured the wine in; then he led Adler, who followed him obediently, to the table and offered him a glass full. While Adler drank it willingly, Schweitzer repeated: '"The balm of all souls, Sleep." So you said. Is that not out of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*?'

Adler nodded. He finished his glass. The doctor filled the glass again and gave it to him once more. And while he pressed it upon him in an apparently unconscious way, he continued: 'Was not your quotation inexact?—Please, drink—I think the verse runs:

"Sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds."'

Adler finished the glass again, then he answered: 'There are so many translations, doctor. Still, I may have made a mistake.'

'Well, then, just drink a third glass, three times is the privilege of every citizen.' Schweitzer filled the glass this time to the brim; he seemed sunk in deep thought while he placed the glass almost between the lips of the other. 'It is one of the most beautiful passages,' said he; 'once I, too, had a sleepless time, that brought me to value these lines:

"The innocent sleep;
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

'Everything is ready in your father's room, Miss Malwine, is it not?'

Malwine nodded; she regarded the young doctor with ever growing astonishment, and how her father obeyed him.

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Adler emptied the glass a third time, with a glance at the doctor as if to say: are you satisfied? is that right? Schweitzer smiled. 'You can drink, sir. My respects. In my time I have seen a good many German students and fellows drink, but seldom so lightly, so dexterously. That is also a gift. Now to the "Haupternährer bei dem Fest des Lebens," if you agree!'

He offered him his arm again.

Adler stood still, but did not take it. 'It is useless, doctor,' said he in his hopeless way. 'Sleep will not come to me.'

'It will,' returned Schweitzer, equally decisively. 'I tell you, it will come. I will lend you my will; then you *must* sleep. Saturate yourself, sir, with the consciousness that my healthy will is in you and then sleep *must* come, like it or not.'

'Young man, young man!' said Adler, smiling a little painfully. But he took Schweitzer's arm, who carefully bent himself in order to make himself smaller, and they went through the corridor towards his room. Malwine lighted them. In the bedroom she lit a candle, which stood upon the little night table, then she disappeared again.

'Give me some poison,' said Adler now.

Schweitzer at this was terrified a little. 'What do you mean?' he asked.

'I only mean a sleeping-draught; I have been wanting it a long time. The other kind would be far better; but that you will not give me in any case. At least, morphium, chloral-hydrate!'

'It is not necessary, sir. Fill yourself with my will. That is healthier and will serve just as well, I assure you.'

'That is what you always do, your assurance. . . . In the bed there? Into bed I will not go.'

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'That is also unnecessary,' returned Schweitzer, whom nothing could disturb. 'I see there a splendid armchair, with a foot-rest. That is nearly as good as lying down.'

'I got that when I could no longer bear the thought of bed. There I sat, and thought, working with my head as if I wanted to remain up the whole night, and then let sleep surprise me. Sometimes I was lucky.'

'Well, do you know, to-day, you will *certainly* be lucky. Sit down, do. I will entertain you, if you like——'

Adler answered hastily, stretching out his hand, 'Please do!'

'There is no "please" about it; I do it very willingly. I am your young follower—that you know. One night will make no difference to me. Now, do sit down; in this majestic chair take your ease. Do you know the beginning of the Hebrew Bible?'

'Doctor!' said Adler, whose heavy eyes stared once more with his own thoughts. 'Tell me honestly. Do you really believe, seriously and honestly that it is possible?'

'What?'

'That—that he is still alive?'

'So honestly, so truly as I am sitting here and see sleep perched upon your eyelids, like a little dove.'

'It is impossible, doctor! impossible!'

'I give you my word—again—that it is possible. To-morrow we shall see.'

'What shall we see to-morrow?'

'Whether we cannot get on his track either near the Walchensee or in the neighbourhood. We can telegraph, sir. We can inquire throughout the whole district; we must get some kind of answer. You will then see who is right, you or I.'

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'Telegraph——?'

'Yes.'

'Telegraph. . . .'

Adler was silent for a while, a new train of thought seemed to have started; it left behind it a soothing, weakening effect. Schweitzer looked at him in silence and disturbed him not.

At last Adler moved his tired head, sunk deep in the leather cushion. 'What were you saying about the beginning of the Bible?' he asked.

'It only occurred to me that it had served me at times, in my sleepless times, as a sleeping-draught; I mean the *Hebrew*. I only wanted to know whether you——'

'Not at all, doctor. Do you know Hebrew?'

'Oh no. But I once learnt from a school-fellow the two first verses. "In the beginning God created heaven and earth. And the earth was waste and void."'

'What is that in Hebrew?'

Schweitzer began in his deepest bass, with a certain solemnity, very soft to the ear, and gave utterance to the sounding words: *Bereshíth bará elohím eth hashamdjim we-eth ha-árez; weha-árez hájetha tóhu wabóhu.*'

Adler nodded. 'Yes, yes, that sounds well.—There is something fine about it.—You have a remarkably musical voice, only that bass of yours has a sleeping effect. *Tóhu wabóhu*, that is especially good.'

'But the beginning, too, is equally good, *Bereshíth bará elohím*.'

'Yes, with the accented *hím*.—What were you saying before? That you used to take it as a sleeping-draught sometimes?'

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'Yes, in my bad time. Then I used to sing and hum, now in the deepest bass, now in my highest baritone, this story of the Creation: *Bereshith bará elohim eth hashamájim we-eth ha-árez; weha-árez hájetha tóhu wabóhu.*'

'It's just made for your throat, doctor,' said Adler wearily. 'But that remedy would be lost on me; it would not give me sleep. Did it ever serve you?'

'Oh yes, now and again.'

'Strange. *Tóhu wabóhu.* That means "waste and void," does it not?'

'Yes, approximately.'

'"Waste and void." My head, dear doctor, is also "waste and void" . . .'

'That does not matter, sir; that will be gone by the morning; because you are going to get some sleep to-night. Then, again, will "the spirit of God hover over the water" ——'

'Do you think so?'

'I *know* it.'

'What do you not know? How does it begin? *Bereshith*——'

'*Bereshith bará elohim eth hashamájim we-eth ha-árez; weha-árez hájetha tóhu wabóhu.*'

'Funereal music. One could——'

Adler did not finish; his tongue was heavy. He half-closed his eyes; after a while, altogether. Schweitzer did not move.

'Telegraph!' he began after several minutes, lifting his reddened eyelids.

'You think——? Are you still there?'

'Yes. I will not leave you.'

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'You think that we can telegraph?—To-morrow?'

'Not only *can*, but *shall*.'

Adler smiled; it was really only the breath, the suggestion of a smile. He was again quiet. At last he spoke to himself, as in a dream: 'He says, "not *can*, but *shall*."—*Bereshith bard*.'

Schweitzer's sonorous, melodious bass continued, as if also in a dream: '. . . *elohim eth hashamdjim we-eth ha-drez* . . .' Then he ceased.

Adler's narrowing eyes had again closed. A painless peace spread over his face; the lips, however, remained a little parted. His beautiful white teeth just gleamed through. Some time slipped by. Schweitzer sat still like a statue. Then the lips moved again: '*Tōhu wabbhu*,' said Adler slowly, almost soundlessly. It was the last. He did not speak any more. The sound of regular breathing told the watcher in the still night that he was really asleep. Schweitzer sat motionless for some time yet; it pleased him to listen. The belfry of St. Marie struck twelve. He arose softly; yet he drew off his boots before he moved from the room. He took them under his left arm, lifted the candle from the table and glided through the open door into the study. To his surprise he saw Malwine's slender form, erect, leaning against the desk on which she had placed the lamp. He thought she had gone to bed long since. Her eyes grew moist again as soon as she saw him; but a smile, infinitely sweet, swept across her sorrowful, grateful face.

'Still up?' he asked, a movement of surprise replacing speech.

She answered also by gesture, with a movement of her shoulders: 'I could not!'

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Schweitzer pointed with his finger; his smile of contentment said: 'he is asleep.'

She nodded and moved her hands, as if to thank him.

He noticed now the coverlet upon the sofa, which she had prepared for him, most carefully spread without a fold. She had also placed a pillow at the head; washing utensils stood on the table. He thanked her with a look. Glancing at his stockinged feet he asked, through a motion, to be excused.

She nodded: 'I understand.'

'Well, good-night!' he whispered. He put his lamp down and took her hand. It lay so softly, so trustfully in his; so warmly. A feeling overcame him which suddenly unmanned him, and he raised the small delicate-hued hand a little, bent down and pressed it to his lips.

The girl shook her head and looked at *his* hand and sought to draw it towards her. In alarm he tore his hand from her grasp. His dark brows contracted in the deep seriousness of his mood. He listened as if the sleeper in the other room might awaken through this, but all was quiet there. Then both smiled, confused.

'Good-night!' whispered Malwine again, with hardly a movement of her tongue, and crept from the room on tip-toes. Schweitzer's eyes followed her. The spirit of the romantic was on him, that this girl had spread a resting-place for him at such an hour, and had stolen with scarcely the sound of her whisper away. When he awoke from his pleasant dreaming, it struck him that he was still carrying his boots in his left arm. It pained him. It was so unpoetical! he thought. What kind of figure I must have cut before her!—Then he smiled again, boundlessly happy. He put the boots on the floor, behind the sofa, placed the light so that it did not

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shine into the bedroom and turned towards his couch. He looked at the coverlet which she had so neatly spread, almost in adoration; he caressed it.

How can I be so happy? he thought, throwing it back at last. In this house? While nearly——? Egoist! Yet the sun still shone in his heart. He was full of hope. He stretched himself out, sleepless, alert as never before, and listened with his keen ear in the deep silence to Adler softly breathing, wrapped in health-giving sleep.

IV

The next morning, at a quarter to eight, when Schweitzer, who had not had his sleep out but still was rested, came into the dining-room, he saw little Clare, dressed for school, standing near Malwine, who was at breakfast. Her sister had told her that he was in the house; she was waiting for him hot with impatience. 'Uncle Hottsch!' she cried out; her little voice out-tired itself. She sprang into his arms with all the vehemence her tender youth was capable of, and nestled against his breast.

Schweitzer kissed her. Her fiery-warm lips pressed themselves closely against his. Then he lifted her up and held her raised in the air. Malwine stood up and over her came again that strange feeling of the night before, venting itself in uneasy laughter; but this time quieter, more restrained.

Little Clare smiled, happy so to swing about in such strong arms; in her eyes Uncle Gee-up was the strongest man in the world. She stretched out her hands and grasped his 'mane': 'Oh, you were right after all! Do you remember what you wrote to me: "happier times are coming again"

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and "the lion roars majestically!" And you *are* here again! Are you never going away now?'

'Oh yes, within an hour——'

'Ah, but you are coming back again! Just think, I dreamt about you a little while ago; it was beautiful—really very sad. I forget all about it now. And you slept here last night—that *is* splendid. . . . I have attended to Tyras too, and do so now. I have just learnt a piece, and when I play it him, he becomes, oh, so comical; he stretches out his four feet and begins to sing: then he soon gets tired, because he will not do anything that is right and proper at all. Sometimes I *do* curse him. . . . You are here again! Uncle Hottsch! Sweet Uncle Lion! more majestic! Oh, you are here again!'

She nestled again against his breast, high up, and kissed him with insatiable lips.

'Must you, too, go now?—to school?' asked Malwine.

'Ah, what are you thinking of? not yet! I must first have a ride. Please, dear horse!'

Malwine stepped nearer. 'Do not worry uncle. He has not yet had his breakfast.'

'That does not matter. Riding comes first! But am I worrying you?' she asked, in touchingly anxious tones. 'Do I tire you, Uncle Hottsch?'

'Nonsense!' said Schweitzer, lifting her up and sitting her on his head. He strode about with her in the room.

'That's what I say too: Nonsense!' she called out, using all the power of her throat, like a hen crowing. 'That's what I say too: Nonsense! nonsense! Malwine Adler talks nonsense!' When he let her down again, she whispered in his ear: 'Sometimes Malwine is so strange. Now we'll have "wheelbarrow?" To celebrate that you are here!'

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'Certainly,' said Schweitzer; 'to complete the celebration we'll play at "wheelbarrow"!' He took her little feet in his hands and let her go through the room upon her 'front wheels.' She put her head on one side and looked up at the clock on the wall. 'Please, stop a minute!' she cried.

He stopped the 'wheelbarrow.'

'Malwine!' said the child, keeping her posture, 'must I really go to school? Can I not, because we have Uncle Hottsch again——'

'Stay at home?' asked Malwine, smiling. 'No, that's impossible.'

'Well, then, lion, let me go! I must go this very instant!'

Clare sprang to her feet—quick as a dart—and ran to her satchel which lay upon a chair. Then she flung herself once more in Schweitzer's arms, her blue eyes full of tender light, gave him a quick kiss and stormed out of the room.

'She was in a fever,' said Malwine, 'until you came! Of her love you have lost nothing . . . Good morning; I could not say it before. Has he slept well?'

Schweitzer nodded. 'Much better than I did; and he is still sleeping.'

'Do you think that he is sleeping himself—well?'

'My dear Miss Malwine, what can one say? I hope so. I do not *know*.'

'Do you think that his mind——'

'Is really affected? Yes and no. So far as I understand it. He is so overstrained owing to various causes, that he often thinks differently and acts differently from a so-called normal person. Quite broken up? Certainly not. If only the tension could be relieved by rest, he would be well. That is my opinion.'

X

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'Where are you going now?' asked Malwine, as he walked slowly towards the door.

'Only to disappear for a little while; I shall come back. Have breakfast in my room; look at my letters——'

'Excuse me, no: you breakfast *here*. Everything is ready. I have sent Line to your room, she will bring your letters back; also the tablet on your door, in case any visits——'

Schweitzer interrupted her, surprised: 'Did you really think of all that?'

'Do you consider me so thoughtless?' she asked, smiling back at him. 'Here is Line back already!' The servant entered, the tablet and a letter in her hand.

'Good morning,' she said. 'That's all there was there.'

It is just as if I lived here, thought Schweitzer; as if I had the two houses—that one, my servant . . . the other, my wife! A pleasant shiver went through him, then a warm current streamed through his frame. He collected himself, thanked the girl in all seriousness, glanced at the tablet—empty—and then at the letter.

'Miss Malwine!' he cried out suddenly, so loudly that she was startled. 'Hans Bergmann! A letter! His handwriting!' His long arm held the letter aloft, as high as he could reach.

Malwine became pale with boundless joy and uttered a cry. 'Is it true? He — he is alive?' she wanted to say; she noticed the maid, however, still standing in the doorway. Pressing her lips together, she stepped nearer without uttering a sound more; gliding along in her soft house-shoes, as if everything about her had to keep the secret, but drawn as by magnetism towards the letter. Schweitzer opened it. She stretched out a trembling hand for the

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envelope; he gave it to her, as he opened the two sheets of paper enclosed; her eyes wandered over the superscription. 'Yes, yes,' she stammered to herself; Line meanwhile had gone. 'It is his writing. I know it too. Doctor, he is alive! —Or—or did he write this before——?'

'No,' said Schweitzer, his hand on the letter; 'it is all here. "After the great deliverance," he writes. Your joy is well founded!'

She was now standing before him, her hands folded, pleading.

'May you read it?' she asked. 'Remember how I——'

'Of course, I shall certainly read it,' he answered, smiling at her full of confidence, although the thought occurred to him: Is she more pleased at being Adler's daughter, or because of Hans Bergmann's escape? He began without a word more, at first somewhat agitated, but then more composed:

'"At my Headquarters, Jachenau, 27th April 1882. After the great deliverance.—Do not be frightened, dear Karl: I should have drowned, but happily it did not come about! This is the second time in the history of the world that an innocent youth was placed upon the water; the first one, Moses, was rescued by a princess; the other one had to rescue himself. Well, perhaps it is matter for an opera, so I won't grumble! I found Adler (the day before yesterday) at the fruitarian's, as you and I had hoped; everything went splendidly. I pleased him better than that nut-cracker, who got on his nerves more and more; I was invited to come again in the evening. Did I behave foolishly? I don't know; I am not clever enough to see through it. At all events the master got into a terribly excited state——"'

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Schweitzer stopped.

'Please read everything,' begged Malwine quietly.

'"A state that looked like madness, during which he lost all regard for our Philistine nicety, with respect to individual lives, and resolved—a determination very reasonable in itself—to free the world from Johannes Westenberger. I, still a Philistine, prevented him; then he showed himself unfriendly towards myself, and as neither would yield to the other, we both fell into the Walchensee. On the way we separated, and so arrived. Natural egoism—that part of us which is not material for operatic elaboration—conquers; each of us tries to save his own life. Various circumstances make this difficult; the stifling darkness of the night, abominable coldness of the water, steepness of the rocks on the strand—all making landing a matter of danger. It might have been possible at a distance of twenty or thirty feet—but impossible to see that distance at all! Well, why make a long story of it; for since I am writing this, I did succeed in coming to land after all,—that cannot be denied. Where? That will never be known, for I was too confused. I felt simply this: here am I a mass of ice; either get on or freeze up. I chose the getting along. After going round about I arrived at last at Jachenau and at my inn. Caro, that vigilant and fierce house-dog, demanded my life; I spoke loudly and he recognised my voice;—wonderfully clever creature! I would not have recognised his. In short, he forgave me; mine host opened the door and I went to bed. Karl, you never have been in a bed yet! They're not beds! You must try that bed of mine at Jachenau—in *my* state, of course—to understand that a sort of happiness exists that cannot otherwise exist!

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'"I just notice that my letter is becoming too long. Well, in short——"'

Schweitzer looked up; something was moving at his side. The door of the smaller room adjoining had opened, Adler stood in the doorway. He was combed and washed, dressed in fresh clothes; upon his cheeks stood a faint red again, the inflammation about the eyes had abated; his face still bore, however, its gloomy, hopeless expression. He looked at Schweitzer and Malwine without speaking.

'Good morning, master,' said Schweitzer, with quick resolution, still retaining his seat, without showing any particular sign of joy. 'Allow me to read on; it is a very interesting letter. From Hans Bergmann, from Jachenau. As I told you he saved himself, and the rest of the night——'

'From Hans Bergmann?'

'Yes. I shall continue, if you please; then you will understand the whole matter! "Well, in short; after I had passed the most unpleasant and most pleasant night of my life—both in one—in this way I became, out of the pure 'I,' ordinary man again with connections with humanity. I returned to the Walchensee; found Westenberger. The fellow had scuttled off into the wood on that evening; later he slunk back to his house; had not slept the whole night; was still a bundle of nerves; abjured solitude once and for all——"

Schweitzer stopped again.

'Continue, please,' said Adler, still in the doorway, his face unmoved.

'I do not know,' answered Schweitzer. 'In his musical joviality Bergmann uses an expression which——'

'I know Hans Bergmann very well,' said Adler, quietly.

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'If that is his letter, one cannot take anything he writes in ill part.'

'Well, then, I read on! "... abjured solitude once and for all, where one may be attacked by another still madder, and intends to go to Munich to set up there as a pious wood-carver. Of Adler he had no news at all. He seemed to hope: in the lake! So I went on; on foot round and about the lake. To Urfeld; to the village of Walchensee; southward as far as Wallgau. Has no one seen the author of the *Phœnix*? Then from Isarthal back again to Jachenau. Not a trace of Adler. I was already thinking: Give him up! Then on second thoughts: Do not give him up yet! And so I made for the Kochelsee, then to Schlehdorf, and then, in the evening, to Murnau. Victory! There had been a man at the inn—if that was not Helmut Adler, Helmut Adler had never lived. He had not——"'

'Continue reading,' said Adler, smiling condescendingly, when Schweitzer again stopped. 'I am listening to all of that as if to a chapter from Herodotus.'

'As you wish, master!—"He did not speak very sensibly; among other things he mentioned a long swim in an icy lake; water-weeds clung to his clothes; the little waitress was terrified, as she said, at his eyes. Then he left; probably to go to the station. For Munich, mine host thought. . . .

'"Yes, the question now is, Karl Schweitzer: who was more of a fool—mine host or I? My opinion was: into the 'world,' into the towns of men he returns no more! He has wandered out into the plains, into the mountains. . . . So I hired a dog-cart, and went up again; another night's search, or listening, with Caro. That was yesterday. To-day —to-day I think: the innkeeper was not the greater fool. Here about the lake, not a trace of the master. I go to Munich:

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Hotel Maximilian. Perhaps he is there. I shall say to him: Good-evening, master, you must dip me in once more, the first time it was unsuccessful!

'"For the rest, in another sense it *was* successful! I have become ten years older in one night. . . . You, no doubt, have read of 'The Seriousness of Life.' The consciousness of this fact has seized me. I want to do something. Do not laugh! Something great. Well, then, to work. I am going to study music at Munich till my genius buds. Take care of yourself, Beethoven! Your throne is rocking!

'"I think that this cold bath is the most useful thing that has happened to me in my life.

'"So I remain in Munich; good-bye! If I hear anything of the master, I shall write you; if you hear anything, let me know. Tell Malwine Adler as much as you think fit to tell. Above all, tell her that I bear no ill-feeling towards her father. I only wish that his bath may have done him as much good as it has done me! Old Pindar—I could never stand him with his humorless pathos; still the wise Theban was right after all: 'Water is the best!'—I shall put it to music!—Yours ever.—HANS BERGMANN."'

'No postscript?'

Adler had listened to the end from his position in the doorway; sometimes smiling with the others, but thoughtfully, ironically, seriously. Now he advanced slowly, his hands over his breast. 'Let me read the letter myself, doctor,' he said. 'I did not hear the beginning.'

'Certainly!' answered Schweitzer. 'Here it is. While you are reading it I shall have breakfast: the good news has given me an appetite like a bear. Won't you have breakfast too?'

Adler refused without looking up, being already deep in

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the letter. He read it carefully and slowly, while the other ate and drank. When he had finished, he put it on the table with the same thoughtful smile as before. 'The letter is well composed,' he said. 'The letter is by you.'

'By me?'

'Yes, by you.'

'But, father!' cried Malwine, who had been watching the strange expression on her father's face with increasing anxiety; 'how can you think——?'

'Please,' said Schweitzer quietly; 'that will soon be cleared up—well then, this letter was got up by me?'

'Yes, my good doctor,' returned Adler, crossing his arms again. There lay a gloomy strength and keenness on his face, which disturbed the young man deeply. 'You mean it well. You want to quieten me. Do not attempt it. You cannot deceive me.'

'But permit me, master! First of all, the writing is Hans Bergmann's——'

'I do not know his writing,' interrupted Adler. 'But even if this writing were strikingly similar to his: handwriting can be imitated——'

'There are eight pages!'

'You had the whole night at your disposal. With the will-power you have one can do very much.'

'But all the circumstances in the letter?'

'You have invented them. What I told you last night—or better, what you got from me by your questions—you have skilfully used. I compliment you.'

'Thank you, master. But however skilful a fellow I may be, I am still not in Bergmann's skin. I do not possess his ideas, his jests, his quaint humour——'

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'But you know him well. You have *lived* yourself into him, played him.'

'A simple doctor of medicine, master——'

'I credit you with a good deal,' said Adler, looking intently into the young face of the other with a kind of melancholy admiration. 'You are cleverer than I thought. I saw that last night.'

'But permit me——'

'Please, let that pass; your obstinacy would become too insulting otherwise. I do not belong to the mentally deficient, doctor. I tell you, do not excite me; do not annoy me. He is dead—dead—dead. . . . That cannot be altered. Written on the 27th April. . . . Nonsense. A letter from Jachenau—how could it have arrived so soon? That is badly thought out. Quite impossible. We are now on the Ostsee, on the Ostsee! It is quite impossible!'

'Dear master,' said Schweitzer gently, 'it is now the 29th April. From Munich to Berlin the letter travelled with the through train——'

'Do not talk any more. You cannot alter it. What has happened no man can alter. A fact is like the world itself. There it stands! Just you try to get rid of it!'

Malwine looked in despair at Schweitzer and then upward. The young doctor had risen and came up to her.

'What is now to be done?' asked her look. All at once an idea sped through her mind. 'But, doctor!' said she softly to Schweitzer, who was now standing before her. 'He is in Munich, he writes. We can——'

'That is just what I was going to do,' broke in Schweitzer, with a quick smile. 'Please, give me a pen and some paper.'

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'That we have here too,' said she; 'upon that little table there.'

Schweitzer nodded, sat himself at the table, and wrote. Adler had followed him with his eyes, which showed a growing restlessness and disturbance. Scarcely a minute had passed when Schweitzer came up to him, holding something he had written out in his hand.

'The question is easily disposed of, master,' said he, with his old calmness. 'A hundred years ago it would be more difficult than now. That is, after all, an advantage.'

'What—what do you mean?'

'Simply ask Hans Bergmann himself whether he is alive or not.'

'How can I do that?'

'In the way I have written down here; it is only a proposal! "Telegram. Hans Bergmann, Hotel Maximilian, Munich. Am here again. Thanks for your good wishes in letter to Schweitzer. Answer. Tell where you are.—HELMUT ADLER."'

'That—am I to send that off?' asked Adler, staring at the paper in visible restraint; he appeared to be again mentally exhausted.

'Yes, I beg of you. You will then see whether you get an answer.'

'That is quite certain. I do not doubt it! You, too, will telegraph and arrange for a reply from some friend in Munich—addressed to me——'

'Excuse me,' said Schweitzer; 'but I was prepared for this shrewd move of yours, too. I wanted to propose something—as we are speaking about moves. We remain here together, playing chess, if you wish; you keep your eye on

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me the whole time; I will put myself wholly at your disposal until the answer arrives.'

'Then meanwhile Malwine — for you are like conspirators——'

'Miss Malwine too must sacrifice herself;—you see, she agrees. You ring for the girl, master; tell her to bring the chess in, then send her to the telegraph-office. Have your breakfast, then we shall play. Let Miss Malwine work or look on. Lock all the doors. Then we shall see!'

'You are quite—original!' said Adler, smiling unsteadily. 'You young people wish—but I will not say anything more. I owe you my thanks for last night——'

'In any case, you owe me an opportunity of revenging myself on the chess-board; last time we played you mated me twice most decisively.'

'That is long ago,' murmured Adler. A sigh escaped him; he laid his hand on his heavily-breathing breast. 'Well, I shall give you that pleasure,' said he then; 'I mean with regard to the telegram. But you both remain here——'

'Under arrest!'

It was a difficult trial of patience for the young people; they sat round the chess-board almost till midday. Malwine looked on almost the whole time. She was not allowed to approach the window even. Adler played badly, distracted; Schweitzer took care to play even worse. He lost every game. Release came at last. Line knocked at the door, a telegraph messenger had brought a telegram. Adler looked at it with eyes that roused pity, confused and strongly discomposed. 'You open it first!' said Schweitzer. 'Perhaps it is not from him at all.'

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'Yes, it is from him!' stammered Adler after looking at it. He yielded at once; but he had no strength to rejoice at the news. Schweitzer took it from his hand and read out:

'Since the creation of the world never such joy. Still dizzy from dancing round the room. Composing to-morrow recollections of the Walchensee.—HANS BERGMANN.'

V

Nearly fourteen days had passed since that morning; Adler had lived through them half mingling with the world, half shunning it, hovering between the beginning of convalescence and returning melancholy. While he had given up his conviction of Bergmann's death, there awoke in his mind his dormant timidity in the presence of Malwine; even towards his mother he showed himself distrait, reserved; and little Clare, too, he but tolerated. But he attached himself to Schweitzer with a strength that doubled his former predilection; it was not only out of gratitude, esteem, confidence, but it had something almost superstitious, mysterious about it. He went after him, almost dogged his footsteps. He liked to be with him in his study, a thing he had never done before: the broken communication-door had been repaired, but not locked. As if regarding himself quite in the light of Schweitzer's 'patient,' he would come, usually, to him through the smaller room adjoining, which the young doctor fitted up as his waiting-room; he would often stand in the open door of the study and ask in a few murmured words, or by a touchingly shy glance: 'I am not disturbing you?' Made readily welcome, he would sit there for hours, pouring forth with his old vigour of mind a stream of thoughts in a manner

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almost uncontrollable, or brooding, his head sunken, a speechless dreamer. He never inquired about Emil. He did not mention him. That seemed to be a wound he never touched. How much had his keen perception guessed? It was uncertain. Only once—on the first or second day—had he gone into Emil's room; there he found, put together on the table, the books and papers he had given him to revise; also a diary, dealing with the 'Work,' and breaking off at the 22nd April. That was the day of Adler's flight. . . . He carried it quietly into his own room and laid it upon the fresh sheets of his latest essay, which, as it appeared, he had not touched again during these fourteen days.

So it was now almost the middle of May; Schweitzer was sitting in his room, in the afternoon, alone. His consultation hours were over; the servant appeared again with the announcement that a gentleman wanted to see him. He nodded, and the gentleman entered. The doctor was not a little astonished when he saw the distinguished and elegant figure of the trader, Lorenz Wiese, enter, dressed in black, with his coat, as usual, half buttoned up. He knew him well from former times; but during the last few months he had not seen him, and in that room, never, in fact. Wiese, his stiff, black hat in his hand, his grey head sunk in his collar, stepped forward two paces and then remained standing; bowed with a certain tragic air, nodded as if thinking upon the sorrowful reason of his visit, and slightly pressed the proffered hand.

'I must ask you to excuse me very much,' he said, taking a chair. 'No doubt you thought that it was a patient; I do not come as such. Thank God, I am well; so far as my years—and the trials of my life—well, that leads up to what

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I want to speak about. You are acquainted with my family circumstances, my family connections. You know, too, what an unmerited fate is mine; that worthless son of mine, who in spite of the most careful upbringing and——'

'Pardon me,' said Schweitzer, 'if I interrupt you. I would like to say at once: I do not know him at all, this son of yours.'

'You do not know him? I thought that you met him—But, indeed, you were not on good terms with my brother-in-law at that time. Well, that does not matter: I have ventured to look you up as being, they tell me, the doctor and the best friend of my brother-in-law: that is just the point. Our good town is full of the matter. You have an influence over him which—wonderful, taking into account his character; never occurred before. "The power of the spirit," as the poet says: and that at your age! He allows you to act as his guide, does what you wish——'

'I must interrupt again, Mr. Wiese,' said Schweitzer with an impatient motion. 'Our good town tells you too much. Doctor Adler does just as *he* likes. For instance, I would very much like it if he entered a home for nervous disorders; that would be the right course. But I could as easily persuade the Emperor of Russia or of China. Then again, he leaves the room at once whenever I talk about consulting this or that specialist. He will see no one—except me. I cannot help it. It would be much better for him to take other advice. But he will not do it!'

'He will not do it;—I know him well!' answered Wiese, smiling. 'He always rode the high horse. . . . But it's too serious to jest about. His mind is in a very weakened condition, is it not? . . . You do not like to speak about it. Very good. As you wish, doctor; I am satisfied. In any

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case, I believe and hope that you can exercise a wholesome influence on the doctor; and that is my point! Well, to return—my—ruined son!'

'Ruined? What has happened?'

'I meant in an ethical sense; but one can now say: ruined in every sense!—Look, here it is . . .' Weise pulled a newspaper out of his pocket, folded together, and held it in the air in his well-manicured hand, which began to tremble. 'Look, I can now read of my shame in the newspaper! Emil Wiese, the son of Lorenz Wiese—since he has left the house there, that is since about fourteen days—has thrown himself into the arms of the socialists; he did that once before; then it was that Adler took him up; now he sees that there is nothing more to get, he does it a second time. They must keep him above water, feed him—that's what he thinks, evidently; for since they have got that socialist law on their necks, they want just such fellows, trained heads, that know how to get along with the law, that are able to agitate and speak and write for the cause, without throwing it in people's faces;—oh yes, that he can do, my Emil; boldness and keenness and a knowledge of the new reckless philosophy and a fateful glibness of speech—he's got too much of all that, alas! And so, doctor, I have to live to see the heir of my name, my son—you have no son; naturally, not yet—moving from town to town, the travelling demagogue of these enemies of society—he is now in Thüringen; there he begins—and under the mask of the "progressive liberals," or whatever else these red Jesuits call themselves, preaches the evangel of a general revolution!'

'Excuse me, Mr. Wiese,' began Schweitzer again. 'I am very sorry, but why do you come to *me*——'

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'Because the matter concerns your friend, my brother-in-law! his position as citizen and the esteem of his fellow-men! the honour of his name! Yes, I told him of that before; but he did not listen to me. I am only a trader, a "man of money," have, according to him, no higher culture, no knowledge. But what I told him then is now coming true! You can read it in this paper: "Mr. Emil Wiese, the young talented speaker, bases his revolutionary ideas upon the writings of Helmut Adler, the 'great thinker,' the 'most original of all philosophers.' He shows that everything that exists must decay." This ungrateful man—this canaille, I would say, if he were not my son—he calls the man who supported him and fed him the "philosopher of anarchy," the "ideal socialist"; yes, yes, yes, that is what he has done; this paper was sent to me; by whom? I do not know; perhaps he did it himself. He glorifies, he praises him before these enemies of society, brands him before the whole world, before all humanity!'

Schweitzer had risen from his chair, terrified at this ill news; he took the paper from Wiese's hand. 'That is, at all events, disgusting,' he said; 'infamous: for this young man must know as well as I that nothing is more hateful and shocking to his uncle's mind than this "vulgarising" of humanity. But what is to be done? You cannot have him locked up—nor I, unfortunately!'

'You can do something else, doctor; that is why I am here. My son is a lost man; but at bottom he is not wicked. I do not know what has roused him against Adler, I do not know the circumstances; perhaps he only wants to show off before his new friends as the nephew of this uncle of his. But if Adler would write to him: "Do not continue;

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remember what you owe me; you are inflicting great pain upon me, which I cannot bear"—something in that style, I only suggest—that may influence Emil very much. And if Adler were to add something conciliatory, something affectionate——'

'Impossible!' interrupted Schweitzer, shaking his hand, his head. 'Just the reverse: Doctor Adler must not know of this act of treachery. He is not in the condition to endure such attacks of fate; they would be poison to him.'

'But, doctor! remember!' Wiese cried out. 'Then the inheritor of my name goes forth dragging us both in the dust; me who have reared him, his uncle who has provided him with the arms of intellect! I am so situated, doctor——'

He broke off suddenly, his mouth remaining open. In the adjoining waiting-room—the door was open—Adler was visible; Wiese's glance fell straight upon him. One could not look at the unhappy man without being terror-stricken; so colourless was his face, his eyes larger than human, about the gleaming pupils, white, flecked with red. His hair seemed to stand on end. He came in slowly and went up to Wiese, without greeting him, but staring straight in front of him. He moved his lips as if he were going to speak. Then he looked, with eyes that saw this time, at the two men, and a thought, a resolution lightened over his face. With a quick movement he turned round to Schweitzer and took the paper from his hand.

'What—what do you want?' asked Schweitzer, yet struggling with his feeling of horror at this appearance. 'You were in the other room? Did you hear——?'

'Compose yourself,' answered Adler in hollow tones, but smiling with unexpected self-control. 'Yes, yes, I have

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heard;—but, it does not matter—There is a notice in the paper (he turned to Wiese) where he has spoken? where he will speak?'

'Yes, indeed,' stammered Wiese, surprised at Adler's attitude and calm. 'It was in Greiz, I think; to-morrow in Gera, I believe. But I humbly ask your pardon: I did not dream that——'

He glanced at the open door and the other room.

'We shall leave these bye-things alone,' said Adler, with a smile, but this time somewhat distorted. 'Everything is in order. All is well. This Emil—there is no need for you to look at me so, doctor. I am quite in my senses. Let me only leave you quietly!'

'I do not doubt it, master. . . . But whither?'

'In my room; to write. I intend to do what Herr Lorenz Wiese—I am of his opinion; that has not happened very often before. I want to write to this young socialist. To write with—self-command; with consideration; but to the point. I shall show you the letter afterwards!'

'You will show it to me——'

'Yes.'

He motioned with his hand in good-bye—also to Wiese—and left the room. He walked with firm step; not through the waiting-room again, but to the corridor direct. This deceptive composure was his—his footsteps resounded regularly—until he had closed the communication-door behind him and stood in his own corridor. Here his artificial calmness left him. An expression of boundless anger passed over his face that now was red with the rush of blood; his teeth were clenched, his eyes closed in indignation. Well, to the station, he thought; to-morrow he is

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going to speak again. In his teeth——! I have quite enough left of the four hundred marks. I will make it up later. That dog;. that vicious blood; her nephew—'scum' as his father says. To annihilate this cad—no, not annihilate; but eye to eye, as thunder and lightning—before all the world!

He wanted to go downstairs; but could not go any further that minute. The terrible strain upon himself to conceal his innermost feelings had exhausted him. His heart seemed to contract; that God-forsaken heart of his that did not beat so splendidly as it used to, that often went its own way, or did not go at all. . . . In the corridor there stood a chair; he took it and sat down. He sank into unconsciousness as into the deep. Then soon he came to himself again. He saw the white-washed wall, upon which some old copperplate engravings hung; it occurred to him soon what he wanted: to the station! But his limbs were weak, 'coward' as he thought. Then there appeared a figure before him. His mother. She had come from her room; she looked at him in astonishment, but carefully, with that look of restraint that did not want to betray itself, to which she had grown accustomed during these months. 'How do you come here?' she asked.

Adler pulled himself together like a hero. He even forced himself to laugh, and answered: 'I was just going by, then I saw the old pictures, those Roman engravings there. Have not noticed them for a long while; wanted to look at them again. Now I am going!'

He stood up.

'Where?' she asked, at pains to conceal her ever present anxiety.

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'My usual walk, mother.'

'Without a hat?'

He put his hands to his head. 'Yes—indeed, it won't do without a hat. I was going to fetch it. It's hanging there!'

He looked at the rack on which two hats were hanging; beneath was his stick. Now he could go quite safely, he felt. He went, taking his hat and stick. Then he nodded good-bye to his mother, smiled again and went downstairs; outside he turned sharp round the corner towards the station.

VI

The second speaker of the mass-meeting had spoken and left the platform, the space behind and near a small table which stood upon the broad estrade in front of the large presidential table. He threw one last look at the crowded hall—a small part only of the overwhelming 'radical' assemblage had applauded him—and the undersized sturdy figure, showing signs of baldness, with the fleshy neck of a bull, descended the steps into the hall. Emil stood up again. He sat next to the president. His dapper figure came forward slowly a second time to controvert what the opposition speaker had said. *His* glance over the crowd was more assertive, more confident, more self-conscious; the restlessness which came up from below like a hollow murmuring, or showed itself in the wavering movement of the many-headed monster, was soothing to his nerves. It was the excitement he wanted; a little fear, something of defiance, much courage. His youthfulness did not embarrass him; he wore it like wings. He only had to feel nervous whom words failed; him they had never failed; at school even he had

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played Cicero in the school club; although he preferred to play Catiline's part. Follow on, bourgeois! he thought, taking a look at the retreating speaker.

'Gentlemen!' began his penetrating, resonant voice, which was much stronger than his appearance warranted: 'the last speaker spoke about my youth and inexperience. These two faults time will correct—that I can promise; but, to-day, this afternoon, in the interval between two speeches, it is beyond my power. But to console myself I say to myself: for that reason I have not yet given so bad an address as the worthy speaker; to do that one has not only to be very talented but to possess much practice, which I have not yet had! But as far as concerns my want of political ripeness, my "obscure, revolutionary and anarchical ideas," I was not speaking in *my* name, out of my own inexperienced youthfulness: for that I have a witness, gentlemen, a classical witness, I may say: classical, even if he be blood of my blood, even if he be my own uncle—for it is him I mean. Why should I pretend to foolish modesty, thus underrating him? I would only be falsifying facts, which I have no right to do; for it is a fact that one of the first intellects of our time, a great, perhaps the greatest, writer of our epoch, works out this idea in a series of the profoundest writings—what idea? Why, that very idea which the preceding speaker so sorrowfully shrugged his well-nourished shoulders at—"that revolutionary and anarchical idea." I can say with pride, gentlemen, that I am not only the nephew of this great man, of this philosopher of modern times, I am his pupil too, his spiritual son, his interpreter, his very voice; and when I now raise this voice, it will silence that braying, which my friend, the last speaker, has given vent to, in this month of May, and the beginning of a

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new epoch, from the little cistern of his private thoughts—relics from the time of Adam!'

'Quiet!' came the cry, at first half-loud, from the back of the hall. 'Quiet!' now louder; 'Silence! It is not meant for you!' shouted another voice to the perplexed Emil; 'some one is making a disturbance; he must be quiet! Silence! Go on speaking!'

Quietness reigned again.

'I, therefore, thank the last speaker,' continued Emil thus encouraged, 'in that he has given me occasion to call upon my guarantee and to explain to you, gentlemen, how ripe and elaborated are those ideas which I, in my inexperience, have ventured to put before you. Dr. Helmut Adler, my uncle, in his so-called "Phœnix Essays," has conclusively deduced, proved, that the whole of our present "Culture" with which the bourgeois so puff themselves up, is nothing more than a transition; that existing "Society," before which we are to bow and scrape, is hollow and unhealthy, decayed and rotten; that we must throw the whole thing over completely, so that we, the men of the future, may build up a new state of things. He has shown—I am prepared to give you chapter and verse later—that all the principles of this Philistine, decaying "Society," its pharasaical ethics, its ideas of good and evil, tend only to the production of weaklings, nervous and hysterical creatures, that at most are only good for "blood-suckers"—and these people you know quite well—but not for leaders and rulers! That the state, marriage, the family, as we know them to-day, are worm-eaten, worn-out institutions, and that the solution can only be this: To make everything equal that is unequal; that which is above, below, what is below, above!'

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'He lies! He lies!' cried a loud voice, overwhelmed, however, by the louder applause. A figure of medium height was pressing slowly, painfully forward towards the reserved seats, his arms working excitedly. Emil had not seen him yet, he was listening to the cries of bravo that spurred him on and warmed his heart. He gave himself up to this pleasant sensation of success; through his head ran the thought: Malwine Adler ought to see me now—that would be another picture!

'Gentlemen!' he began again, when the flattering noise had subsided. 'Here are the proofs'—he pulled out two pamphlets from his pocket and raised them on high—'that Helmut Adler's philosophical teaching leads to this logical conclusion: Upheaval of the old system of society, absolute release of the oppressed, of the masses! From his writings——'

'He is lying!' the voice cried again; it was so near now and well known that Emil shrank together. On his left, at the end of the platform, Adler sprang up—he could see him now—approaching with big strides, his eyes burning in his pale face, like a ghost's. He looked as Emil, when a boy, had once seen him in a terrible dream; rising from the coffin came the mysterious living corpse up to him, to the big table, behind which Emil retreated.

How readily would he have fled altogether from this wandering spectre; all his courage had gone, his knees quaked. His hand, in which he still held the Phœnix writings, dropped to his side. What ill luck had led him here? he thought. Soon that stentorian voice would cry out again: 'He is lying. . . .'

'He is lying!' repeated Adler, who now stood next to

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him, undisconcerted by the presidential protest, turning to the meeting. 'He knows that he is lying! The writings with which he arms himself say nothing of the kind, nothing of the kind——'

The bell on the large table sounded. 'Who is that there speaking?' called out the president, a tall, broad-shouldered, blonde-bearded man. 'You are out of order! That is not parliamentary; you are presuming too much—go down!'

'Throw him down!' was the cry from the hall. 'What does he want. . . . Down with him!'

'I can prove that he is lying!' cried Adler in his fearless voice. 'I am the man about whom he is speaking! I am Helmut Adler!'

I knew that that was coming, thought Emil in fear, clenching his hands together. What was to be done? Sudden silence now prevailed; the silence of death. The chairman stood up behind his table, bell in hand; but he was as much amazed as the others, he was speechless. Adler merely threw a glance at him; the glance of a master; then he turned again to the assembly.

'He knows that he is lying!' he shouted out again into the hall; it was torture to Emil's ear. 'He knows my writings, my thoughts! He knows that I have nothing in common with the "equalisers," with the "belittlers"; that I do not preach Socialism or Communism or the Rule of the Mob, but I preach a new aristocracy of mankind—here are the writings; here it is! Mob-rule—new society! Rather decay with the old "rotten" Society, than put in its place a mob-world, in which the very lowest ape-man is to have his say!'

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'What's that he is saying about "mob?"' shrieked a voice from the crowd. 'What is he talking about? "Ape-men?" What does that mean?' cried out some one in the first row, standing up. 'Is he mad?'

The chairman rang again; he wrinkled his flushed forehead. He had regained his self-control; he looked at the pale and defenceless Emil, who made no motion. 'I call you to order!' he said to Adler. 'That is, you are out of order; your behaviour is totally unparliamentary; you are disturbing the meeting. Go down!'

'Out with him!' cried others from below. . . . 'That is not Herr Adler at all. . . . It is a madman. . . . Out with him!'

Adler's wrath and resentment grew; the noise of these insistent clanging voices excited him beyond endurance, the cries of 'Out with him!' were like so many blows at his heart. 'I shall speak,' he cried, shouting down the others, 'for it is my duty to speak; I must unmask that slanderer there, make an end of him—I must see to this matter myself—and I shall do it! There he stands as if in the dock; there! He knows that he lies! Not equal, but as unequal as possible I would help make mankind, in order to build up for them a new future; I have nothing to do with the return of all to the original brew, which the "equaliser" looks forward to. What is below, above. . . . No, that which is below, to the further deeps, that which is above, so high as to be unattainable by what is below in all eternity! For that which is below is the enemy, against which we are fighting; the snake of Midgard dragging us down into the abyss, if the hammer of Thor do not rescue us!'

The disturbance now spread over the whole hall. A hundred bitter voices shouted out together; each one only

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understood the other next to him, or himself; many fists were raised. More insulting than the mere words which Adler threw at the crowd was the tone with which he hurled them forth; the manner, the impressive sentences, the wild proud look, the man as a whole, lashed them to fury. All those sitting round the presidential table had sprung to their feet; the chairman raised his arm as if to order Adler out, his followers shouted at him, threatened him; one seemed to be about to push him from the platform. Others clambered up from below to tear him down. 'Throw him down! out with him! He must not speak any more!' thundered up again and again.

Such clamour now prevailed as would have silenced many a brave man; but it merely drove Adler on in the undismayed, noble madness of his mind, as if into the jaws of his destiny. With a jerk of his strong arm he threw the presumptuous fellow that was near hustling him against those behind, so that he stumbled and almost lost his balance; then he shouted out again, and for the last time, pointing meanwhile to the half-witted Emil: 'He knows that he lies! My idea is not the "release," the liberation of the masses, but their enchaining through the might of the Spirit, through the power of the Elect! Dominion of the great ones, of the noble over the ape-men, over the crass crowd that never escapes from the animal in it, and therefore can never attain freedom! I wish to release humanity——'

'Down with him! Strike the fellow down! Beat him down, you "ape-men"!' cried a wild chaos of voices up to the platform; they did not listen to him any more. A number of younger fellows stormed up the stairs or sprang up on to the platform; fists, sticks, chairs, were raised. The

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police representative stretched out his arm; the crowd took no notice; he declared the meeting at an end; he was not listened to. Emil saw that Adler's life was menaced; with a sudden knightly impulse he sprang forward, shouted, lifted his arm to shield his uncle.

Adler was not silenced yet; surrounded by these enraged faces—born enemies of the future—burning with wild, heroic defiance, he lifted up his mighty voice once again: 'I wish to release human-kind from the mantle of lead which hangs about its feet! from the worthless ballast that prevents its upward flight! No slanderer shall dare to stigmatise me as the chorus-leader of the "eternally blind ones."'

They endured his voice no more; they threw themselves on him, knives even flashed as he struck down the first aggressor: a wild, short struggle began. The dust of the platform was stamped up in clouds about this mass of writhing, struggling men. Nothing could be heard but a wild racket, a stamping of many feet on the hollow boarding of the floor; words and voices were indistinguishable. When the 'mêlée' had subsided and police reinforcements had cleared the place, three remained on the floor. One was the young fellow of the storming-party whom Adler had struck senseless; the other was Emil, from the cavity of whose left eye the blood was flowing; the third was Adler, beaten into unconsciousness by fists, sticks, and knives; the rage of the 'ape-men' had conquered him at last.

VII

A strong will, it is said, can make up for weakness of body; but when the will dies, the body perishes with it. Adler returned home again accompanied by Schweitzer; his

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injuries were not mortal, not even really dangerous, and did not prevent his being brought home, according to his own desire. But he began to sicken, he never became convalescent. While Emil, lying far away in hospital, overcame a serious wound—his left eye only was irrevocably lost—Adler remained bound to his bed, bed-ridden, a thing he had hated all his life, and thus, helpless or wholly given up to his gloomy thoughts, he spent the days of a spring that slowly sapped his life away.

He would have no other doctor than his 'family doctor,' as he now called Karl Schweitzer; Schweitzer, however, forced him to yield, and brought two professors into the house, a surgeon and pathologist, whose consultations and examinations he attended more out of regard to the calming effect his presence would have than anything else. His presence, too, seemed necessary to the ladies of the household; the still hopeful mother hung upon his eyes, Malwine listened for his slightest word. It seemed as if he had become the younger son of the one and the elder brother of the other. The communication-door stood open whole half-days at a time; the two gabled houses had again become one. That which the death of the wife had sundered, the passing of the husband—only six months after!—should again unite.

At Adler's bedside—he lay in his study as that room was larger and loftier—another consultation had taken place; it was in the afternoon; the hour at which the 'master' in winter-time was wont to take his walk on the bridge. The two physicians left the room in silence, only whispering a word or two; Schweitzer accompanied them to the stair-case, then he went into the salon. Clare was standing at the window, quite still. She had grown in these few weeks

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more serious, paler, as if her wings had been injured; her playmate now joked with her only for a moment or two, the heavy air of the house had made her, too, sad and reserved. When she heard her 'lion' coming, she came and nestled close to him, looking up at him with her blue eyes; she smiled, but there was something wanting in her smile now. Schweitzer silently took her and lifted her up. Then he heard Malwine's light, soft tread; the girl had followed him, drawn by the unrest of her heart. When he had sat the child down again, Malwine, in a voice scarcely audible, said: 'Tell me one thing?' Then she signed to the little one to go. Clare nodded silently, with an expression of intelligence and seriousness above her years, and glided out of the room.

'You must tell me the truth,' began the girl, leaning against an armchair. 'You will, will you not? You have always done so.'

Schweitzer nodded.

'He is not getting better. Worse, it seems to me. You said to me when you brought him home: "He is not in great danger." And yet . . . The doctors are gone. What did they say?'

'That nothing has been gained; but on the other hand all is not yet lost. That suddenly—— Dear Miss Malwine, you have so much more courage and strength than I thought. A heart like yours is prepared for everything.'

'But, O Heaven!' she said, breathing deeply, 'if he is dying, what is he dying of?'

'Of himself, it seems to me. He clings to life no more. Despair is destroying him. He fought like a hero at that meeting; and as for his defeat—that was from his point of

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view a victory; or, at least, an act of heroism. But his heart had already broken—in short, the burden of these disappointments, his disgust with all things, has beaten him down at last. Or, perhaps, it is the internal pining away, the imperceptible. . . . But who can tell? You must be prepared, Miss Malwine; and if to the bad, worse should come, you must say: "There is this great consolation." He does not wish to live.'

Malwine was quiet for a while. She was looking straight before her, her head a little sunken. 'But—his—work?' she said; her voice quivered. 'The Easter Island?'

'Yes—what will become of *that*? But just think: it would be the last and the greatest disappointment, if he were to live. So beautiful a dream;—I, too, am young, Miss Malwine; how joyfully did I dream with him! with what a yearning, hopeful heart! But "things placed in narrow compass jostle one another. . . ." There were times, I think sometimes, when it might have been realised; when a great part of the world was yet "to be had," when a kind of mist still lay upon it, in which one could conceal oneself. Then the Idea, the Plan, was lacking! Now the Idea is present—and the world inhabited, known; everything is so open, clear, that nothing more could develop in silence. Not even the very greatest of men would attain success. For us remains one thing—the inner Easter Island; it is little, Miss Malwine. But what do we want? We did not create the world! We must only desire that which we can reach!'

'The inner Easter Island,' she said, looking into his dark eyes. 'What do you mean by that?'

'Much renunciation and a little hope; nothing more. That each person should begin with himself; each one,

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of course, being a whole crowd in himself; a crowd of inherited traits, qualities, impulses, weaknesses. Well, that each one should found amid this crowd of characteristics an *aristocracy*—that is not the word exactly; that he should pick out from this crowd a selection, copying, of course, the noblest examples, of the most enduring, of the best, of the most humane; and that he should guard this "inner island" from the world, cultivating it and tending it with deepest affection, and so developing all its qualities to the full; not by pursuing a life that is half-life, shut out from the world, like Westenberger's, but living a life full of activity, of eagerness, of love for the very living—like Helmut Adler's—then one must seek the other; these "Easter Islands" must find each other, they must grow larger and larger—in the midst of the world itself. There is no other way, I think. Perhaps in this way success will come. Perhaps in ten thousand years there will develop from this concentration of the best a better humanity!'

Much moved, Malwine looked at the young visionary. 'But what good then would my father have done?' she asked painfully.

'He would have preached what attitude of mind the noble of the race must have for the great work; the strong, healthy outlook upon which everything depends. When I think of myself—how much did he not teach me! On the very first evening on the bridge, when he described my own character, how it might develop, how it should develop, he showed me, as it were, my inner Easter Island, my true self. I wrote it all down; I have kept it. I read it now and again. I try to live myself into that ideal as far as I can. See, that, too, is your father's work!'

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'Thank you,' she said quietly.—'Yes, you, you can do that.'

'And can you not too?—I have been noticing how you have been growing and growing. In little things and in big! —I must tell you once and for all, Miss Malwine: I esteem you, I esteem you——'

Love! Love! he wanted to say; Love! overwhelming love! lay upon his tongue. But he saw nothing in her face that encouraged him. . . . He was otherwise bold enough, but he dreaded the 'No' of those lips as he dreaded disgrace. And yet an absurd longing seized him to throw himself at her feet, tall as he was. . . . He was young. Indomitably, unbearably young. His Easter Island was floating towards her yonder, it wanted to unite with hers. . . .

Hans Bergmann!—the thought came to him again; he could not rid himself of his jealousy. With the resolution coming from despair he put his hand into his breast-pocket and pulled a letter out.

'Look,' he said; 'here is another whom your father has helped. He did not help your cousin Emil, he will inevitably go to the water until he breaks, in any case; that is my opinion;—but Hans Bergmann will become something yet. He "is afraid that will be the case," as he expresses it. This is a letter from him. "Hans is becoming a man," he writes—— Do you want to read it?'

'Thank you,' she said, shaking her head gently. 'My heart is so full of—— I thank you deeply.'

'You do not want to read it?' he asked surprised. 'From Bergmann—your friend?'

'*Mine?* *Yours*, I think.—But no, he showed himself *our* friend too—that I will never forget. When he came to me and said: "I shall look for your father, send me!" that was

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more than goodness. It moved me. I, too, am so grateful to him! from my heart!'

Grateful, grateful, thought Schweitzer. She calls it 'grateful'; what is that?—That heart so everlastingly sealed. . . . He looked down at her finely rounded, ivory forehead, over which the ringlets fell; behind that delicate case—what was there? what was living there? what was working there? No sculptor could feel it—no doctor guess it. He lifted his foot up in order to stamp. Like an elephant! he thought; then he felt ashamed and gently put it down again. But that forehead! That forehead!

He heard Malwine sigh anxiously; she had placed her arms on the round table, with her head bent. 'To lose him!' she breathed.

'Whom?' he asked, awakening from his own thoughts.

'You ask? My father!—— Poor grandmother.—— The child!'

'The child,' he said suddenly, struck by an idea as by a ray of light. 'Would you give me the child?'

'I do not understand. What do you mean?'

'Well then—altogether. As *my* child.'

'Are you serious?'

'Why not?—You know that as far as love——'

'And you would be relieving me, too, of a trouble, you wanted to say. And grandmother? She would then have nobody but me?'

'I would take the grandmother also,' said Schweitzer, 'if the old lady would consent—and if you would permit it.'

'Ah!—And I would remain all alone?'

Schweitzer felt how his tongue again seemed to become heavy, how it refused to move in the excitement of his soul.

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With a great effort he overcame it, and, taking help from a kind of helpless smile, he said: 'If you wished, you could come too.'

'I? To you?'

'Yes. As my wife, it could be done. But—you do not wish that. . . .'

Malwine turned pale to the very lips; she nodded her head, smiling. 'Your magnanimity knows no limits, doctor. No, I shall not jest. No doubt you mean well; but your generosity makes you a little ridiculous. I am not so high-minded as yourself, I am too ordinary; and too poor besides. But—I have as much pride. I do not want your compassion, your sympathy——'

'Sympathy!'

'Or whatever else you call it. I thank you very much. Leave us three all together—in this house.'

Schweitzer bowed dumbly. It has come! he thought, while his mighty chest threatened to burst, like an iron cage in which an enraged lion is encaged. Pride . . . that has always been my dread. Nothing but pride . . . I shall die unmarried!

But he could not go thus away. 'Miss Malwine!' he said, stepping up to the round table too, and taking it in his hands. It shook so much under his involuntary hands that the girl started up. 'As you say:—I only wanted to say one thing: there was no question of sympathy. How can you talk of sympathy? that would be horrible, you understand. I do not marry out of sympathy!—I leave you now; very good. But one thing only—otherwise I shall not be able to stand it any more—it has already lasted too long. You always come and ask, "Tell me the truth! the truth!" I have always com-

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plied. That you can also do now; I, too, am human. The truth, please, the truth. Is your heart—or haven't you one? Are you unable to love?'

'Whether I can love?' Over Malwine's face came a slow, remarkable change; over her face, still deadly pale, spread something like the morning glow, so that it almost became like Clare's; her cheeks grew rosy, the lips glowed. In her eyes, too, sunshine beamed; something enigmatic even, joyful, which had not shown itself before during all these weeks of sorrow. She placed her arms upon the back of a high chair, behind which she was standing, and rested her chin upon her hands; and so she looked at him with her great, spiritual eyes, as if she understood him completely at last. 'Whether I can love?' she repeated, the right corner of her mouth drawn down in a smile. 'Oh yes; I can. Neither am I so "sensible" as you think. I once fell in love with that ne'er-do-well, my cousin Emil even; but that happened indeed long ago. Then I tried it—and now you have "the truth"—with your friend, with him who is now "becoming a man." It seems to me that I was looking for something in them which I myself lacked—buoyancy of spirit, cheerfulness; until I saw that all that was nothing. There is something else—in which that, too, is present—but something which transcends all the rest. Since that it passed. . . . So you have "the truth," the truth! Now let me go, to the child!'

If Malwine really wanted to go, it was already too late. The tall form of the doctor—he had never looked so gigantic to her before—stood in her path. 'Fräulein!' he said, his tongue heavy again. 'Malwine! you smile; I have never seen you smile like that. "There is something else," you

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say. Will you not tell me what you mean?—I love you so much. You are smiling again. My agony, my terrible earnestness—that does not matter. I love you so much. Malwine, out, out with what you have to say. You are killing me. What is that "something else"?'

'I will tell you,' she began slowly, her hands still on the back of the chair, but her chin free in the air. 'It is a heart, a head, a man, whom one does not get to understand too quickly—because the subject is too vast—and I was so foolish—that is why I wanted so much time. I am quite at a loss to understand how it was that I, at the very first instant——'

'Malwine!' Schweitzer cried out. He took her two hands from the back of the chair; his eyes became moist for happiness, an experience he never had before.

'It is not mere sympathy, is it?' she asked, yielding her soft hands to him. 'For weeks past the dread of that has been dogging me; if only mere sympathy——'

He only shook his head. He asked no more for the truth; he heard it clear in her sweet, melting alto tones. He clasped Malwine in his arms before he realised the action. Her eyes closed; he kissed her trembling lids; then they pressed lip to lip. He remembered the night he passed on her father's sofa when first the hope came to him that brought happiness to his heart. It was mere hope, no more. It was something eternally impalpable, incomprehensible; it was reality. . . .

'No, it is not sympathy,' he whispered, bending her head gently back and laughing. 'Pardon my laughing; it is not timely; but it eases me; I would die else for sheer happiness. No; it is not sympathy. . . . And you? You do love me, really? It is not only esteem?'

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'No; I can love too. Truly!' She smiled her soul out to him. Then she smiled again, like a child. 'Oh, how often when you used to take Clare——'

She stopped again.

He was holding her head—that head of hers! incomprehensible!—between his hands. 'Well? When I used to take Clare——?'

'And when you used to lift her up in the air, how often did I use to think; oh, if he would only lift me up so, even once! A silly thought, not so? I had it the first time,—it was even sillier still—when you lifted Emil up and carried him out; then suddenly that yearning came over me. . . .'

'Malwine!' he said, wondering deeply, staring into her fond eyes, and thinking of that trembling laugh. He took her, and lifted her up; she swung in the air like little Clare. Her features took on a look of supreme joy; she closed her eyes again, sinking deep, ever deeper into the joyous emotion that suffused her, to be thus up-carried by the arm of love—high, heaven-high.

VIII

Clare came in; they heard her quick steps; Schweitzer let Malwine glide down. The child looked at both wonderingly; then she broke into tears. Grandmother was calling them to the father. He was so strange. . . . She could not say any more.

Both hurried through the intermediate room to Adler, Clare following them. When they came into the study, they were seized with astonishment; upon the bed, upon the coverlet, lay Adler, fully dressed, one leg to the knee hung over the edge; he was looking upwards with open eyes. The long, black figure of his mother stood near him, looking down

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at him. When she heard the others coming she moved towards them. An expression of fear still remained on her face; resignation, too, was there, the resignation of a mother that has known sorrow. She turned at once to Schweitzer, as was now her wont; in the quiet tones of a nurse she began to speak; Adler seemed not to notice it; he lay still, heavily breathing.

'All at once he wanted to get up,' said the old lady; 'he was not to be prevented. You had just gone out, doctor. . . . "It is time," he said; "I want to go for a sail. I want to hear the sea-gulls again;—the sea-gulls talk," so he said. "I am quite well! I have never been so well!" Then he pulled on his clothes—ah, so deftly, so wonderfully strong and deftly. I stood near by; he did not let me go, would not let me call any one. . . . He evidently wanted to go out secretly. . . . How would it all end? I thought. But when he had almost finished—he was standing there by the bed—then he broke together. Then, with great difficulty, I—— Clare came; she helped me. There he lies. Oh, how bad he looks! What a colour! Doctor!'

Schweitzer stepped up to the bed silently. Adler heard or saw him now; he turned his head towards him; in his eyes, which already began to grow dim, gleamed a spiritual clarity, which, owing to the look of pain upon his countenance, was wonderfully moving. 'It is the doctor,' he said in hollow but sensible tones. 'Yes, yes, my young doctor, I used to think differently. It was a kind of superstition. . . . You would make me well, I thought. Especially, from the first instant——'

He became silent; he seemed to have lost the power of speech. He moved his right arm as if he were trying to

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write what he wanted in the air. After a while he jerked out, 'Had altogether great confidence in you. . . . Hoped much from you. . . .'

A kindly look came from his eyes at Schweitzer. Then he looked round, saw the others, looked at them with a certain sad intensity; then he nodded at them affectionately. He began to murmur. 'We wanted to do something great,' he whispered to himself, drawing down his brows. 'Yes, we wanted to do something great. . . . You, too. I and Annamarie. . . .'

He turned his head again; with his eyes and with a finger he pointed to a picture of his dead wife, which stood upon the writing-table, then to the 'Aurora' by Guercino hanging upon the wall. Schweitzer fetched it; Malwine put the photograph of her mother in his hand. He looked at both, his sight already growing dim. His eyes wandered from one to the other, and then back again. In the middle of this wandering his eyes stopped. He breathed a few times. It was something of an effort, but nothing to speak of; dying did not come hard to him. The portrait of Annamarie remained in his hand. When he had become quite still, Schweitzer was amazed at the nobility, solemnity, the greatness imprinted on his features. Malwine, with a sob,—she had wept together with the old mother copiously before—kneeled down by the bed; Clare did likewise. The old lady stood upon the other side with bent head; she could not weep any more; her tears had all been spent during these weary nights. She was also the mother of her son; she had something of his self-control, of his greatness of spirit—one could read it in her bearing. After a long silence she said softly, nodding her grey, haggard head, 'Yes, yes—my dream.'

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'What dream?' asked Schweitzer, who was standing at the foot of the bed.

The old woman sighed and looked at him. Then she said in quiet, gently tearful tone, 'When he was a little fellow—quite small—he was not weak, but delicate—yes, he was delicate—I had a dream. There came a beautiful angel to me; I was so overjoyed, and I bowed to him; the child was on my lap. Then the angel bent over the child—I can almost see his solemn face now—and said "He will not live long." In my fright I awoke!'

She pointed dumbly at the dead man. She knelt down, folded her hands, and prayed long.

Malwine had stood up; she came to Schweitzer, and sought his hand. How warm and firm was that good hand; how strongly and lovingly her help-seeking fingers clasped it. While the old woman was praying they stood up and waited silently, hand in hand. Then the little child approached them from the other side with wet eyes and cheeks, and pressed herself against her best friend.

'Well, now, you really have what you wanted,' whispered Malwine. 'You have wife, mother, child—all at once!'

'Not too much for me,' said Schweitzer softly, with a bright, confident smile. Then he became grave again as he looked at the quiet sleeper. He renewed his vows in his presence; he felt within him a mighty power, like Adler's, enabling him to keep them.

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